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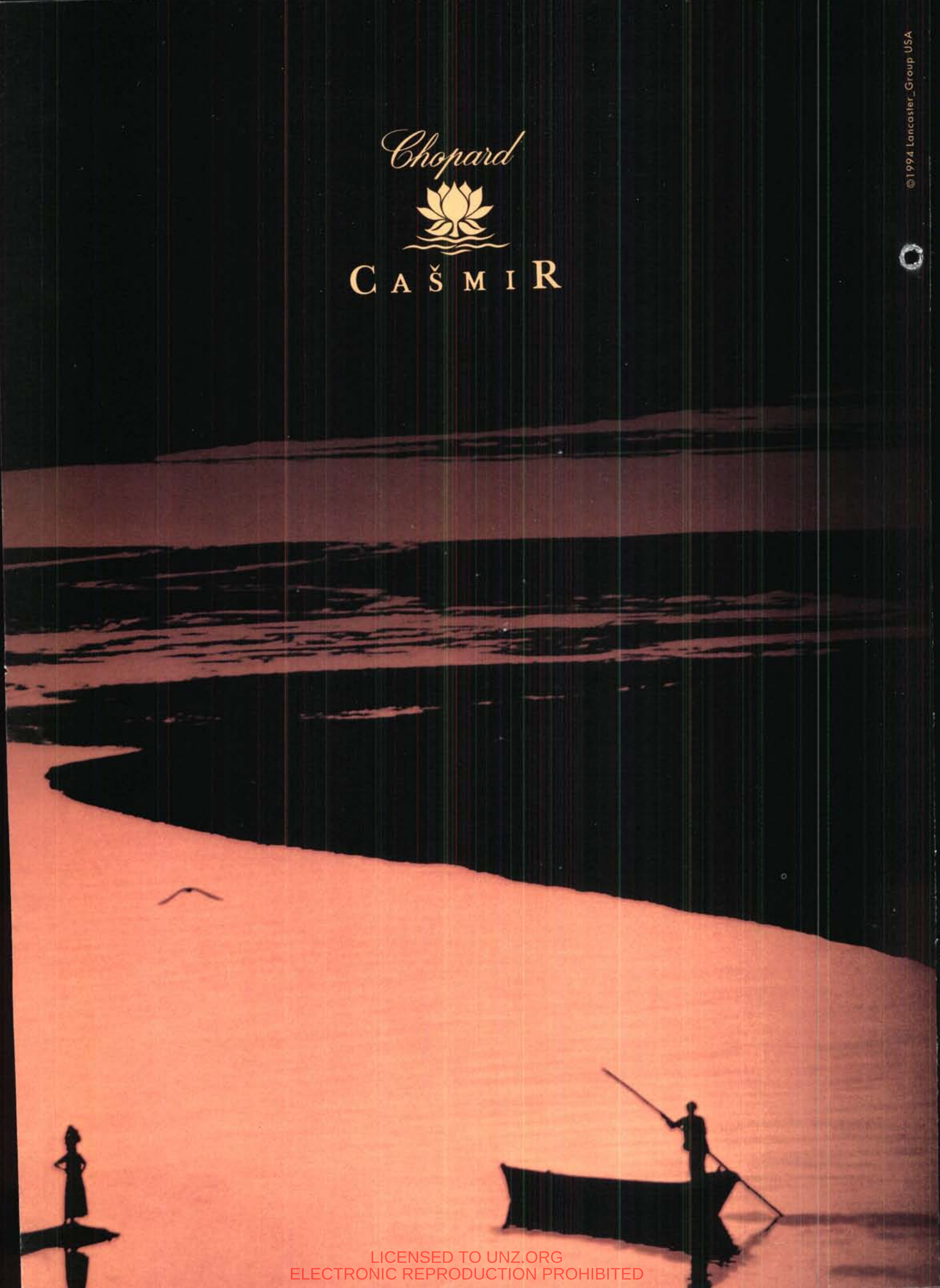
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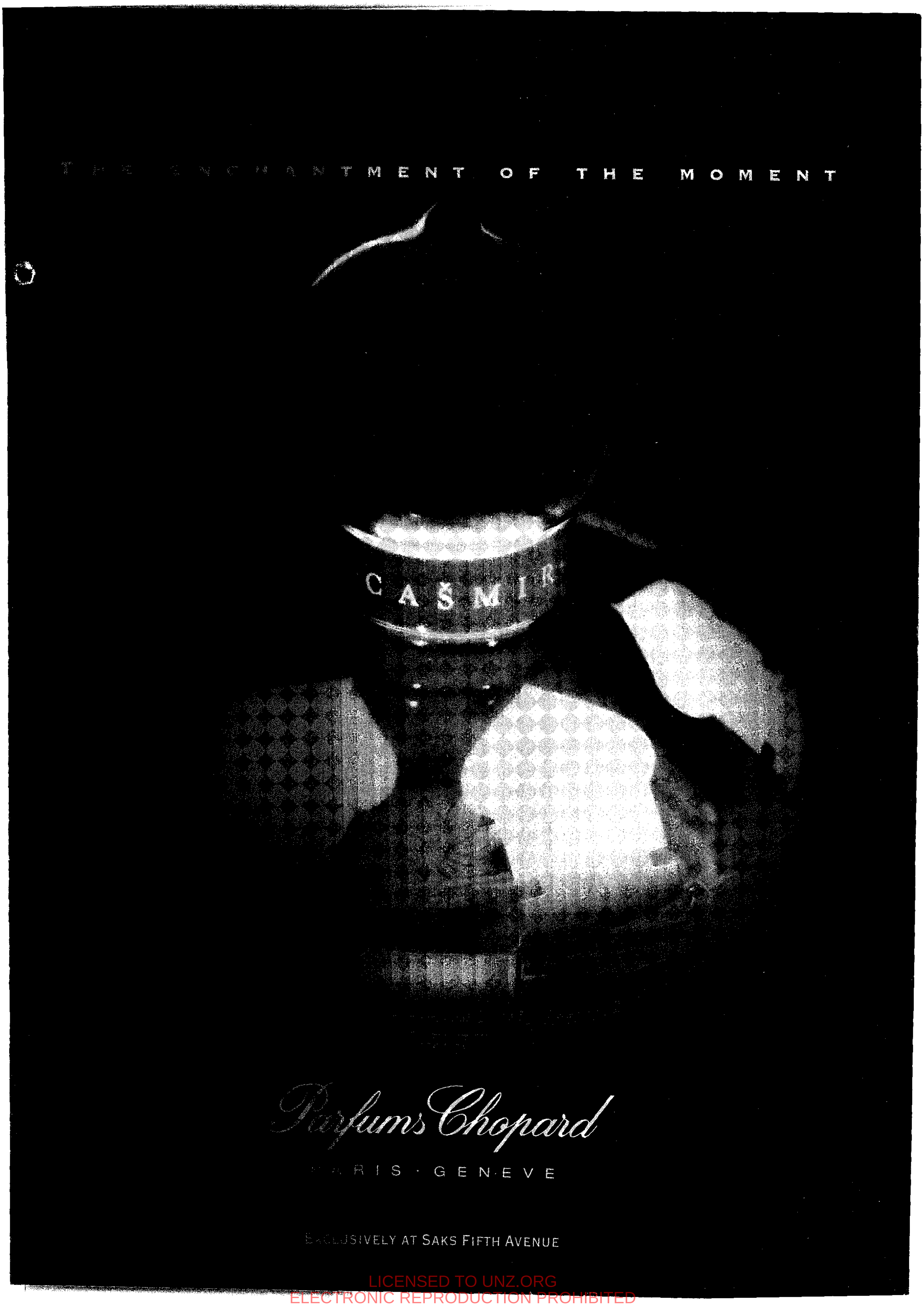
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APRIL 4, 1994

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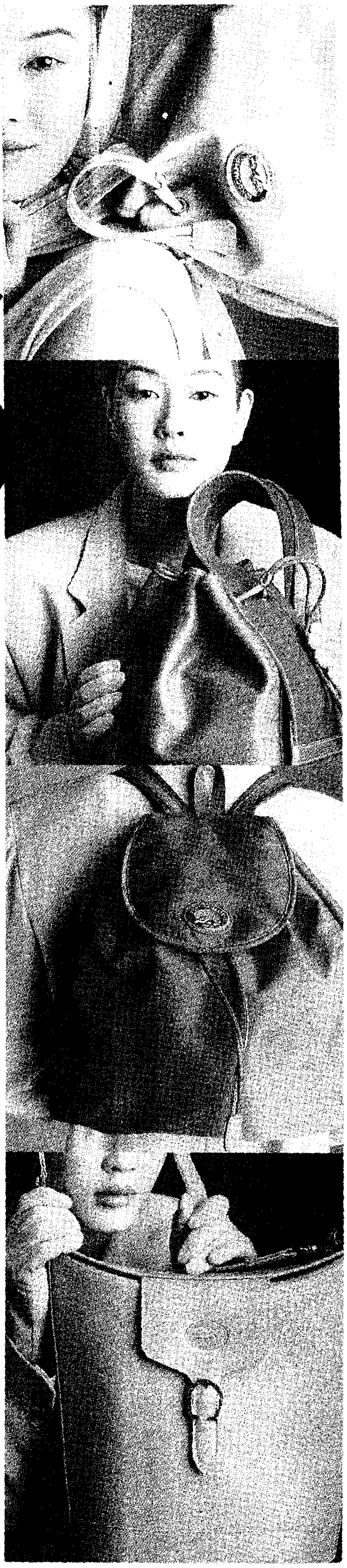

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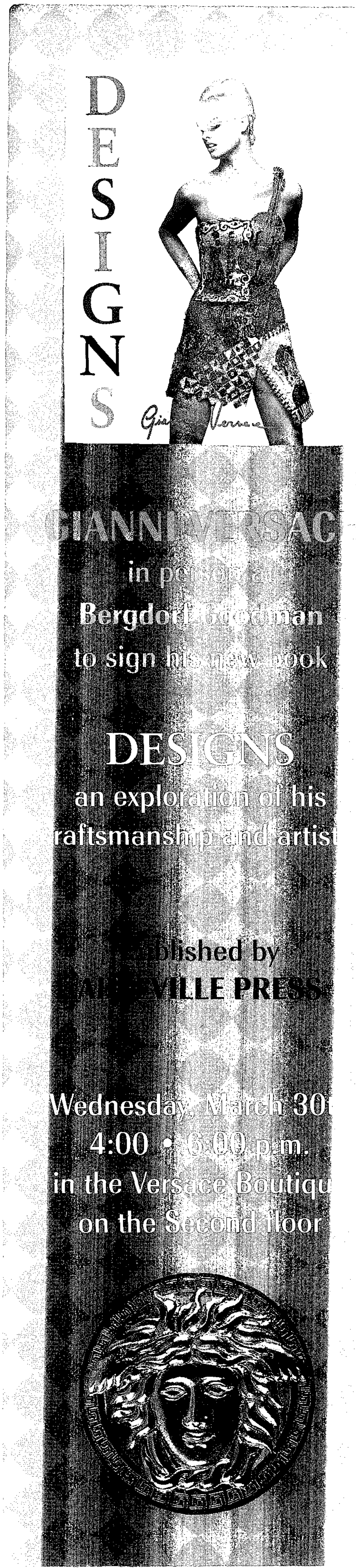

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to sign his new book
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COMMENT

ALONG RACIAL LINES

A GREAT national experiment that began in 1965 with an epochal address by President Johnson—the speech in which he embraced the message of the civil-rights anthem "We Shall Overcome"—may be heading for an unworthy end in a civil trial that begins this week in Raleigh, North Carolina. The heart of the program Johnson outlined in that speech was the Voting Rights Act, which led to what amounted to a federal takeover of the way Southern states chose their members of Congress. As a result of the law, the Justice Department, and not the states' white-dominated legislatures, had the final say on how the lines of congressional districts were drawn. And Justice, mindful of the melancholy fact that whites rarely vote to send blacks to Congress, insisted on the creation of districts where African-Americans were in the majority—what became known as "majority minority" districts. Over time, the law worked. In 1965, the seven Southern states affected by the law, whose aggregate population was nearly thirty per cent African-American, had no black representatives in Washington. In 1992, though the black population in those states was down to about twenty-six per cent, they sent eleven blacks to the House.

Last year, the Supreme Court put many of those seats at risk. In Shaw v. Reno, a slim majority of the Court suggested that "racial gerrymandering" of the type that had been regularly approved by the Justice Department could be unconstitutional. The focus of the Shaw case was North Carolina's odd-shaped twelfth congressional district, one of two majority minority districts created in that state after the 1990 census, to comply with the Voting Rights Act. As Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, writing for the Court, put it, the twelfth "winds in snakelike fashion through tobacco country, financial centers, and manufacturing areas" until it "gobbles in enough enclaves of black neighborhoods" to achieve a black majority. She went on to say, "A reapportionment plan that includes in one district individuals who belong to the same race, but who are otherwise widely separated by geographical and political boundaries, and who may have little in

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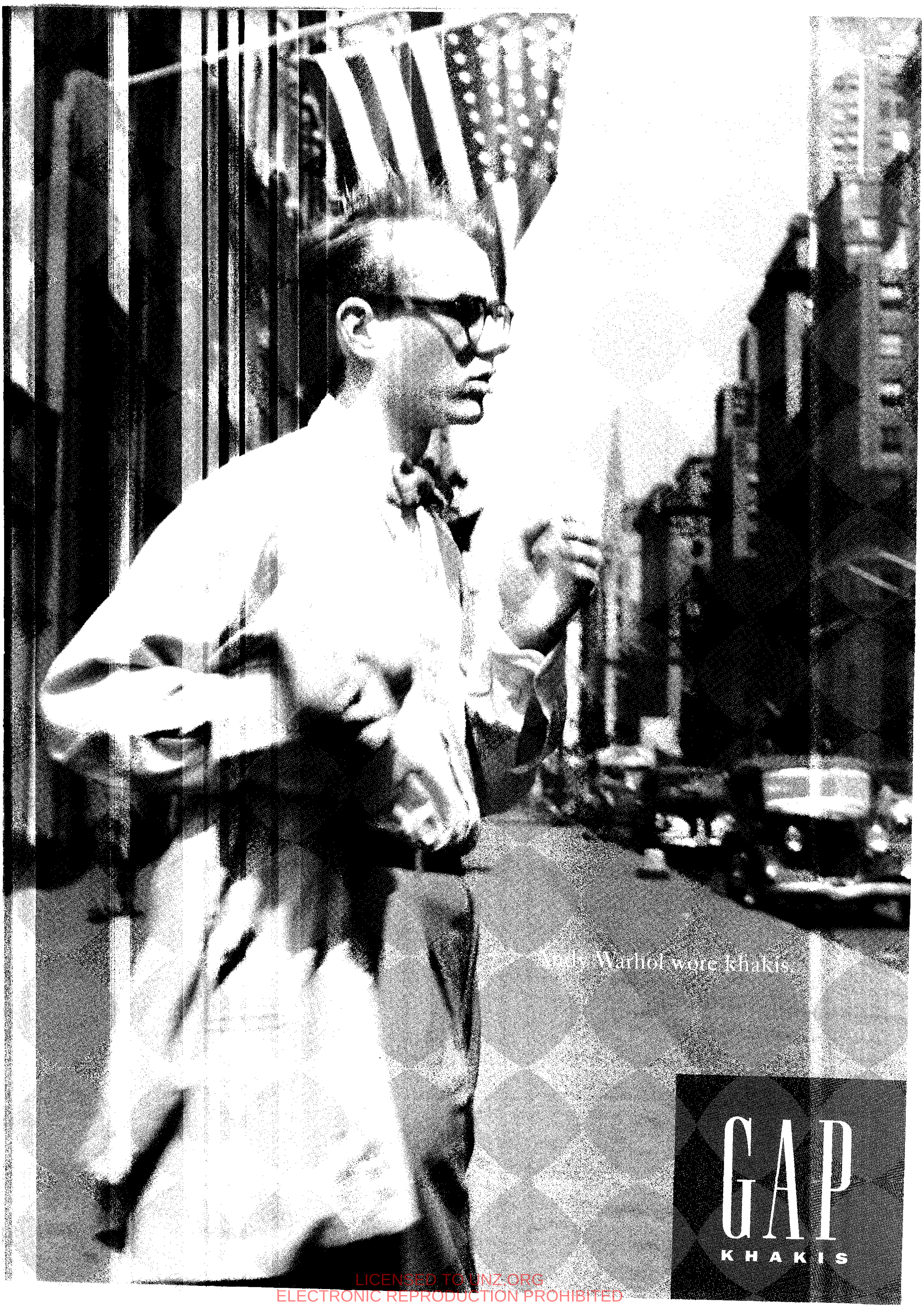
THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Lawrence C. Burstein, senior vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human-resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Peter Armour, vice-president and circulation director; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, vice-president and managing editor; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president and director of promotion; Gary Van Dis, vice-president and corporate creative director; Maurie Perl, vice-president and director of public relations; Lance J. O. Ford, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Manager Media International, Ltd., 37 New Bond St., London W1Y 9HB, England; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company: 3525 Piedmont Road, N.E., Building 5-Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR: 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #06-323 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1994 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.


Andy Warhol wore khakis.
GAP
KHAKIS

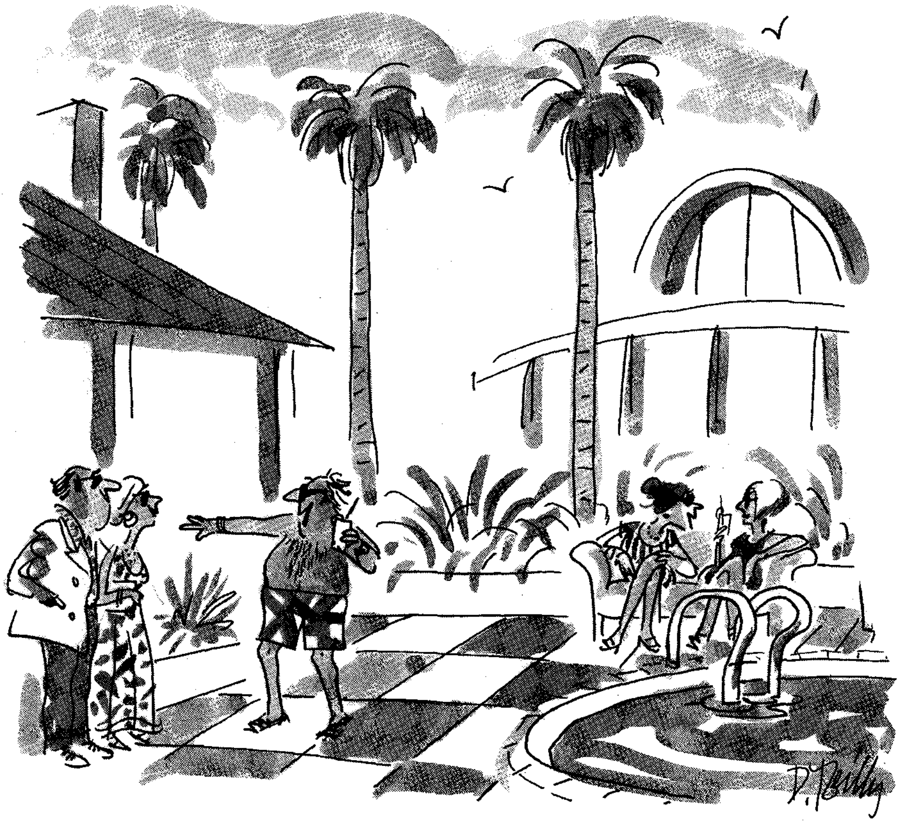
common with one another but the color of their skin, bears an uncomfortable resemblance to political apartheid." And that, she declared, the Constitution would not permit.

At this week's trial, the State of North Carolina—assisted by the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Education Fund—will try to show that the twelfth congressional district was something other than a pure racial gerrymander. That will not be easy to do. The twelfth is neither compact nor contiguous, and compactness and contiguity are the traditional standards for judging districts. Indeed, as Justice John Paul Stevens, who dissented in Shaw v. Reno, observed, it was "undisputed" that the twelfth "*was* drawn for the purpose of facilitating the election of a second black representative from North Carolina." If, as seems likely, the three-judge panel hearing the current case strikes down the boundaries, and the Supreme Court agrees, quite a few of the new black representatives who owe their election to majority minority districts will soon be back in private life.

It is hard to share Justice O'Connor's indignation about "political apartheid" when one considers the astonishing array of devices, from bogus literacy tests to at-large voting schemes, that whites used with impunity for generations to hoard political power in the South. And North Carolina, which until 1992 had not elected a single black representative in this century, seems an especially unlikely place to discover a state legislature so hell-bent on helping blacks that it violates the Constitution in order to do so. Nevertheless, there are reasons to feel uneasy about the Voting Rights Act's "cure" of creating majority minority districts—reasons that have nothing to do with cartographic aesthetics. Racial gerrymandering creates monolithically white as well as monolithically black districts. It reduces the incentives for interracial political alliances. And it depends for its effectiveness on segregated residential patterns, thus forcing blacks to choose, in essence, between integration and representation. The judges hearing the current case are likely to be left with a dismal choice of their own: either permit the distasteful expedient of majority minority districts or hasten the return to an all-white congressional delegation.

What North Carolina (and the larger voting-rights debate) needs now is fresh thinking. Some has actually been done by Lani Guinier; it was a caricature of her ideas that led President Clinton to abandon his nomination of her to head the civil-rights division of the Justice Department last year. Members of Congress are currently chosen on the basis of single-member, winner-take-all electoral districts. Guinier and others have proposed experimenting with proportional representation in congressional elections. Under one P.R. scheme that has been proposed for North Carolina, the state would be divided into three large districts drawn to reflect the state's traditional geographic regions. The Piedmont district, which would include the notorious twelfth, would select five members of Congress. Every voter would have five votes, and could cast all of them for one candidate or divide them in any manner. If one-fifth of the voters chose to give all their votes to one candidate, that candidate would win one of the five seats. Minorities could vote that way if they wished—and not just racial minorities. So could farmers or environmentalists or Republicans. Unlike gerrymandering, P.R. does not stack the deck; it allows voters to pick their own priorities, and it is totally color-blind.

Americans tend to dismiss suggestions for change in our representational schemes as so much pointy-headed nonsense—Esperanto in the voting booth. Yet P.R.—in various forms, usually in combination with geographic districts—is the rule in every country of Western Europe except the United Kingdom and France; in such non-European democracies as Japan, Israel, and New Zealand; and in all but one (Ukraine) of the fledgling democracies of the former Soviet bloc. P.R. never caught on here, except in a few small cities and towns, for one overwhelming reason: when the American republic was founded, it had not yet been invented. Electoral technology, like every other kind, was in its infancy in 1789. Even so—and this is not widely realized—experimenting with modified forms of proportional representation within state congressional delegations would not require a constitutional amendment. An ordinary act of Congress, followed by adoption by a state, would do the trick. Mostly, though, such experimenting would require a change in the way we think about voting. In a country where diversity of all kinds is still a cherished value, North Carolina's dilemma ought to make us all take a new look at how we vote. ♦



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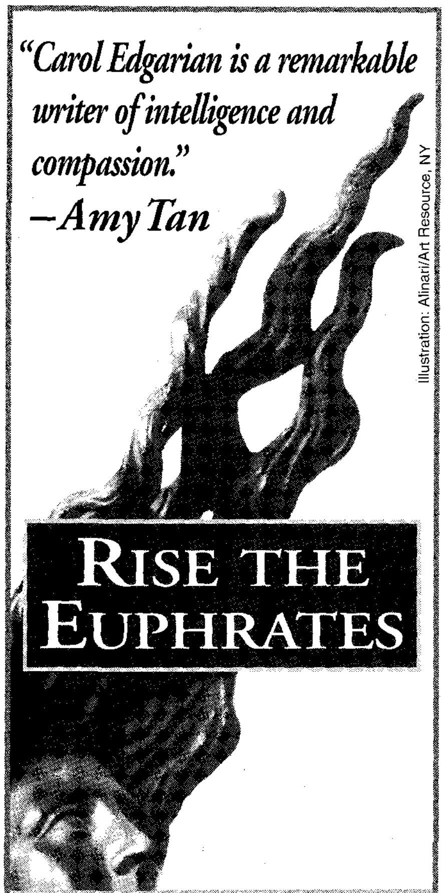

"Carol Edgarian is a remarkable writer of intelligence and compassion."
–Amy Tan

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RISE THE EUPHRATES

A NOVEL BY
CAROL EDGARIAN

Photo: Julia Parker

It's 1915. The year the Muslim Turks slaughter one million Armenians. The year an orphaned little girl forgets her own name, but remembers everything else.

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—Rick Bass

RANDOM HOUSE

IN THE MAIL

THREE STRIKES

Jeffrey Toobin's account of Richard Allen Davis's tour through the California corrections system ("The Man Who Kept Going Free," March 7th) is indicative of the struggle most states are experiencing in coping with growing prison populations in times of dwindling funding.

Because incarcerative sentences are generally too short for the public taste, judges are often criticized for their seeming leniency, but the real culprit is the voters who are unwilling to spend the money to provide the number of prison beds necessary to satisfy the popular appetite for incarceration of criminals. "Three strikes" legislation might catch the public fancy for a time, but I doubt whether such proposals would gain approval if they were tied to the tax increases necessary to fund them, especially in light of the fact that many communities are reluctant even to provide adequate financial support for their schools.

It is unfortunate that the clamor for more incarceration comes at a time when corrections experts are beginning to understand that the most effective way to change behavior is through a balance of incarceration, supervision, and treatment, and that the best place to put our resources is in children.

GREGORY G. FOOTE
Circuit Judge
Eugene, Ore.

As a student at Stanford, I lived on the Davis family property from about November of 1970 to June of 1971. Richard Allen Davis always seemed pretty elusive, and would never look me in the eye. What I remember most about the Davises, though, is the two dogs, Judge and Satan, that ran loose on the property. Judge was a monster—half wolf and half husky—and big, dumb, and mean. He would play fetch with anything, even huge rocks. Satan was a German shepherd, and was the most paranoid dog I've ever known. Judge terrorized him by regularly knocking him down and closing his jaws on his neck. The Davis family didn't treat the dogs particularly well and didn't treat each other very well, either, as far as I could tell.

CHARLES JOHANNSEN
Rockford, Ill.

REALITY BITES BACK

Terrence Rafferty, in his review of "Reality Bites" (The Current Cinema, March 7th), states, "When the lights go up, you don't feel as if you had shared the experience of a new generation; you feel puzzled and vaguely crummy." I hate to be the one to tell him this, but feeling puzzled and vaguely crummy pretty much *is* the experience of this new generation.

JOSH COHEN
Mar Vista, Calif.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

Brendan Gill, in his article on Frank Lloyd Wright ("The Sky Line," March 7th), wonders why Wright did not like cities, but it seems to me that Mr. Gill may have provided the answer himself: Wright apparently did not like *anything* that competed with his own architectural creations. The reason he didn't like cities is that they provided architectural competition. He didn't like activities in any of his buildings that diverted attention from the buildings themselves, including such activities as business, research, and prayer, and in his crowning achievement, the Guggenheim, he created a museum in which the viewer has to look at paintings while standing on a tilted floor as people pass in front of him.

JACK HERSCHLAG
Upper Montclair, N.J.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Seymour Hersh, in his article questioning the Clinton Administration's decision to bomb Iraq in retaliation for an attempted terrorist attack on former President Bush ("A Case Not Closed," November 1, 1993), wrote that seven independent experts in electrical engineering and bomb forensics had all told him that evidence cited by the White House as proving Iraq's responsibility for the bomb was not conclusive. The evidence consisted of a comparison between the bomb that was apparently meant for Mr. Bush and a bomb known to be of Iraqi origin. I, too, was consulted by Mr. Hersh, presumably because I have had long experience designing and assembling electronic circuits. He showed me color photographs of two circuits and asked me if I thought they were similar. As I told him at the time, I did think so. I therefore concluded that the two bombs could possibly have been assembled by the same person. Shouldn't Mr. Hersh have reported my views in addition to those of the experts whose conclusions supported his own view of the case?

FORREST M. MIMS III
Seguin, Texas

The editors reply:
Mr. Hersh did consult Mr. Mims, and Mr. Mims's conclusions were as he states them. However, the issue was not whether the devices were similar—they were—but whether each device had been modified in a distinctive manner by the same technician, as the government claimed. On this point, Mr. Hersh consulted seven other experts, all of whom saw no evidence of such a modification.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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Paul Harvey
News & Commentary

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

Dr. Noh

Last spring, New Yorkers were exposed to an extraordinary range of Japanese drama, from the medieval Noh of the Kanze Za, at the Metropolitan Museum, to the Swedish production of Mishima's "Madame de Sade," at BAM. Perhaps the success of those sold-out events is the reason for the return of the Kanze Noh Theatre, which, on April 5 and 6, will bring an extremely unusual play to the Japan Society (333 East 47th Street, 752-3015). "Mumyo no I" ("The Well of Ignorance") is a contemporary Noh play (a rarity in itself), by Tomio Tada, partly based on a fourth-century-B.C. Chinese legend about a heart transplant.

Ethical issues surrounding modern transplant surgery are particularly problematic in Japan, where the idea of the *mind-body dichotomy* has never taken hold. The form of the play is entirely traditional, but the audience at the play's Tokyo première, in 1991, understood that the story referred to the case of Dr. Juro Wada, who was accused of murder when, in 1968, he removed the heart of a teen-age boy for transplant purposes. In the end, no charges were filed, but no heart transplant has been performed in Japan since. Tada, who is a professor of immunology, has said that he wrote this play "to listen to the voice of a brain-dead man"; since the main character in Noh is often a ghost, the form seemed particularly suitable. Despite its topicality, the play is written in the poetic conventions of medieval Noh. It will be performed in Japanese, with traditional masks, costumes, chanting, dances, and music. (English translations will be printed in the program.)

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Beauty and the Beast—The long-awaited musical juggernaut, based on the 1991 Disney movie, features the songs of Alan Menken and Howard Ashman, as well as a few new ones by Mr. Menken and Tim Rice. With Susan Egan as Belle, Terrence Mann as the Beast, Burke Moses as Gaston, and Tom Bosley as Belle's father. In previews. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Brothers of the Brush—This play by Jimmy Murphy focusses on three Dublin house-painters and a shady contractor. Previews through April 1. Opens April 2 at 8. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 52nd St. 757-3318.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Fallen Angel—Corey Glover (the vocalist from Living Colour) has the lead in this play about a rock band, written by Billy Boesky, who also wrote some songs for the show. Previews begin April 1. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—The comedian/commentator's new one-man show. Previews through April 4. Opens April 5 at 7. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Medea—Diana Rigg returns to Broadway in London's Almeida Theatre production of Euripides' play. In previews. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Mollusc—A turn-of-the-century English social satire by Hubert Henry Davies. Previews through April 2. Opens April 3 at 2. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

Mort Sahl's America—The humorist, whose résumé includes speechwriting for both John F. Kennedy and Ronald Reagan, in a solo engagement. Previews through April 3. Opens April 4 at 8. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Movieland—Everett Quinton portrays any number of silver-screen divas in this Ridiculous Theatrical Company show. In previews. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

New York Rock—*The première of Yoko Ono*'s rock musical. Opens March 30 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim's new musical, with a book by James Lapine, who also directed. Donna Murphy, Jere Shea, and Marin Mazzie lead the cast. In previews. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Picnic—A revival of William Inge's play, by the Roundabout Theatre Company. The cast includes Larry Bryggman, Kyle Chandler, Tate Donovan, Angela Goethals, Ashley Judd, Polly Holliday, Debra Monk, and Anne Pitoniak. Directed by Scott Ellis. In previews. *(Roundabout, Broadway* at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Richard II—Shakespeare's history play, with Michael Stuhlbarg and André Braugher. Two previews on March 30. Opens March 31 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling one-act comedies by David Ives. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Angels in America—"Perestroika," the second half of Tony Kushner's "Angels in America," is a masterpiece. Epic in scope, superbly acted, and directed with passionate restraint by George C. Wolfe, the play employs an original, impressionistic theatrical vocabulary to show us the heart of a new age. It runs in repertory with the first half, "Millennium Approaches." ("Perestroika" was reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93; "Millennium Approaches," *5/31/93.)* (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Arabian Nights—Jenny Bacon is Scheherazade in Mary Zimmerman's adaptation of the classic tales. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Black—In this play by Joyce Carol Oates, a young professional woman, who is white, invites her ex-husband to dinner to meet her new boyfriend, who is black. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 873-3767. Closes April 3.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to successfully transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation brilliantly launches Rodgers and Hammerstein into the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—Victor Garber and Bebe Neuwirth star in a revival of the 1955 musical by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop (book) and Richard Adler and Jerry Ross (score and lyrics). (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

The Day the Bronx Died—Akili Prince, Luis A. Laporte, Jr., and Neal Huff portray three teen-age friends—two black, one Jewish—in Michael Henry Brown's play. Also with Leon Addison Brown. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes April 3.)

The Emperor Jones—Kate Valk and Willem Dafoe, in the Wooster Group's version of Eugene O'Neill's play. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes April 9.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Flowering Peach—The National Actors Theatre revival of Clifford Odets' 1954 play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. With Arabella Field, Peter Jacobson, Ann Magnuson, and Reg Rogers. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Freefall—A play by Charles Smith, with K. Todd Freeman, Eugene Fleming, Valarie Pettiford, and Geoffrey C. Ewing. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes April 3.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting two shows in rotating rep. David Fishelson wrote and directed an adaptation of Dostoyevski's novel "The Brothers Karamazov." It's a long evening, but it's worth it. The brothers are played by Craig Smith, Mark Waterman, and John Lenartz; John Schmerling is particularly fine in several smaller roles. The drama alternates performances with Euripides' "Iphigeneia at Aulis," translated by W. S. Merwin and George E. Dimock, Jr. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—A considerably pumped-up version of Andrew Lloyd Webber's first musical, with former soap star Michael Damian in the title role. The Bible was never like this. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Jubilee—A production of the Cole Porter musical that gave us "Begin the Beguine," "Just One of Those Things," and "Why Shouldn't I?" The book is by Moss Hart. (Medicine Show, 552 W. 53rd St. 262-4216. Closes April 3.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Marathon Dancing—En Garde Arts presents a site-specific play written by Laura Harrington and conceived and directed by Anne Bogart. (Masonic Hall, 71 W. 23rd St., third floor. 777-7474. Closes April 10.)

My Fair Lady—Howard Davies' genial new production of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Richard Chamberlain is all charm and suave good looks as Professor Henry Higgins, and Melissa Errico lends a fine voice and an attractive presence to the role of Eliza. Mr. Chamberlain leaves the show after April 3. Paxton Whitehead will fill in until April 8, when Michael Moriarty assumes the role. (1/17/94) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

New York Theatre Workshop—Presenting "Just Add Water," a festival of new works that include "My Virginia," Darci Picoult's autobiographical piece about daughters of women who took the drug DES. Through April 16. (79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. The festival closes April 23.)

Old New York: False Dawn—The New York Art Theatre Institute's charming version of the first chapter of Edith Wharton's novella "Old New York." (Old Merchant's House Museum, 29 E. 4th St. 226-6211.)

Pounding Nails in the Floor with My Forehead—The latest solo show by the boss of monologuists, Eric Bogosian, is basically a continuation of his 1990 "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll": portraits of a dozen alarming characters—the manic, the depressive, the deluded, and the deranged—who have squatter's rights in Bogosian's mind. (2/21/94) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. With Boyd Gaines, Diane Fratantoni, Sally Mayes, Howard McGillin, Jonathan Freeman, Danny Cistone, Lee Wilkof, and Louis Zorich. Scott Ellis directed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, with Myra Carter, Marian Seldes, and Jordan Baker representing three generations of women trying to sort out their pasts. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. Seen recently at the Vineyard Theatre, the play resumes performances on April 5. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992—Anna Deavere Smith's one-woman show, which premièred at L.A.'s Mark Taper Forum last year. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes here on April 3 and moves to Broadway's Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St., 239-6200, as of April 10.)

Written and Sealed—A work by the Venezuelan playwright Isaac Chocrón, performed in English (three times a week) and Spanish (four times a week). (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes April 17.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** With David Cassidy, Petula Clark, Shaun Cassidy, and Adrian Zmed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** With Harry Groener and Karen Ziemba. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** With Michael Learned, Linda Lavin, and Tony Roberts. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.). . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Ice Theatre of New York—The ice-dance company presents a program of some half-dozen pieces. Toller Cranston is among the performer/choreographers. (The Rink at Rockefeller Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. March 30 at 1. No tickets necessary.)

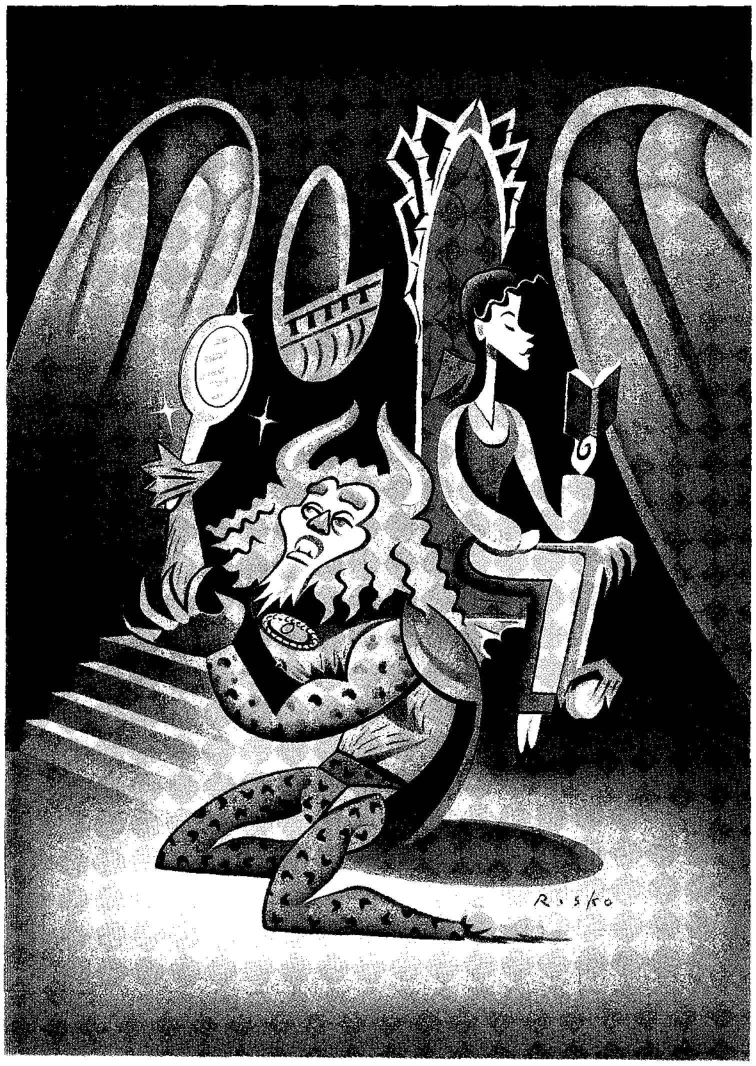
DANCE

Limón Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement. March 30 and April 1 at 8: "Mazurkas," "Fantomes," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ March 31 and April 2 at 8: "Never No Lament," "Dances for Isadora," "Cleave," and "Indeterminate Figure." . . . ¶ April 2 at 2: "Mazurkas," "Sacred Conversations," "Strange Hero," "Spanish Dance," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ April 3 at 2: "Never No Lament," "Sacred Conversations," "Strange Hero," "Spanish Dance," and "Fantomes." . . . ¶ April 3 at 7:30: "Mazurkas," "The Moor's Pavane," and "There Is a Time." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Tere O'Connor Dance—The choreographer, a 1993 Guggenheim fellow, and his five-member company will be presenting "I Love You, There's So Much Trouble in the World" (première) and "You Baby Goes to Tender Town." O'Connor has the rare ability to be utterly serious and still make you laugh. (P.S. 122, at 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. March 31-April 3 at 9.)

Peter Pucci Plus Dancers—In "Moon of the Falling Leaves" (New York première), "Then All Is Still Again" (New York première), "Sing" (première), "Rapt," "Love Duets," "Hoop-La" (New York première), and a new unnamed work. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 5 at 8. Through April 10.)

"Fresh Tracks"—A showcase for seven emerging choreographers. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 5 at 8.)



Terrence Mann and Susan Egan in "Beauty and the Beast."

NIGHT LIFE

The Hipster

Annie Ross started her dual career as singer and film actress at the age of six, when she appeared in her first movie, "Presenting Lily Mars" (she played Judy Garland's kid sister). Ross, who will be appearing at Rainbow & Stars through April 23, has since led a more interesting life than most of us do, acting in films, running a swinging London night club, dating Lenny Bruce, and singing jazz. Some five and a half decades after her film début, she delivered a stunning performance as an aging alcoholic chanteuse in Robert Altman's "Short Cuts." When asked to what extent she drew on personal experience for the role, Ross laughs. "Well, she drinks a lot. I don't. She's bloated. That's not me"—Ross gained weight for the role. "She's very cynical and very concerned with herself. I'm not." In one of the movie's most haunting scenes, Ross improvised a monologue in which her character talks about a lover who died of a drug overdose. "For that particular scene, yes, I did go into my jazz background," she says. "I mean, there were a lot of wonderful musicians who died that way."

Ross is perhaps best known for her work with the vocal trio Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, who excelled at setting lyrics to jazz instrumentals. She has done a lot of theatre and cabaret, so it's not surprising that she plans to throw a few "good standards, like Rodgers and Hart and Cole Porter," into her Rainbow & Stars act. Her set will also include songs from the "Short Cuts" soundtrack, on which she collaborates with kids who have names like Bono, Iggy, and Elvis (Costello, that is). Ross was particularly impressed with Michael Stipe, with whom she recorded "Full Moon." "We did it in Athens, Georgia, and Michael sent me flowers, which I thought were just gorgeous. Then, as we were getting ready to record in this little house, at night, he said to me, 'Annie, guess what. It's a full moon.' And it sure was."

CONCERTS

Tori Amos—Amos is a minister's daughter whose fervent, confessional 1992 album, "Little Earthquakes," set the stage for the big push she's getting with her new release, "Under the Pink." The singer and pianist delivers a self-dramatizing, sexually confrontational performance that audiences seem to find hypnotic. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 30 at 8.)

Carnegie Hall Jazz Band—The blues are understood to be the mother's milk of jazz, but it doesn't hurt to reinforce the fact now and then. The centerpiece of this concert will be John Clayton, Jr.,'s opus "Blues Panorama"; in addition, the acknowledged big-band masters—Ellington, Basie, Goodman, and Herman among them—will get their due. The excellent Carnegie Hall Jazz Band will put it all over, with a little help from some appropriate guest artists: singers Carrie Smith and Jimmy Witherspoon, organist Jimmy Smith, saxophonist Grover Washington, Jr., and guitarist Mark Whitfield. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 31 at 8.)

The Band—It was nearly eighteen years ago that The Band commemorated its dissolution with "The Last Waltz," arguably the greatest rock-concert film ever made. Now several of the original members, including vocalist and drummer Levon Helm and bassist Rick Danko, have reunited and released "Jericho," The Band's first studio album since "Islands," in 1977. The new effort is predictably long on gritty charm and refreshingly free of self-referential nostalgia, offsetting original numbers with covers of songs by other roots-rock legends, like former Band collaborator Bob Dylan ("Blind Willie McTell") and Bruce Springsteen ("Atlantic City"). Still, without Robbie Robertson on board, the song doesn't quite remain the same. Opening for The Band is John Wesley Harding, a handsome, witty British singer-songwriter who has been called a poor man's Elvis Costello. In his defense, we would point to the wry, wonderfully crafted pop albums that Harding has released since the late eighties. And, to our knowledge, Costello has never modelled for a *Rolling Stone* fashion layout. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 31 at 8.)

Wynton Marsalis—As his compositional scope widened and his ensemble expanded, the question became inevitable: when would Wynton Marsalis tackle a big-band project? "Blood on the Fields," a work commissioned for the Lincoln Center jazz series, should test Marsalis's increasingly mature writing and conceptual skills. If his dexterous handling of small-group colors is any indication, he's up to the task. Cassandra Wilson, the jazz vocalist of the moment, and Jon Hendricks will be on hand to express in words whatever the composer needs to say. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. April 1-2 at 8.)

The Allman Brothers Band—Beacon Theatre. April 1-3 and April 5 at 8. Through April 10.

ROCK AND FOLK

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—On March 31: the **ramones,** one of the greatest guitar bands in history and still a vigorous, scrappily compelling live act. Opening for these punk icons is a post-punk cult hero, **frank black.** After years of making raw, twisted, delectable pop as lead singer of the Pixies, last year Black (who used to call himself Black Francis) released an excellent solo album. Co-produced by kindred spirit Eric Drew Feldman, of Captain Beefheart and Pere Ubu fame, "Frank Black" was a melodic yet demented-sounding affair, with the aggressive and spare arrangements one would expect of a graduate of the Pixies. (The Ramones and Black will also team up the following night at Roseland.) **nkotb** arrives on April 2. In the late eighties and early nineties, New Kids on the Block used teenybopper allure to take their ersatz R. & B. to the top of the pop charts. Now in their early twenties, the singers are older, wiser, and disguised as an acronym. The surprise is that NKOTB's new album, "Face the Music," has some winning, even—dare we say it?—funky moments. This might have something to do with New Jack pioneer Teddy Riley's involvement as co-producer. For concert information, call 249-8870.

Blarney Star, *43 Murray Street (732-2873)*—Uilleann piper **jerry o'sullivan** drops in on April 1.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The club's twentieth-anniversary celebration draws toward its close. **steve forbert** is here on April 1. This folk-rock troubadour from Meridian, Mississippi, appeared on the New York scene in the late seventies and released four albums in quick succession. Then, after six long years without a new album, Forbert resurfaced in 1988 with "Streets of This Town," a strong collection of tuneful and wistful songs that are hopeful but not mindlessly so. His next album was "The American in Me" (1992), a thin, disappointing toss-off; it had none of the cheer, spirit, or sad truthfulness of his best work. Still, Little Stevie can always be counted on to offer a solid live show, and when he sings one of his full-bodied songs about love and longing and loss, his fans will have the pleasure of thinking, Yes—*exactly*. John Simon & the Producers will open for Forbert. On April 2, the always entertaining **buster poindexter & his banshees of blue.**

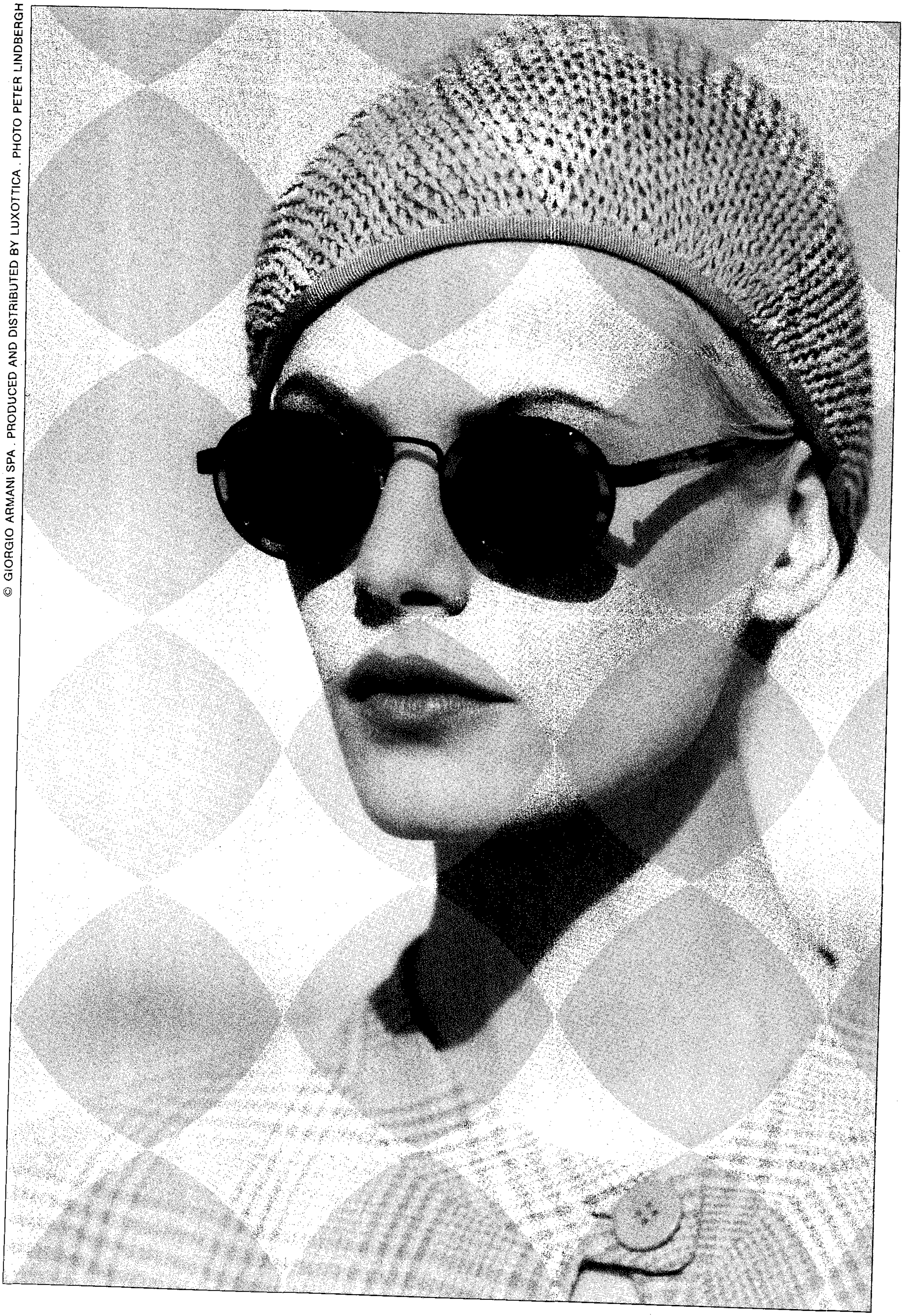
Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or espresso and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. Singer-songwriter **rebecca martin** appears on April 4.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: On April 4: **truman's water.** . . . ¶ The club is now flanked by a slightly cleaner bar and performance space called CB's Gallery. On March 30: **john zorn** and **marc ribot.**

Downtime, *251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)*—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A serious room for serious rock-and-rolling, with a wall-o'-speakers up front and an ear-decompression lounge around the bar in the back. Catch the **toasters** on March 30. Daredevil and seventies relic **evel knievel** will speak and show films on April 1. Musical support will be provided, oddly enough, by the alternative-rock sensation du jour **beck**—whose single, "Loser," is actually quite wonderful—and also by That Dog.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. On April 2, **carter the unstoppable sex machine** headlines a triple bill of collegiate pop. Carter's cheeky and mordant dance rock is, as they say in the music-publicity biz, huge in England. But the supporting acts for this gig—the AM-radio-nourished **lotion** and the Beatlesque ("Revolver" era) outfit **greenberry woods**—offer catchier fare. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

© GIORGIO ARMANI SPA . PRODUCED AND DISTRIBUTED BY LUXOTTICA . PHOTO PETER LINDBERGH

GIORGIO ARMANI

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This club, run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, specializes in all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. **LOTION** is in on April 1.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. On March 31: **SCHOOLY D,** with the UMCs and Fun Loving Criminals. Like other purveyors of gangsta rap, D has learned that you can't please all the music fans and social critics all the time—certainly not with graphic accounts of urban violence and misogyny. "I just call it like it is," the rapper says. Fortunately, D's fusion of state-of-the-art hip-hop and psychedelic funk-rock is smart and swinging, unlike his sometimes ugly observations. On April 5: alternative rock with **PRONG** and **COURSE OF EMPIRE.**

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—An unassuming Lower East Side basement restaurant-bar where you can drink cheap and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a fine bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side Blues. On March 31: the **CITY BOYS,** featuring Lou Marini, Lew Soloff, Alan Rubin, Mike Merola, Frankie Paris, Pete Levin, and others.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **FLAT DUO JETS** arrive on April 2, with guests Laika & the Cosmonauts.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—Prepare for a packed room, flowing Guinness, and an Irish-hootenanny atmosphere. **BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights. When there's no live music, the jukebox blasts everything from the Chieftains to Greg Trooper to Paddy Reilly, the Irish folksinger who owns the place.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week: another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit. The **RAMONES** and **FRANK BLACK** appear on April 1.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. Funk with **E.U.** on April 1. On April 2: the **SUBDUDES** and **PAT MC LAUGHLIN.** The 'Dudes are a New Orleans-based R. &. B.-and-rock ensemble that, in the manner of NRBQ, has had more success pleasing critics and other musicians than finding an audience. (They backed up Shawn Colvin on two tracks for her most recent album, and singer Tommy Malone performed on Rosanne Cash's latest release.) They are a sensational live band. McLaughlin is an Austin-based songwriter whose new record, "Unglued," is a marvellous outing. Several of Neil Young's cohorts, including Ben Keith, played on the album; like Young, McLaughlin is both a rough-and-ready rocker and a sensitive folkie. On April 4-5: **GEORGE CLINTON & THE P-FUNK ALL-STARS.** Two decades ago, Clinton's Parliament-Funkadelic army fused metal guitars, sci-fi silliness—who can forget the spaceship they dragged onstage?—and the heaviest funk rhythms imaginable, then set out on a mission to "rescue dance music from the blahs." Today, Clinton is something of an institution, invoked by rockers like Primus and Red Hot Chili Peppers and sampled extensively by rappers (most notably, Dr. Dre). Clinton's latest album, "Hey, Man . . . Smell My Finger," was critically acclaimed but barely grazed the charts; maybe that's because, like the Grateful Dead, Clinton is best captured in his lengthy, free-form live shows. He's appearing with the loose aggregate that has come to be known as the P-Funk All-Stars; Clinton's next gig will be a slot on this summer's Lollapalooza tour. . . . ¶ Next door, at Tramps Café, New Orleans-style R. & B. with **JOHNNY ADDAMS.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. **SKADANKS** and **32 TRIBES** play on April 1. On April 2: **XANAX 25.**

JAZZ AND BLUES

A.K.A, 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jazz, hip-hop, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. There's a long, elegant bar with enough seats to accommodate the few non-dancers; it can be a tight squeeze, but it's a svelte crowd. **GROOVE COLLECTIVE** performs on Fridays.

Apollo, 253 W. 125th St. (864-0372)—Wednesday is Amateur Night at the Apollo, a continuation of the legendary show that launched the careers of Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Billie Holiday. Vocalists, dancers, musicians, and comedians take the stage.

B. Smith's Rooftop Café, 771 Eighth Ave., at 47th St. (247-2222)—R. & B. violin with **NOEL POINTER,** on April 1-2.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students, but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. On March 31: **RIVERSIDE DRIVE.** Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. The trumpet of **MAYNARD FERGUSON,** ululating through April 3. Beginning April 5: the **STANLEY JORDAN** trio. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**ANDY BEY** is here through April 2. Bey plays piano and sings, but don't expect supper-club fare. Perhaps best remembered as the voice behind Horace Silver's ramblings in the seventies, Bey has plenty to say on his own, and his keyboard dexterity only enhances his eloquence. Arriving on April 4: **JOHN HICKS, JOE LOVANO,** and **WALTER BOOKER.** Dining.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—An authentic old locker deep in the heart of the meat district which has been converted into a comfortable, banquette-lined paradise. Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop.

Down Beat, 101 Seventh Ave. S. (620-4000)—A long, warm, wood-panelled room with upholstered banquettes, a nicely appointed bar, and a reliable roster of jazz names. Murals of Diz, Bird, and Basie adorn the walls, so the players are always in good company.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. Former Count Basie singer **MARLENA SHAW** is here through April 3. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar and lounge, hidden inside the Time Café, with satin couches and mosaic tables. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. On April 2: the **BILLY BANG** quintet and the **JEMEEL MOONDOC** sextet. In Bang's able hands, a violin can purr with feline contentment or caterwaul. Bang's expressionist leanings are usually kept in check by his conceptual grids; he writes smart pieces and assembles responsive, agile bands. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

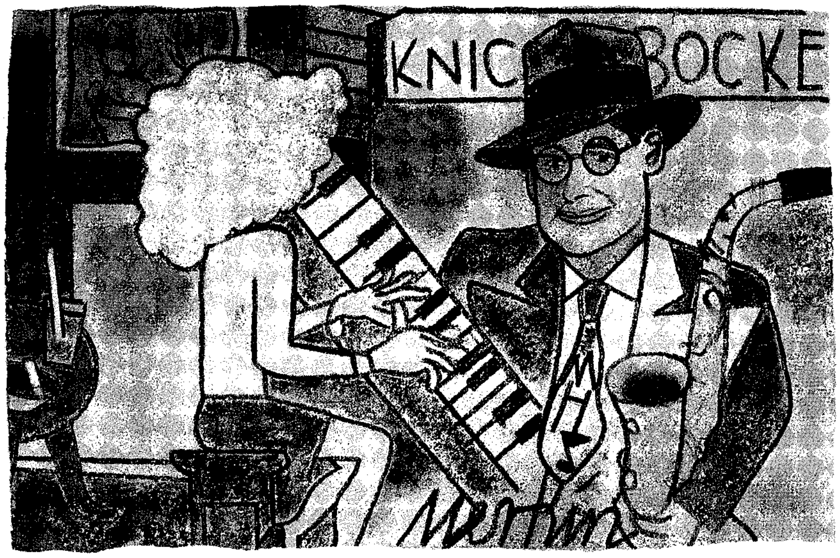
Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. **STEVE WEISBERG'S** big band performs on April 1. Dining.

Judys', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour bar birds happy. Vocalists work out in the dining room. **MILA ANATOLE** drops by on April 1. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and **MIKE HASHIM** team up through April 2.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble now in its twentieth year. **VERNEL BAGNERIS** continues in "Hoo-Dude," his tribute to Jelly Roll Morton. Closed Sundays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Tuesdays belong to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird Society Orchestra; Thursdays to



Judy Carmichael and Mike Hashim at Knickerbocker.

Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. **BETTY CARTER** appears on March 30-31. For this jazz diva, tempo is king. Nobody can shape a rhythm quite like Carter can; time contracts and expands like a Slinky, while phrases unexpectedly fall with an utterly personal logic. Half the pleasure of a Carter show, of course, is checking out her band; alumni of the singer's group include the pianists John Hicks, Cyrus Chestnut, and Stephen Scott. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. A big band belonging to **GIL GOLDSTEIN** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room. It resembles a hunting lodge and is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings are impressive. Vocalist **NANCY LA MOTT** continues through April 3. On April 5, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** begins a two-week engagement.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The **ART FARMER** quintet plays through April 3, and again on April 5. Farmer's work on the flugelhorn proves that urbanity has its place even in jazz's spontaneous and emotional universe. By picking the perfect notes and playing them with a burnished elegance born of utter precision, Farmer makes virtues of control and calculation. His sophisticated, ardent playing distills bop down to a purely lyrical state. Farmer's model band features saxophonist Jerome Richardson, pianist Geoff Keezer, drummer Marvin (Smitty) Smith, and bassist Kenny Davis. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. The **KEVIN EUBANKS** group appears through April 2, with Robin Eubanks, Marvin (Smitty) Smith, and Mino Cinelu.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through April 2: **SONNY FORTUNE, RONNIE MATHEWS,** and **SANTI DEBRIANO.** Fortune is a quadruple threat, having mastered tenor, alto, and soprano saxophone, and flute. He'll be joined here by bassist Debriano and the underrated pianist Ronnie Mathews—who, like Fortune, is a member of jazz's over-forty/under-seventy Lost Generation.

STANDARDS AND CABARET

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—On April 2, the impossibly divine **STEVE ROSS** and **JEANNE LEHMAN** complete their monthlong Noël Coward tribute in the Oak Room. **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** begins a two-month run on April 5. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. March 31-April 3: Russian diva **MASHA** appears, performing in a variety of languages. Cabaret legend **BLOSSOM DEARIE** begins an open-ended early show, Friday evenings at 6:30.

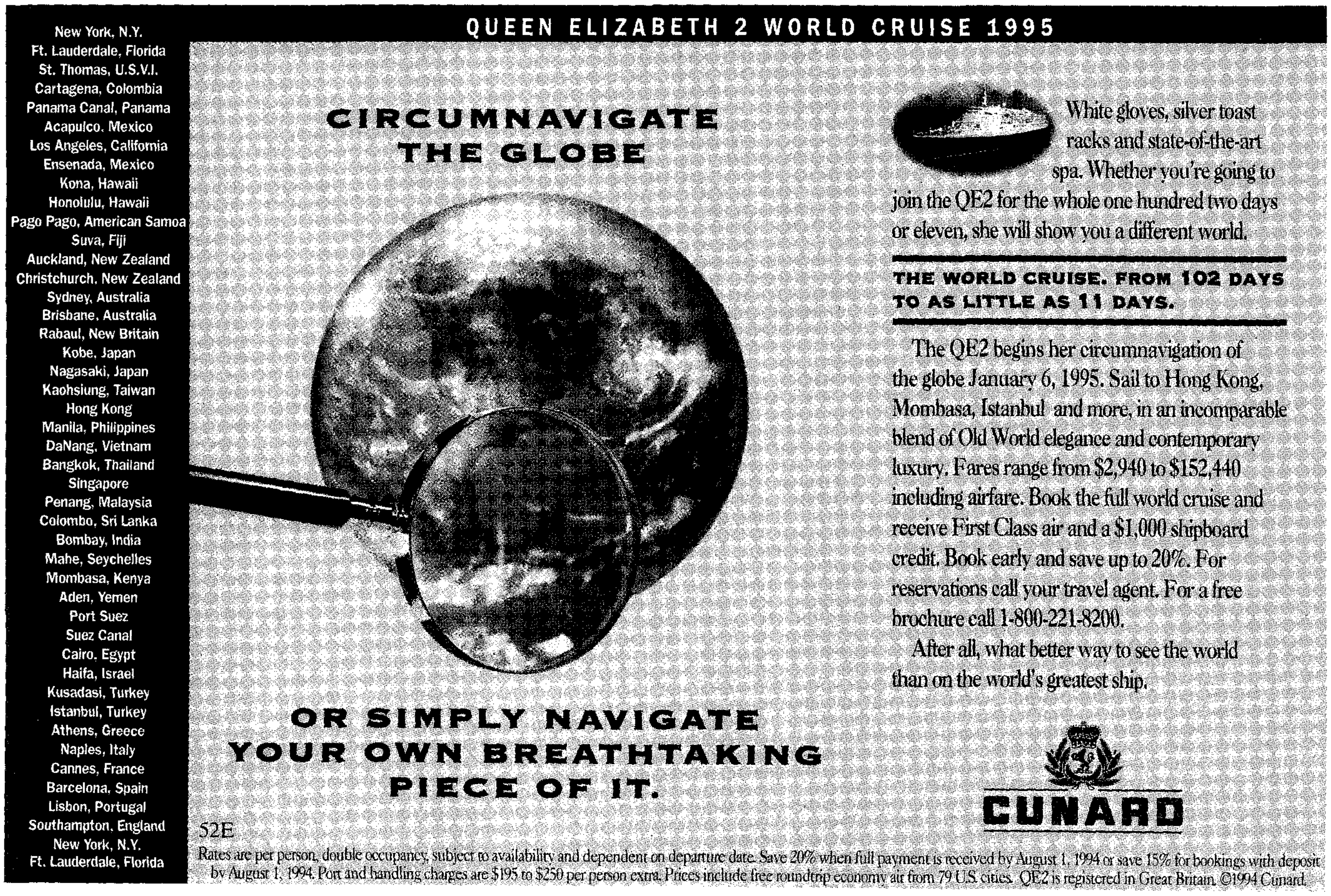
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters and wraparound pastel murals. Former Fifth Dimension member and "Solid Gold" hostess **MARILYN MC COO** is in all week. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The cheery white downstairs bar has French windows giving onto the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the real clamor is indoors. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs, there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

Eighty Eight's, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—Former disco legend **VICKI SUE ROBINSON** presents a cabaret- and jazz-heavy program on April 1.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **ANNIE ROSS** is in the midst of an engagement that extends through April 23. Closed Mondays.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt and lamé club is the Blue Room, a plush little nook with celestial wallpaper, far from the midtown racket.



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ART

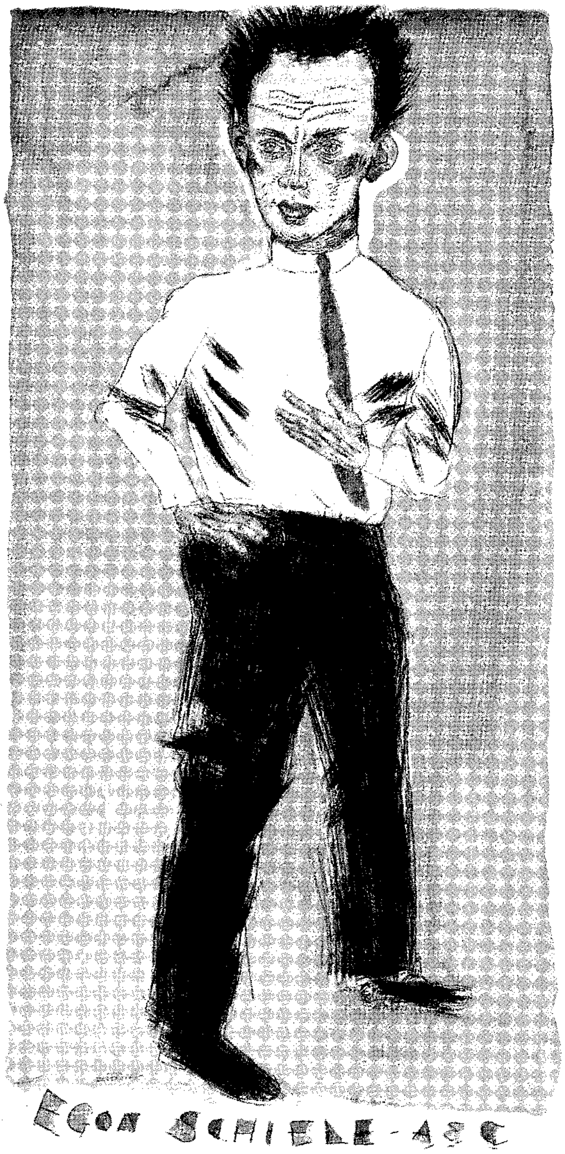
Life in Death

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918), the Viennese Expressionist, was well aware of the wellspring of his art. "Have adults forgotten how corrupted, that is, incited and aroused by the sex impulse they themselves were as children?" he is said to have remarked in 1912. "I have not forgotten, for I suffered terribly under it." Sex traumatized Schiele throughout his brief life—his father died of syphilis when Schiele was fourteen, and the young artist was once imprisoned on a wrongful charge of rape—but he mastered his pain aesthetically. By transforming otherwise quasi-pornographic images into portraits of agressive clarity and honesty, he succeeded in renovating the fin-de-siècle cliché of eroticism and death for the fresh terrors of the twentieth century.

The Gagosian Gallery (980 Madison Avenue; through April 16) has assembled a superb selection of Schiele's works on paper, demonstrating once again that Schiele invented a radically new pictorial language for that ancient subject the nude. Schiele's nudes have the bizarre appearance of sickly dissolution and brittle, exoskeletal menace. Eruptions of red, orange, and violet give them a bruised, even molested look. He combines in these nudes a frank sexual come-on and a suggestion of prurience in a manner that is no less disquieting today than it was in 1912, when the Austrian provincial judge who dismissed the rape charge nonetheless fined the twenty-one-year-old artist for "immorality" and publicly burned one of his drawings.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Waist Not," a Costume Institute exhibit, proposes that the waist is the defining element of the fashion silhouette, offering examples from the eighteenth century to the present. . . . ¶ "The Decorative Arts of Frank Lloyd Wright." Furniture, ceramics, textiles, sculpture, architectural fragments, photographs, stained glass, metalwork, and drawings. (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . ¶ "Degas Landscapes." Seventy-five paintings, pastels, and monotypes, many of them on view for the first time since a solo Degas show in 1892. Through April 3. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth by Caspar David Friedrich and Ferdinand Hodler, among others. Through April 24. . . . ¶ "The Golden Age of Danish Painting." The Danish efflorescence was relatively brief—from about 1790 to 1850—and it was generated almost entirely by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen. Although the artists here worked in many genres, portraiture and landscape are the highlights. The dean of Danish painting, Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersburg (1785-1853), excelled in both. His Italian landscapes refine the pellucid light that found its loveliest expression in the work of his most famous student, Christen Købke (1810-48). Købke's numerous views of Frederiksborg Castle combine precision of observation with a subdued melancholia, making it a suitable environment for a latter-day Hamlet. Through April 24. . . . ¶ "The Gold of Meroe" features the jewelry of Queen Amanishakheto of Meroe, an ancient Nubian ruler. Through April 3. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)



Egon Schiele at Gagosian.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The fourth exhibition in the Artist's Choice series features images by John Baldessari, based on details of photographic reproductions of works in the museum's collection. Single original paintings by Henri Rousseau, Andy Warhol, and Andrew Wyeth, among others, are also on view. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright: Architect." A retrospective, beginning with material from the eighteen-eighties, that includes some three hundred and fifty drawings, thirty scale models, six full-scale wall constructions, more than a hundred photographs, and architectural fragments. (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Metropolitan Museum and the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . ¶ A section of a sixty-foot-diameter dome by Chuck Hoberman, which opens and closes in a fluid motion reminiscent of the expansion and contraction of the iris. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "Three Masters of the Bauhaus: Lyonel Feininger, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee" comprises roughly seventy-five prints and illustrated books from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ Twenty-five years of Brooke Alexander Editions, which publishes prints and multiples of contemporary artists, including Richard Artschwager and Lorna Simpson. . . . ¶ "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari." Through April 5. . . . ¶ "Gesture and Pose: Twentieth-Century Photographs from the Collection." Through April 5. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Women on the Edge: Twenty Photographers in Europe, 1919-39" includes work by Ilse Bing and Lucia Moholy. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright's Designs for the Guggenheim Museum." (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art.) . . . ¶ "Robert Morris: The Mind/Body Problem," a retrospective exhibition, explores the intellectual underpinnings of this protean artist through a selection of his sculptures, drawings, and videos from the early sixties to the present. Morris's career touches on many of the most important artistic developments of the last thirty years—minimalism, performance art, Conceptualism—confounding expectations of aesthetic unity or continuity. Through May 1. (In conjunction with the artist's show at the Guggenheim SoHo.) (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—Nine installations with mirrors, by Robert Morris. Through April 3. . . . ¶ Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1944, by the Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). The earlier works, with their nervous, liquescent, quasi-figurative shapes, represent Kandinsky's art at its strongest. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Richard Avedon: Evidence 1944-94." This retrospective includes photographs of Isak Dinesen (1959) and Francis Bacon (1979). . . . ¶ "Collection in Context: A Year from the Collection Circa 1952." Some seventy-five paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs. Through April 17. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fine art ("Watson and the Shark," by John Singleton Copley), casts of fossils, and a sample of items that have been found in fishes' bellies—armor, hubcaps, a fur coat—are a few of the items in "Sharks! Fact and Fantasy." There's also a walk-through diorama with life-size models of seventeen species of shark. The lighting and ambient sound make you think you're underwater. Through May 1. . . . ¶ "Waura: Drawings of the Waura Indians of Brazil" is an exhibit of illustrations by members of this Amazon tribe, who were encouraged by an anthropologist to put onto paper images they traditionally use in body painting, pottery, basketry, and wood carving. Through April 24. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of

Pharaonic history. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway—"Komar & Melamid: People's Choice." After commissioning a poll of a thousand and one Americans about their preferences in art, these Russian artists have created a series of paintings that cater to the tastes reflected in the poll. Through April 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Uncommon Beauty in Common Objects: The Legacy of African-American Craft Art" reveals African-American craft artists not only as keepers of their culture (sometimes not without political asides) but as prime movers in the field. One of the most commanding, and pointed, pieces is Angela Franklin's "I Never Learned to Tap Dance, My Shoes Go Unworn" (1990). Made of brilliant-colored sgrafitto and cloisonné, it depicts a large, black male puppeteer manipulating the strings of a group of tap dancers. There are also objects of sheer beauty, such as James Watkins' "Painted Desert" stoneware bowl (1986) and Robert Stull's ceramic "Queen Mother" (1978). (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Beyond the Borders: Art by Recent Immigrants" features thirty artists from more than twenty countries. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Photographs of nineteenth-century China by John Thomson (1837-1921). (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Home to a comprehensive collection of art work by the Japanese-American sculptor Isamu Noguchi (1904-88), the garden museum will reopen on April 2 for the 1994 season. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Gutenberg and the Genesis of Printing." At the center of this exhibit are the library's three Gutenberg Bibles (the single largest collection in the world) and a replica of the press on which they were printed. On Saturdays and Sundays at 1, there are demonstrations on the press. Through April 17. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—A roomful of portraits of solemn, straitlaced New Englanders by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865), who was a highly successful portrait painter in his time. Through April 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Bad Girls, Part II," the second installation in the museum's irreverent look at gender roles. Judith Weinperson's fourteen-foot "Blue Penis" covers an entire wall, and Lillian Ball's "Phobots Series" includes two dozen foot-high black rubber dildos, which move around the floor like windup toys when you clap your hands. There are subtler efforts, too: Beverly Semmes' "Yellow Pool" is a huge velvet-and-organza evening dress that flows into an expansive pile across the floor, threatening to engulf the viewer—it's the perfect prom dress gone berserk. Yasumasa Morimura's "Portrait (Futago)" best sums up the show. Rendering Manet's early bad girl practically tame, this version of a nude courtesan appropriates the unabashedly direct gaze, sensual pose, coquette's neck band, even the slightly dirty hands and feet of "Olympia," but she's really a man in a cheap blond wig, wearing heavy makeup, salmon nail polish, and one hellacious pair of sparkly red mules. Through April 10. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Compleat Charles Addams." Some hundred and seventy drawings and watercolors by the artist; personal memorabilia, including his drawing table; original illustrations for "The Chas Addams Mother Goose"; and life-size photographs of the movie and television characters, next to enlargements of the cartoon originals. The cartoons—a broad selection—are arranged by theme. One section, "The Creative Process," shows drawings in progress alongside the finished product—a glimpse of the master at work. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Elizabeth Catlett: Works on Paper, 1944-1992." Representational prints. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

Katherine Bowling—Abstract and landscape paintings. Opens April 5. Through May 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Paintings on paper from the nineties, by a preëminent Abstract Expressionist. Opens April 5. Through April 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Nature-inspired drawings and paintings from throughout the artist's career, in oil, silverpoint, pastel, and watercolor. Opens March 31. Through May 27. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947)—Watercolors and drawings of figures and animals, by an American folk artist. Opens April 1. Through April 28. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

"Bloomsbury"—Works by Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry, and other members of the celebrated British group. Opens April 1. Through April 28. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

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"In Search of Nirvana: Sculptures from India and Southeast Asia"—This show assembles sculptures (and a few elegant gouaches) representing eighteen centuries of Hindu and Buddhist culture. There are particularly beautiful examples from such classic periods as India's Gupta, including the red Sikri sandstone "Head of Buddha" (circa A.D. 450), and Cambodia's Khmer, including the stunning gilt-bronze "Dancing Hevajra" (twelfth to thirteenth century), a multiheaded, multi-armed Buddhist deity. Through April 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Works on Paper: Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, and Their Contemporaries"—A routine but charming show of works by Benton, Hopper, and such contemporaries as Charles Demuth, Charles Sheeler, and Marsden Hartley. Particularly interesting are Benton's trio of Hollywood vignettes—"Member of the Chorus," "Candid Camera," and "Makeup Artist"—and John Steuart Curry's ludicrously melodramatic depiction of the abolitionist John Brown as a cross between a Biblical prophet and a Russian revolutionary. Through April 16. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—An excellent show of late paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by this renowned German Expressionist. Through May 14. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Ralph Goings—Photo-Realist watercolors of diner interiors, still-lifes, and pickup trucks. Through April 30. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Landscapes in high-keyed colors, from the mid-fifties. Through April 16. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Attilio Salemme—Geometric paintings from the forties and fifties. Through April 16. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Works on paper. Through April 16. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

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GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Ford Crull—Paintings in oil and wax, fusing symbols, text, and images of the body. Opens March 31. Through April 23. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Natalya Nesterova—Small-scale paintings of scenes of daily life, by a Russian artist. Opens April 5. Through June 30. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway.)

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"Are You Experienced?"—The gallery has assembled an eclectic group of artists and writers, who have in common that they blur the boundaries between art and life. The "experience" of several of the artists refers to their professions, which inform their art. For example, Carsten Holler, an entomologist, is showing umbrellas sticking out of plants that are being fed an aphrodisiac; Josiah McElheny, a glassblower, creates exquisite faux antique glass works, indulging in a bogus historicism. Through April 9. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Sydney Blum / Mark Schwartz—Abstract constructions of felt, hair, and burlap, resembling shelters. / Expressionist canvases with abstract and landscape elements. Through April 30. (Bace, 39 Wooster St.)

William Copley—Cartoonlike paintings and drawings of nymphs and satyrs. Through April 30. (Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway.)

Bruce Dorfman—Collage paintings with found objects. Through April 19. (Katzen, 345 West Broadway.)

Renée Green—Works in a wide variety of mediums. Through April 10. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Michele Harvey—Rural landscapes reduced to basic forms. Through April 16. (Bridgewater/Lustberg, 529 Broadway.)

David Kapp—Expressionistic street scenes of lower Manhattan, where the artist lives. Through April 23. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Byron Kim—Large paintings, each on a single theme. Through April 16. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Barbara Kruger—Kruger's latest installation addresses aggression and invidiousness. Her words and appropriated images cover the gallery's walls, floor, and ceiling, and she has also provided a strident soundtrack of screaming crowds, a hectoring preacher, and the occasional chorus of "We Are the World." Through April 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Carter Kustera—Works concerning identity. Two sculptures consist of a transparent ball containing a head, which rolls on a circular mirrored track. Through April 16. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

Richard Long—A slate floor sculpture and a mud drawing on the gallery wall, plus photographs and text relating to his site-specific works. Through April 23. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Mangold—Paintings based on two contrasting color fields with superimposed elliptical forms. Through April 23. (Pace, 142 Greene St.) . . . Note: Related drawings are on view uptown at Pace, 32 E. 57th St.

Cady Noland—A conceptual installation. Through April 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Greg O'Halloran—Works combining sculptural and painting elements, many of them kinetic. Through April 30. (Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St.)

Kristin Oppenheim—Photographic images projected on the gallery walls, accompanied by a recording of the artist's chanting. Through April 23. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Joseph Raffael—Large-scale watercolors based on nature, in a show focussing on two monumental diptychs of lily pads. Through April 13. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Michael Scott—Optical works in enamel on aluminum. Through April 23. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Ronald Searle—Original drawings and watercolors. Through May 14. (Heineman, 594 Broadway.)

Masami Teraoka—Symbolic figurative watercolors. Through April 20. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

"The Garden of Sculptural Delights"—An environmental installation by nine artists, inspired by the well-known Hieronymus Bosch painting. Through April 23. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

"Isn't It Romantic?"—A large group show—the first for the gallery—loosely organized around the idea of a "romantic sensibility." Some works suit the theme perfectly, such as Lenore Malen's "Untitled II," in which the artist, using dry pigment and stand oil, creates an illusion of sumptuous blue velvet. Among several small works by Lloyd Gunther Dalliet is "Pompei Gardens," which has the look of delicate dried flowers pressed onto gilded parchment. Also represented are Ross Bleckner, Ellen Phelan, Milton Resnick, Joan Nelson, and others. Through April 9. (On Crosby Street, 66 Crosby St.)

ANTIQUES

"The World on Paper"—Columbia University's Rare Book and Manuscript Library has chosen a hundred examples of woodcuts, hand-colored engravings, and manuscript maps, dating from the second century to the early nineteenth, that illustrate naïve conceptions of earth and sea. The earliest item on view is a reproduction of Isidore of Seville's map of the world (circa A.D. 636), a simple circle divided into Asia, Africa, and Europe. Through June 3. (Butler Library, Columbia University, Broad way at 116th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Dieter Appelt—The first solo exhibition in New York by this German photographer and sculptor. Through April 30. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Ellen Auerbach—Photographs that range from scenes of Berlin in the thirties to images of Mexican churches taken in the fifties. Through May 7. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Jed Devine—Sixty-four luminous images of Maine. Through April 30. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

Dorothea Lange (1895-1965)—Forty-three extraordinary images taken between 1933 and 1963, many of which were produced under the auspices of the Farm Security Administration. Through May 7. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Annie Leibovitz—Best known for her celebrity portraits for *Rolling Stone* and *Vanity Fair*, this show also features landscapes, photographs from Leibovitz's recent trip to Sarajevo, and a series of portraits of people with AIDS. Through April 16. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Ray K. Metzker—Black-and-white landscapes, taken in Utah, Tennessee, and Wisconsin. Through April 9. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Ruth Orkin (1921-85)—Black-and-white images by this photographer best known for her celebrity portraits. Through April 16. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Irving Penn—An exhibition of thirty photographs of New York, all selected by Penn, spanning forty-six years. Through April 16. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

James Van Der Zee (1886-1983)—A retrospective of his photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through April 30. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

"Pioneers of Soviet Photography"—Work by Alexander Rodchenko, Max Alpert, and others. Through April 30. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the Whitney Museum, and the China Institute.)

Christopher O'Riley plays the music of Richard Danielpour with the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Passion Playing

FALLING, as it does, just before the apogee of the Christian ecclesiastical year, Good Friday is observed with a level of mysticism that often reaches far beyond that of the normal liturgy. The music of Good Friday, too, has a special fervency. Consider Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ," which the Guarneri Quartet will play on April 3 at the New School. Haydn wrote it in 1786 for a Spanish cleric who needed seven meditative movements, each about ten minutes long, to accompany the bishop of Cádiz as he prostrated himself in a darkened cathedral; the musical interludes followed Good Friday discourses on each of the seven pronouncements Jesus made on the Cross. Haydn's solution proved brilliant in endowing instrumental music with communicative power of almost verbal precision, from the introductory sonic earthquake to the mimicry, by the strings, of the spoken rhythms of the "last words."

A century earlier, Dietrich Buxtehude had produced an even more curious Good Friday heptalogy, a set of seven cantatas collectively titled "Membra Jesu Nostri Patientis Sanctissima" ("Most Holy Members of the Body of Our Suffering Jesus"). Each cantata encourages the faithful to contemplate a particular part of Christ's body—feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart, face—through ten-minute settings of medieval Latin verses.

Disturbing in their macabre fixations, these texts enjoyed popularity in the pietistic circles of Baroque Germany. The ARTEK Ensemble will offer a rare performance of Buxtehude's cycle, on April 1, at St. Francis of Assisi Church, with contemplative silences interspersed. Though not part of a religious service, the performance is likely to unroll in an intensely spiritual atmosphere, as the church's parishioners go silently about their Good Friday venerations.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**der fliegende holländer,** with Hildegard Behrens, Klaus Koenig, James Morris, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; conducted by Hermann Michael. (March 30, April 2, and April 5, all at 8.) . . . **il barbiere di siviglia,** with Susanne Mentzer, Frank Lopardo, Vladimir Chernov, François Loup, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Carlo Rizzi. (March 31 at 8.) . . . **elektra,** with Gwyneth Jones, Deborah Voigt, Leonie Rysanek, James King, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; James Levine. (April 1 and April 4 at 8.) . . . **otello,** in a new production, with Carol Vaness, Plácido Domingo, and Sergei Leiferkus; Valery Gergiev. (April 2 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Mahler's Symphony No. 9. (Avery Fisher Hall. March 31, April 2, and April 4, all at 8.)

St. Bartholomew's Choir—James Litton directs Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the Choristers of Grace Church (Newark) and the Orchestra of the Old Fairfield Academy (a period-instrument group). (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 249. March 30 at 7:30.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Lawrence Leighton Smith conducts premières of William Thomas McKinley's "Lightning," Richard Danielpour's Piano Concerto (featuring Christopher O'Riley), and José Serebrier's Violin Concerto (with Michael Guttman), as well as the New York première of the "Soundscape" movement from Bolcom's Symphony No. 4. (Avery Fisher Hall. March 30 at 7:30.)

Bach's "St. John Passion"—Robert Shaw directs the Orchestra of St. Luke's, the Atlanta Symphony Chamber Chorus, and soloists William Stone (baritone, as Jesus), Jon Humphrey (tenor, as the Evangelist), Henrietta Schellenberger (soprano), Marietta Simpson (mezzo-soprano), Karl Dent (tenor), and Victor Ledbetter and James Michael McGuire (baritones). (Carnegie Hall. March 30 at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducts twentieth-century works with a spiritual bent: Debussy's "Danses Sacrée et Profane" (featuring harpist Susan Jolles), the third movement of Górecki's Symphony No. 3 (with soprano Rebecca Copley), Duruflé's Requiem (with the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society, Ms. Copley, and bass-baritone Jan Opalach), and Poulenc's Organ Concerto (with Harry Huff). (Alice Tully Hall. March 31 at 7:30. . . . **note:** The concert, which lasts less than an hour, will be preceded at 6:30 by a discussion of the works on the program, open to ticket holders.)

ARTEK Ensemble—Gwendolyn Toth directs the vocal and period-instrument group in Buxtehude's "Membra Jesu Nostri Patientis Sanctissima." (St. Francis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St. April 1 at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Grace Church Choral Society and Orchestra—Bruce McInnes directs Haydn's Stabat Mater. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. April 1 at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducts Andrzej Panufnik's "Arbor Cosmica Suite" and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Alicia de Larrocha) and Symphony No. 7. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. April 3 and April 5 at 8.)

RECITALS

Four Nations Ensemble—The period-instrument players offer a program of music written for the courts of Versailles and Beijing. *Grand-siècle* France will be represented by instrumental works by Rameau, Leclair, Marais, and Robert de Visée; eleventh- and twelfth-century China will resound through classic pieces from the Sui and Ming dynasties; and the two styles may inform one another as Chinese compositions alternate with the movements of Couperin's Fourth "Concert Royal." An ensemble of pipa, di, and sheng players will assist. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 30 at 8.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts Franck's "Pièces Brèves," the première of Elizabeth Brown's Flute Concerto (subtitled "Anthem," and here featuring Susan Rotholz), and a chamber-scaled version of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (with mezzo-soprano Meredith Parsons and tenor Peter Kazaras). (Alice Tully Hall. March 30 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Steven Mayer performs Weber's "Konzertstück," arranged by Liszt for solo piano; colleagues join him for piano quartets by Mozart (in E-Flat Major) and Chausson. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. March 31 at 7:30 and April 3 at 4.)

Andreas Klein—Pianist, performing sonatas by Berg and Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 7), Ginastera's "Danzas Argentinas," and a passel of Chopin (including his B-Flat-Minor Scherzo and F-Minor Ballade). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. March 31 at 8.)

New Juilliard Ensemble—Performing works by Henrik Strindberg, Franco Donatoni, John Woolrich, Joel Feigen, Sessions, and Norbert Moret. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. March 31 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

New Renaissance Chamber Artists—Performing music by Chaminade, Clara Schumann, Alexina Louie, Billie Holiday, Catherine Hoover, and Hilary Tann. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 242-4770. March 31 at 8.)

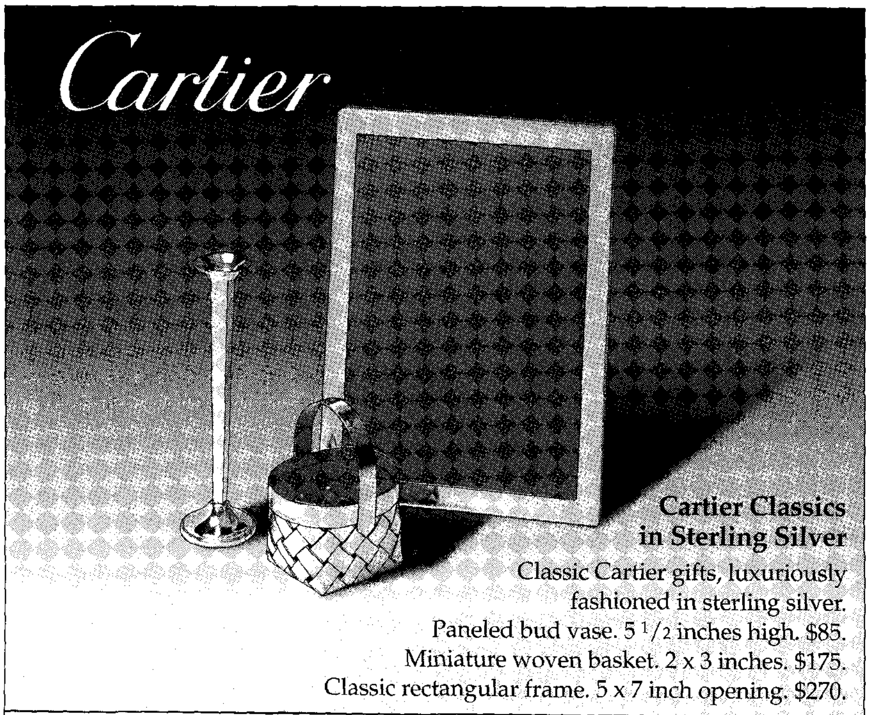
Juilliard String Quartet—Performing Beethoven's quartets in A Minor (Op. 132) and F Major (Op. 135). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 2 at 8.)

Ilan Rechtman—Harpsichordist, performing selections from Book One of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier." (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. April 3 at 11 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Guarneri Quartet—Carrying on the New School's annual Easter-season tradition, the ensemble performs the string-quartet version of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. April 3 at 2.)

Musicians from Marlboro—Performing Shostakovich's String Quartet No. 6, Fauré's "La Bonne Chanson," and Mozart's D-Major String Quintet (K. 593). (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. April 3 at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—April 3 at 5 and April 5 at 7:30: Performing Brahms' Clarinet Trio, Ezra Laderman's Clarinet Quintet, and Franck's Piano Quintet. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ April 4 at 8: Works by five contemporary composers (Steven Mackey, Shulamit Ran, Bruce



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CLASSICAL MUSIC—Cont'd

Adolphe, Aaron Jay Kernis, and Richard Wilson), performed by members of the Society and guests that include flutist Marina Piccinini, pianists Marija Stroke and Blanca Uribe, and the Brentano String Quartet. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

SALON SOIRÉE—Cellist Inbal Segev, bassoonist Sally Marriman, and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform chamber works by Bach, Fasch, and Popper. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. April 3 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

SPECULUM MUSICAE—The contemporary-music group turns its mirror on works by Danish composers Poul Ruders, Hans Abrahamsen, Bent Sørensen, and Per Nørgård; with soprano Lucy Shelton. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 4 at 8:30.)

COLIN CARR—Performing two unaccompanied cello works: Britten's Suite No. 3 and Kodály's Sonata. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. April 5 at 6. For information about free tickets, call 772-4448.)

LISTENING BOOTH

BACH: WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER, BOOK ONE, Huguette Dreyfus (Denon); Blandine Verlet (Astrée); Glenn Gould (Sony Classical). The reverence with which keyboard players approach Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" underscores the composer's status as a sort of musical Almighty. (How appropriate that Ilan Rechtman should perform selections on Easter morning, in the music room of City Island's Le Refuge Inn.) Three simultaneously released recordings of the collection's first book—two on harpsichord, one on piano—reflect the characters of the instruments employed as much as the performers' distinctive personalities. Dreyfus, a paragon of Gallic elegance, is abetted in her fluent, satisfying reading by a magnificently restored Guillaume Hemsch harpsichord built in 1763 (four decades after Bach's Book One was published). Verlet's Ruckers harpsichord (from 1624, doubtless still in use when the music was written) impresses the listener as a dark-hued, hardworking machine. The result, intensified by the player's penchant for rhythmic displacement and angular voicings, is full of bite. If Dreyfus's performance suggests a smooth cognac (unquestionably a fine X.O.), Verlet serves a bracing, earthy Armagnac. Sony, in its exhaustive series of reissues from the Gould archives, provides a modernist, ultra-pianistic alternative for both books—brilliant, quirky, exasperating, self-indulgent, and always stimulating.

MERIDIAN STRING QUARTET—Presenting Haydn's D-Minor Quartet (Op. 76, No. 2) in an informal concert. (Turtle Bay Music School, 244 E. 52nd St. 753-8811. April 5 at 7:30.)

ROBERTA PETERS, EUGENIA ZUKERMAN, AND THE ESSEX STRING QUARTET—The soprano, the flutist, and the string players team up for a program that includes solo and obbligato vocal works by Scarlatti, Handel, Caplet, Saint-Saëns, and Strauss; Gaubert's A-Major Flute Sonata; Wolf's "Italian Serenade"; works by Chausson and Respighi for soprano and string quartet; and the première of a composition by Carolyn Yarnell. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. April 5 at 8.)

LISA RAUTENBERG—Baroque violinist, performing Bach's D-Minor Partita, sonatas by Leclair and Tartini (the "Devil's Trill"), and several works by Paganini (with classical guitarist David Starobin); assisted by Baroque cellist Alyssa Pava and harpsichordist James Richman, both of whom are members of Concert Royal. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 5 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

I WANNA BE EVEL—Motorcycle daredevil Evel Knievel will wheel into town on April Fool's Day to show films of his stunts (such as jumping Greyhound buses and crashing into Snake River Canyon) and to discuss his kinetic career. Do not try this at home. Mr. Knievel will take the podium at around 11:30. (Grand, 76 E. 13th St. 777-0600.)

CALLING ALL GEARHEADS—To the annual New York International Automobile Show. This year, the focus is on Smart Car Technology, i.e., computerized and electronic controls. Meet the Range Rover County LWB and the Porsche 911 Carrera Cabriolet. Get reacquainted with the Astin-Martin that James Bond drove in "Goldfinger." For those not mechanically inclined, the '69 Miracle Mets will be here, along with the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave., between 34th and 39th Sts. April 2 and April 4-5, from 11 to 10:30, and April 3, from 10 to 8. Through April 10. For more information, call 1-800 262-3336. Tickets at the door on the days of the show.)

MIDTOWN BY MIDWEST—A little bit of Minnesota in the heart of the Big Apple. Garrison Keillor's radio variety show will be broadcast live from Town Hall during April. On April 2 at 5:45, musical guests are the Roches. (123 W. 43rd St. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

TONI! TONI! TONI!—In a benefit performance called "An Evening with Toni Morrison and Her Friends," Harry Belafonte, Rosanne Cash, and Jessye Norman are among the friends. Some will sing, others will speak, and the Nobel Laureate will read from her fiction. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. April 5 at 8.)

JAZZY WORDS—Poets Art Lange and Nathaniel Mackey and actress Lynne Thigpen, accompanied by saxophonist David Murray and his band, will present "Moment's Notice: Jazz in Poetry and Prose." (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848. April 4 at 7:30.)

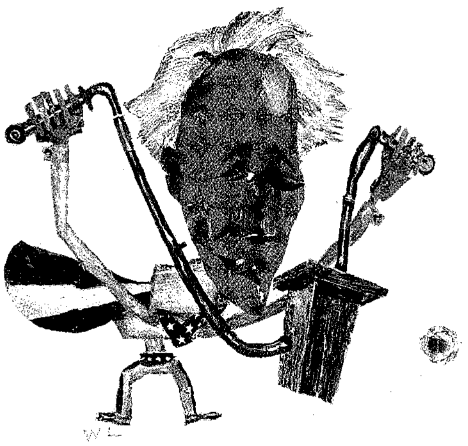
FRILLS—Don your bonnet and open your parasol. Fifth Ave. (between 44th and 57th Sts.) will be closed off on April 3, from 11 to 2:30, for New Yorkers to parade their Easter finery. Last year at this affair, a woman in an egg costume cruised the Avenue in a wheelchair got up like an Easter basket. Dogs dressed as rabbits and chicks are de rigueur. . . . ¶ Big Onion Walking Tours will offer a couple of Easter walks—April 2 at 1: Holy Saturday Catholic New York. . . . April 3 at noon: Annual Easter Sunday Jewish East Side. (For more information, call 439-1090.)

THE WHOLE NINE YARDS—The Urban Park Rangers will take hearty participants on a five-hour tour of all of Central Park, on April 3 at 10. Wear comfortable shoes and bring a lunch. Meets at Columbus Circle. For more information, call 1-800 201-7275.

READINGS—March 30 at 6: Yves Bonnefoy will be interviewed by Shusha Guppy. . . . At 8:30: Mr. Bonnefoy and Galway Kinnell will read from their own work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ March 31 at 7:30: Tom Drury will read from his novel, "The End of Vandalism," much of which appeared in these pages. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: Mark Doty, Daniel Hall, and Susan Mitchell will read from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.)

TALKS—April 4 at 6: E. L. Doctorow and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., will participate in a discussion titled "History and the Imagination." (Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7024.) . . . ¶ April 5 at 6:30: A panel discussion, "Photography and the Word, 1964-94," with publisher Harold Evans, critic Ingrid Sischy, curator Jane Livingston, and others. (Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. 606-0211.)

MEMORANDA—April 1: Taxes Due. (April Fool's. You still have until the fifteenth.) . . . ¶ April 3: Spring ahead at 2 A.M. It's daylight-saving time.


Evel Knievel lecturing at the Grand.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; the Knicks and the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; and the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300.)

ANOTHER OPENING DAY—Last spring, we examined the METS and found them to be ripe with boundless potential. They proceeded to lose a hundred and three games and spent the final weeks of the season battling for last place. A few kicks can build character, but the 1994 Mets offer little hope of improvement, save for the return of Arkansas native and former Met Kevin McReynolds, who can be expected to play extremely well, if dispassionately. The home opener at Shea is on April 11 at 1:40, when the Mets will face the Chicago Cubs. . . . ¶ As for the YANKEES, we should be happy they're still in the Bronx. They play the Texas Rangers on April 4 at 1.

KNICKS—Vs. the Miami Heat, April 2 at 8:30.

NETS—Vs. the Miami Heat, March 30 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Orlando Magic, April 1 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Portland Trail Blazers, April 3 at 4. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, April 5 at 7:30.

RANGERS—Vs. the Dallas Stars, April 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Florida Panthers, April 4. (Game time, 7:30.)

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, April 1 at 7:40.

DEVILS—Vs. the Rangers, April 2 at 7:35.

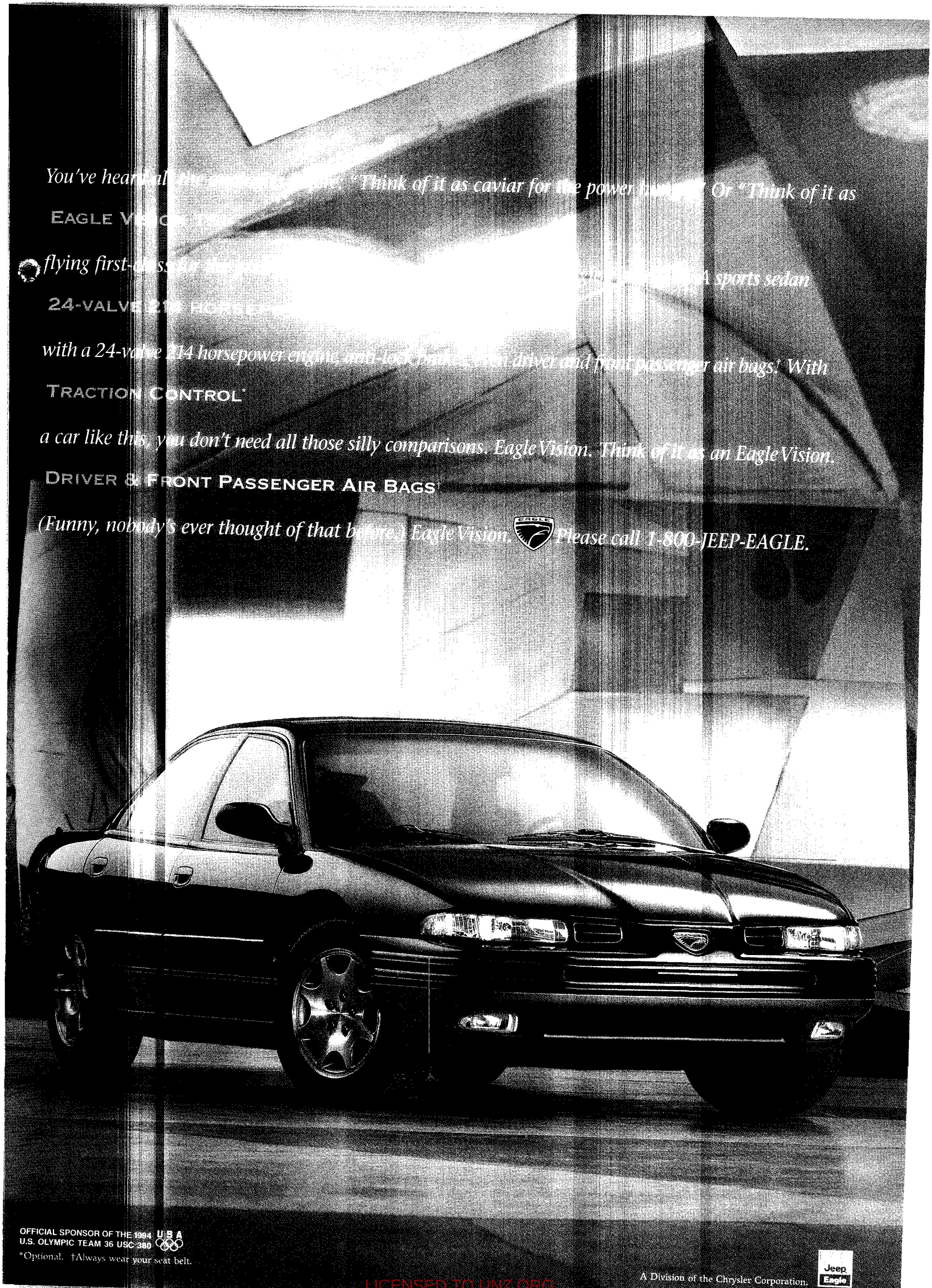
FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

EASTER EGG HUNT—It's no eggsageration: there will be two thousand colored plastic eggs hidden in Central Park's North Meadow on April 2. Three- and four-year-olds are eligible for the search party. (Registration from 10 to 10:45; hunt at 11.) For the older set, ages five to twelve, spoons and wooden eggs will be provided for an egg roll. (Registration from 10 to 11:30; eggs at the starting line at noon.) Everybunny can take part in the Easter-bonnet workshop and face painting, and a juggler will entertain. (North Meadow, mid-Park at 100th St. No tickets necessary.)

"JAZZ FOR YOUNG PEOPLE"—In the series' final concert of the season, trumpeter Wynton Marsalis and his group play and talk about bebop. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. April 2 at 11 and 1.)

KEEP IN MIND—The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus at Madison Square Garden. (465-6000. Through May 1.) . . . ¶ The Radio City Easter Show, with the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Through April 10.) . . . ¶ The Famous People Players, a Canadian troupe of puppeteers, in "A Little More Magic." (Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Through April 10.)



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EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Suture" (directed by Scott McGehee and David Siegal).
Theatre 3: "Cronos" (Guillermo del Toro, in English and Spanish).
Theatre 4: "Savage Nights" (Cyril Collard; in French), with Collard.
Theatre 5: "Sirens" (John Duigan).
Theatre 6: Through March 31: "Naked" (Mike Leigh), with David Thewlis. From April 1: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through March 31: "Oh, Woe Is Me" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
From April 1: "It's Happening Tomorrow" (Daniele Luchetti, in Italian).

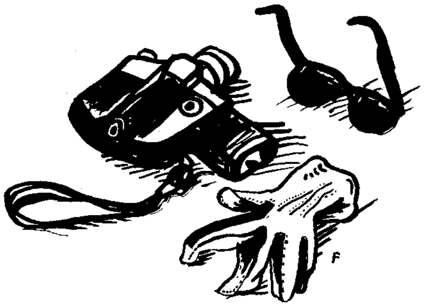
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Hans Christian Andersen's Thumbelina" (Don Bluth).
Theatre 2: "Guarding Tess" (†).
Theatre 3: "Romeo Is Bleeding" (Peter Medak), with Gary Oldman.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (James Ivory).
Theatre 2: "The Hudsucker Proxy" (†).
Theatre 3: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 4: "Jimmy Hollywood" (†).
Theatre 5: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (†).
Theatre 6: "Major League II" (David S. Ward).
Theatre 7: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Raining Stones" (Ken Loach).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Monkey Trouble" (Franco Amurri).
Theatre 3: Through March 31: "Lipstick Camera" (Mike Bonifer). From April 1: "Clifford" (Paul Flaherty).
Theatre 4: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 5: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†).
Theatre 6: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (Tom Shadyac); and "The Ref" (Ted Demme), with Denis Leary.
Theatre 7: "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi), with Stockard Channing.

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 3: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 4: "Guarding Tess" (†).
Theatre5: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (†).
Theatre 6: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman), with Emilio Estevez.



THE MOVIES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 29.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 2: "The Ref" (Ted Demme).
Theatre 3: "Guarding Tess" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angie" (Martha Coolidge), with Geena Davis.

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jimmy Hollywood" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 31: "Reality Bites" (†).
From April 1: "Clifford" (Paul Flaherty).

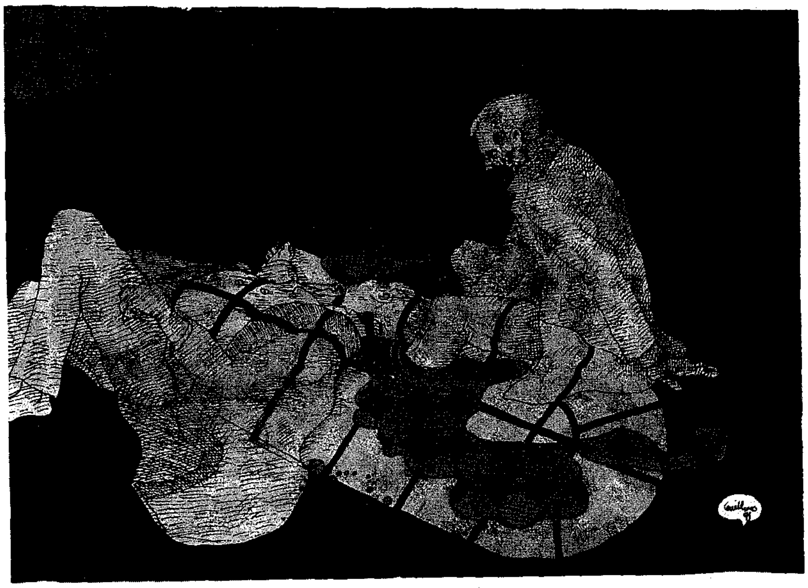
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: "The Ref" (Ted Demme).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Chase" (Adam Rifkin).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Blue" (Krzysztof Kieślowski; in French).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 2: Through March 31: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Peter Gallagher. From April 1: "Clifford" (Paul Flaherty).



A pre-production drawing for "Cronos" by the director, Guillermo del Toro.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
Theatre 2: "The Paper" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Angie" (Martha Coolidge), with Geena Davis.
Theatre 2: "Monkey Trouble" (Franco Amurri).
Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 3: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 4: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 5: "Jimmy Hollywood" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Major League II" (David S. Ward).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Guarding Tess" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 2: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Sirens" (John Duigan).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Hudsucker Proxy" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Paper" (†).
Theatre 2: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: Through March 31: "Reality Bites" (†). From April 1: "Clifford" (Paul Flaherty).
Theatre 2: "Guarding Tess" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 4: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal), with Seagal.
Theatre 5: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†).
Theatre 6: "Jimmy Hollywood" (†).
Theatre 7: "Major League II" (David S. Ward).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: "The Ref" (Ted Demme).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Zero Patience" (directed by John Greyson).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Paper" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 31: "Under One Roof" (Paulo Thiago, in Portuguese). From April 1: "Midnight Edition" (Howard Libov).
Theatre 2: "The Scent of Green Papaya" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski).
Theatre 4: "Farewell My Concubine" (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Paper" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Paper" (†).
Theatre 4: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Hudsucker Proxy" (†).
Theatre 6: "Jimmy Hollywood" (†).
Theatre 7: "Schindler's List" (†)
Theatre 8: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 9: Through March 31: "The Ref" (Ted Demme). From April 1: "Clifford" (Paul Flaherty).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (Tom Shadyac), with Jim Carrey.
Theatre 2: "Angie" (Martha Coolidge).
Theatre 3: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau).

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MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Guild, 33 West 50th Street (757-2406)
"Jimmy Hollywood" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 2: "The Getaway" (Roger Donaldson).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula).
Theatre 5: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson).
Theatre 6: "I'll Do Anything" (James L. Brooks), with Nick Nolte.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Paper" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi), with Stockard Channing.
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Cronos" (Guillermo del Toro, in English and Spanish).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Germinal" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Shadowlands" (Richard Attenborough).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Reality Bites" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through March 31: "Fiorile" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian). From April 1: "A Tale of Winter" (Eric Rohmer, in French).
Theatre 2: "The Scent of Green Papaya" (†).
Theatre 3: "Ivan and Abraham" (Yolande Zauberman, in Yiddish).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (Stephen Frears).
Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (†).
Theatre 2: "Major League II" (David S. Ward).
Theatre 3: "Guarding Tess" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Hudsucker Proxy" (†).
Theatre 5: "Jimmy Hollywood" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Remains of the Day" (James Ivory).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through March 31: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau). From April 1: "Clifford" (Paul Flaherty).
Theatre 2: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman), with Emilio Estevez.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 2: "Above the Rim."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Monkey Trouble" (directed by Franco Amurri).
Theatre 2: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 3: "Guarding Tess" (†).
Theatre 4: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal), with Seagal.
Theatre 5: "Major League II" (David S. Ward).
Theatre 6: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 7: "Hans Christian Andersen's Thumbelina" (Don Bluth).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: Through March 31: "The Ref" (Ted Demme). From April 1: "Clifford" (Paul Flaherty).
Theatre 2: Through March 31: "China Moon" (John Bailey). From April 1: "The Ref."
Theatre 3: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright), with Brian Bonsall.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau).
Theatre 2: "Sugar Hill" (Leon Ichaso).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
March 30: A program of short films directed by Derek Jarman.
March 31: "The Last of England" (1987, Derek Jarman).

At Film Forum 2, a series of films directed by Derek Jarman.

April 1-2: "Wittgenstein" (1993, Derek Jarman).
April 3: "Edward II" (1992, Derek Jarman).
April 4: "Jubilee" (1978, Derek Jarman).
April 5: "The Angelic Conversation" (1985, Derek Jarman).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 30: "Walkabout" (1971, Nicolas Roeg); and "The Last Wave" (†).
March 31: "The Last Metro" (1981, François Truffaut; in French) and "Love on the Run" (1979, Truffaut; in French).
April 1-2: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards) and "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler).
April 3: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian) and "Miracle in Milan" (1951, De Sica; in Italian).
April 4: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979, Werner Herzog; in German) and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982, Herzog; in German).
April 5: "Chinatown" (1974, Roman Polanski) and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966, Polanski).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films produced by Gaumont, the French movie studio. March 31 at 2:30: "La Chèvre" (1981, directed by Francis Veber).... ¶ April 1 at 2:30: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981, Ettore Scola).... ¶ April 4 at 2:30: "Police" (1986, Maurice Pialat).... ¶ April 4 at 6: "Série Noire" (1979, Alain Corneau).... ¶ April 5 at 2:30: "A Nos Amours" (1984, Pialat).... ¶ April 5 at 6: "The Marquise of O...." (1976, Eric Rohmer; in German).

New Directors/New Films—A festival of international films. March 30 at 6: "The Days" (Wang Xiaoshuai, China).... ¶ March 30 at 9 and March 31 at 6: "Little Dreams" (Khaled El Hagar, Egypt).... ¶ March 31 at 9: "Everything I Like" (Martin Sulik, Slovakia).... ¶ April 1 at 6 and April 3 at 9: "Flesh" (Boaz Yakin, United States).... ¶ April 1 at 9 and April 2 at 1: "Down the Drain" (Shinobu Yagushi, Japan).... ¶ April 2 at 4 and April 3 at 6: "Child Murders" (Ildiko Szabo, Hungary).... ¶ April 2 at 6:30 and April 3 at 1: "When I Close My Eyes" (Franci Slak, Slovenia).... ¶ April 2 at 9 and April 3 at 3:30: "Johnny 100 Pesos" (Gustavo Graef Marino, Chile and Mexico). (Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 875-5610.)

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films directed by Robert Aldrich. March 30 at 2 and 7: "Too Late the Hero" (1970).... March 30 at 4:30 and 9:30: "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968).... March 31 at 2 and 6:40 and April 1 at 4 and 8:40: "The Grissom Gang" (1971).... March 31 at 4:30 and 9:10 and April 1 at 2 and 6:30: "Ulzana's Raid" (1972).... April 2 at 3:30 and 8:45 and April 3 at 6:15: "Emperor of the North" (1973).... April 2 at 6, April 3 at 3:30 and 8:30, and April 4 at 2: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968).... April 5 at 2 and 6:40: "Hustle" (1975).... April 5 at 4:15 and 9: "The Longest Yard" (†).... ¶ April 2-3 at 2: "Sirga" (1993, Patrick Grandperret; in French).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—March 30-April 1 at 1:30: "Jurassic Park" (1993, Steven Spielberg).... ¶ A retrospective of films starring Joan Crawford. April 2 at 2: "Our Dancing Daughters" (1928, Harry Beaumont)... April 2 at 4: "Our Modern Maidens" (†).... April 3 at 2: "Dance, Fools, Dance" (1931, Beaumont)..... April 3 at 4: "Possessed" (1931, Clarence Brown).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—"Pacific Reflections: How Japan and America See Each Other in Film." March 31 at 6:30: "Rhapsody in August" (†).

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—A series of films made by American independent filmmakers. April 5 at 7: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).... ¶ April 5 at 9: "True Love" (1989, Nancy Savoca).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—March 30-31 at 7: "Paul Bowles in Morocco" (1970, Gary Conklin).... ¶ March 30-31 at 8: "Made in USA" (1966, Jean-Luc Godard).... ¶ April 1 at 7 and April 2 at 8: Two different programs of short films by Abigail Child.... ¶ April 1 at 9: "Bill Monroe: The Father of Bluegrass Music" (1993, Steve Gebhardt).... ¶ April 2 at 2: "Memories of Duke" (1994, Gary Keys), a documentary of Duke Ellington.... ¶ April 2 at 4: Six short films on the subject of trains.... ¶ April 2 at 6: "Saturday Night, Sunday Morning" (1994, Louis Guida).... ¶ April 2 at 10 and April 3 at 7 and 9: "The Road to God Knows Where" (1994).... ¶ April 3 at noon: "Man in Nature" and "Work as Play," two films directed by Alan Watts.... ¶ April 5 at 7 and 9: "Luck, Truth & Ketchup: Robert Altman in Carver Country" (1994, Mike Kaplan and John Dorr), a documentary.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films by Andy Warhol. March 30 at 11:10: "Sleep" (1963).... ¶ March 30 at 4:45: "Haircut (No. 1)" (1963) and "Eat" (1964).... ¶ March 31 at 1:30: "Empire" (1964).... ¶ April 1 at 11:15: "Henry Geldzahler" (1964).... ¶ April 1 at 2: "Poor Little Rich Girl" (1965).... ¶ April 1 at 3:15: "Paul Swan" (1965).... ¶ April 1 at 4:30: "Lupe" (1965).... ¶ April 2 at 11:30: "The Velvet Underground and Nico" (1966) and "Bufferin" (1966).... ¶ April 2 at 1:30: "I, A Man" (1968).... ¶ April 2 at 3:30: "The Loves of Ondine" (1968).... ¶ April 3 at 11:30: "Bike Boy" (1968).... ¶ April 3 at 1:40: "Flesh" (1969).... ¶ April 3 at 3:30: "Blue Movie" (1968).

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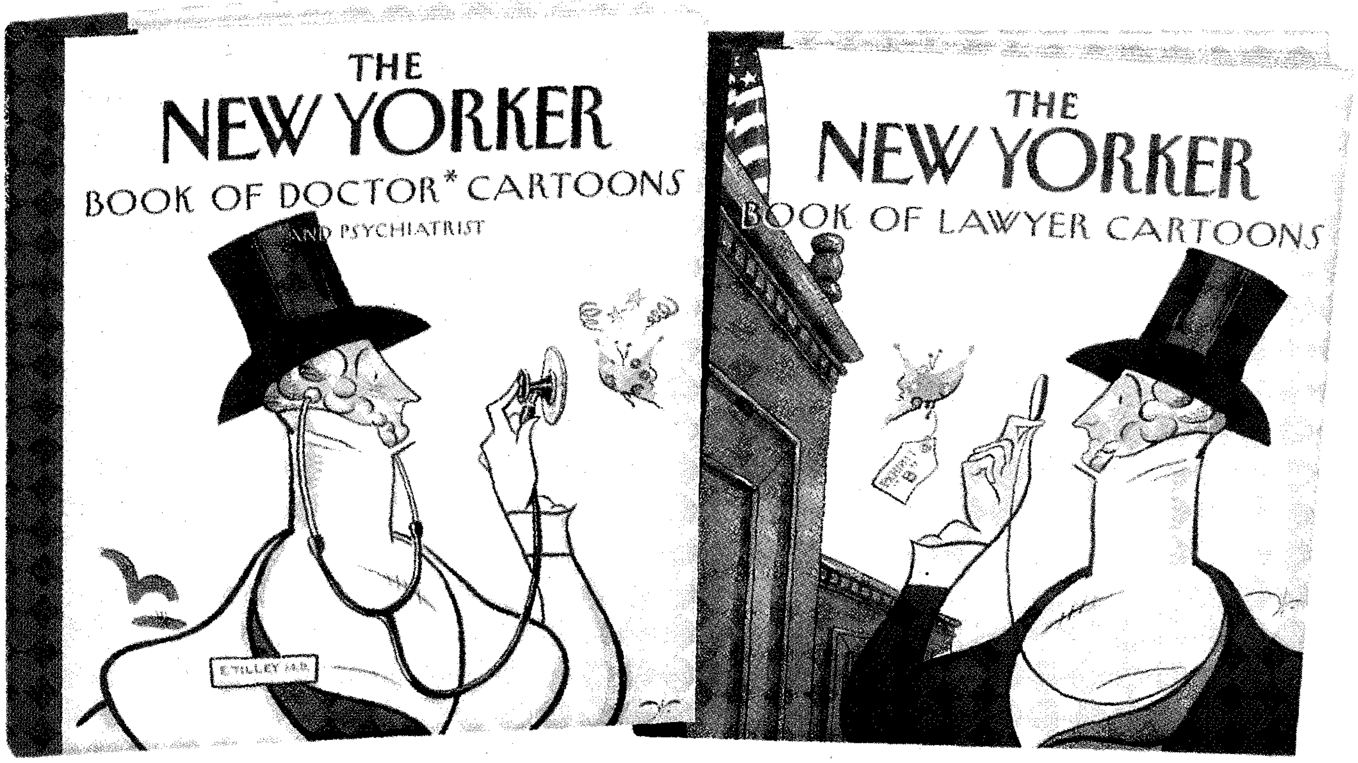

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Clifford—Martin Short stars as a ten-year-old genius left in the care of his bachelor uncle (Charles Grodin), who breaks his promise to take Clifford to Dinosaurworld, and lives to regret it. With Mary Steenburgen and Dabney Coleman. Directed by Paul Flaherty. Opening April 1.

Cronos—An antique dealer in Mexico City discovers a magical sixteenth-century device that bestows eternal life, and a dying industrialist sends his nephew in search of it. With Federico Luppi, Claudio Brook, and Ron Perlman. Written and directed by Guillermo del Toro. In English and Spanish. Opening March 30.

Hans Christian Andersen's Thumbelina—Don Bluth's animated musical version of the fairy tale. With Jodi Benson as the voice of Thumbelina; also with the voices of Carol Channing, Charo, and Gilbert Gottfried. Songs by Barry Manilow, Jack Feldman, and Bruce Sussman. Opening March 30.

The House of the Spirits—Bille August's adaptation of Isabel Allende's 1985 novel about a tyrannical landowner in Latin America. With Jeremy Irons, Glenn Close, Meryl Streep, Winona Ryder, Antonio Banderas, Vanessa Redgrave, and Armin Mueller-Stahl. Opening April 1.

It's Happening Tomorrow—Daniele Luchetti's film, set in nineteenth-century Italy, tells the story of two Tuscan outlaws being pursued by three Austrian mercenaries. With Paolo Hendel and Giovanni Giudelli. In Italian. Opening April 1.

Jimmy Hollywood—Barry Levinson's new film, starring Joe Pesci, Christian Slater, and Victoria Abril. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening March 30.

Major League II—The Cleveland Indians are back. David S. Ward directed this sequel to his 1989 comedy about life in the big leagues. With Charlie Sheen, Tom Berenger, Corbin Bernsen, Omar Epps, and Dennis Haysbert. Opening March 30.

Midnight Edition—A reporter in a small town in Georgia covers the story of a mass murderer who winds up on death row; the reporter finds himself increasingly drawn to the charming killer. With Will Patton, Michael DeLuise, and Clare Wren. Directed by Howard Libov. Opening April 1.

A Tale of Winter—The second installment in Eric Rohmer's "Tale of the Four Seasons" is about romantic indecision: a young woman (Charlotte Véry) is torn between two men, and still dreams about an old love, the father of her child. In French. Opening April 1.

Zero Patience—The main character in John Greyson's musical comedy about AIDS is the Victorian adventurer and sexologist Sir Richard Burton (John Robinson), who is alive and being haunted in Toronto by the ghost of Patient Zero (Normand Fauteux), who is blamed for the epidemic. Opening March 30.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Germinal—Claude Berri's latest epic, adapted from Zola, is set in nineteenth-century France, a lot of it underground. There, such miners as Maheu (Gérard Depardieu), the creepy Chaval (Jean-Roger Milo), and the troubled newcomer, Étienne (Renaud), ply their spine-cracking trade and work up steam against the venal demands of the company. Depardieu is all lusty brawn and strident yearnings, but Maheu is too dull and decent a role for the actor's loutish sense of fun. The movie itself is a largely fun-free zone. Just occasionally, everything clicks: when a stolid, silent old miner strangles the life out of a rich young girl, you feel the rage of a whole society sharpened to a terrible point. In French.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/14/94.) (Paris.)

Guarding Tess—Nicolas Cage plays Doug Chesnic, a Secret Service agent assigned to protect a widowed former First Lady named Tess Carlisle (Shirley MacLaine). Hugh Wilson's movie is clearly meant to be one of those heartwarming comedies about mismatched people who, after driving each other crazy for ninety minutes, discover love and mutual respect just in time for the final fadeout. It's a dull, poky picture, which provides an unwelcome showcase for MacLaine's increasingly insufferable cute-gorgon shtick and no showcase at all for Cage's tremendous comic talents. Playing an upright, conscientious character straitjackets him, and it's not much fun to watch dutiful Doug being humiliated by willful Tess in scene after scene. Far from warming the heart, this grisly spectacle makes the blood run cold. Also with Austin Pendleton, James Rebhorn, and Richard Griffiths. Screenplay by Wilson and Peter Torokvei.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Beekman, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Hudsucker Proxy—It's 1958, and Norville Barnes (Tim Robbins) is a schmuck from out of town, come to make his fortune in New York. Meanwhile, Hudsucker Industries, headed by the scheming Sidney J. Mussberger (Paul Newman), is looking for a total idiot to stand in as president for a while. Slap the two together, throw in a motormouth journalist (Jennifer Jason Leigh), and you've made yourself a new kind of comedy: retro-screwball. But shouldn't moviemakers be investigating the modern implications of screwball, instead of retreading old ground? Still, Joel and Ethan Coen (who wrote the screenplay with Sam Raimi) know every inch of that ground, and the resulting act of homage provides their most likable film since "Raising Arizona." It means almost nothing, and slips out of your mind the moment you leave the theatre, but for a couple of hours it feels bright and brassy, shot in the clean, vertiginous style that the Coen brothers have made their own. The casting is a bit off-key: Robbins is too practiced a smoothie to make a credible jerk, and Leigh's Katharine Hepburn impersonation may tear at your nerves. Newman has a lot of fun; he unwinds the picture, relaxing its desperate need to show off. Joel Coen directed—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

In the Name of the Father—Jim Sheridan's ragged, fascinating new movie is based on the autobiography of Gerry Conlon, a Belfast Catholic who spent nearly fifteen years in British prisons for a crime he didn't commit. Conlon (Daniel Day-Lewis) and three friends were accused of participating in the 1974 bombing of a pub near London, in which five people were killed; the only evidence against Conlon was his own confession, extracted from him by means of a brutal police interrogation. When Sheridan and his co-screenwriter, Terry George, try to function as historians, the movie feels shaky. But when Gerry and his father (Pete Postlethwaite)—who has been convicted on a different charge—get to prison, the filmmakers begin to explore their real theme, which is the intimate emotional consequences of oppression and prejudice. Day-Lewis, Postlethwaite, and Don Baker (playing a chillingly self-possessed I.R.A. man) are superb. Also with Emma Thompson and Corin Redgrave.—T.R. (1/24/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly and Chelsea Cinemas.)

Jimmy Hollywood—With Joe Pesci, Christian Slater, and Victoria Abril; directed by Barry Levinson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult—The trailer for this movie was one of the happiest moments in recent cinema; the product itself

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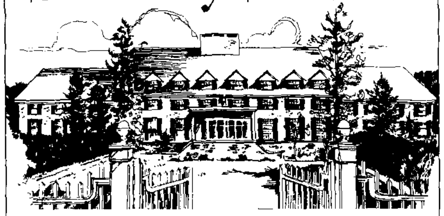

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

is almost as much fun, but not quite. The third installment in the "Naked Gun" series kicks off with a pastiche of the railroad-station shoot-out from "The Untouchables," itself an homage to a sequence from "Battleship Potemkin." (All we need is some Russian director to send up this version, and we'd be back where we started.) The film stars Leslie Nielsen as Frank Drebin, but then nobody else could star as Frank Drebin. Nielsen has taken the art of deadpan into uncharted territory, marrying a polite, paternal manner to a state of acute mental shutdown. The new movie, directed by Peter Segal, doesn't always get it right; it puts Drebin through too many pratfalls, leaving him dishevelled, which doesn't suit the man at all. But there is plenty of random chaos, leading to a nuclear-envelope scene at the Academy Awards, and the parodies keep on springing out of nowhere. Some work better than others; the seventies scene, complete with giant Afro, is a joy, whereas the "Thelma & Louise" rip-off goes nowhere and fizzles out. But these movies have traditionally relied on quantity of gags rather than quality; it is the determination to act stupid, to do anything rather than lapse into seriousness, that makes them such good company. With Priscilla Presley and Fred Ward. Not in French.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

THE PAPER—Ron Howard's big-city-newspaper comedy is a game try at reviving a great Hollywood genre. It doesn't adhere very scrupulously to the classical form, but it sure does play. The movie—which follows Henry Hackett (Michael Keaton), the Metro editor of a struggling New York tabloid, through a single, absurdly gruelling day—gets most of its laughs by constantly piling fresh difficulties on top of already impossible circumstances. The furious plot complications have the effect of confirming the it's-always-something consciousness of harried city folk, and this stressed-out fatalism gives the picture an inexorable and oddly pleasing comic momentum. Keaton is at his best here, which means that his mind appears to be working at warp speed, and with a berserk, reckless lucidity. Randy Quaid, Marisa Tomei, Robert Duvall, and Jason Alexander create lively, funny characters for Keaton to bounce off, and Howard lets the actors' energy drive the movie. Unfortunately, some inappropriate yuppie philosophizing starts creeping in toward the end; it's clear that Howard and the screenwriters, David and Stephen Koepp, aren't quite willing to go all the way with the heartless, cynical wit of the genre. Also with Glenn Close and Catherine O'Hara.—T.R. (3/28/94) (Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

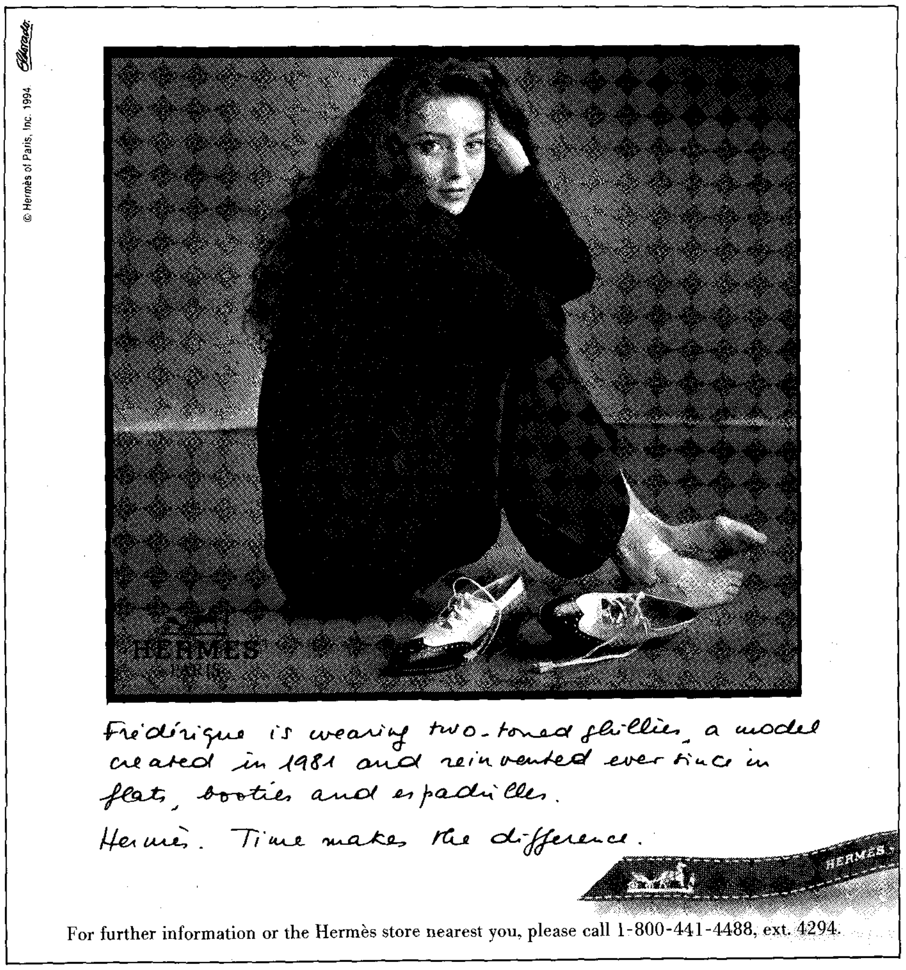
PHILADELPHIA—Tom Hanks plays a lawyer dismissed from his firm, apparently for incompetence, but really because he has AIDS. Enter Denzel Washington as a personal-injury attorney—relaxed, witty, and homophobic, but prepared to fight for justice. The result is an unorthodox blend of courtroom drama and old-style weepie, and somehow it comes off. With Jonathan Demme in charge there's a guarantee of taste and skill—if anything, the movie is too optimistic, convinced that everyone in America can be won round to its own standards of tolerance. Of course it should stand up for gay rights, but do we also need a speech about how wonderful lawyers are? Fortunately, this preachiness never swamps the picture, thanks largely to spirited playing from Tom Hanks, who looks full of life right up to the end. The movie is affecting, sometimes silly, but determined to take risks.—A.L. (12/27/93-1/3/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and Criterion Center.)

THE PIANO—Sometime in the last century, a Scottish mute called Ada (Holly Hunter) travels to New Zealand with her beloved piano and her daughter Flora (Anna Paquin). She is engaged to Stewart (Sam Neill), but it is his right-hand man, Baines (Harvey Keitel), who becomes the focus of her interest. He buys the piano, and gives her a chance to win it back: an erotic agreement that gathers intensity and drives the film onward to its gasping conclusion. The writer and director, Jane Campion, has turned her native New Zealand, with its desolate beaches and writhing forests, into a potent backdrop; the rain and mud make the love story look like trench warfare—you come away from the movie battered and amazed. It's almost too wrought and compressed for its own good, but the performances breathe it full of life. Hunter, especially, gives a fiery portrait of a rebellious Victorian spirit.—A.L. (11/29/93) (Angelika Film Center, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

REALITY BITES—Ben Stiller's film is a romantic comedy about what has come to be called Generation X. The characters are just out of college, and they're not thrilled about their prospects: they're overeducated and underemployed, and no one seems to know, or care, what they're going through. The picture has its charms: Stiller's direction gives it an appropriately loose, drifting rhythm; Winona Ryder, in the central role, has a fresh, natural style that makes even the most contrived dialogue sound authentic. But the story is essentially a thin and conventional romantic triangle, straight out of thirties Hollywood; the filmmakers try to disguise the fluffiness by unleashing a torrent of trash-culture allusions and sociological truisms. Also with Stiller, Ethan Hawke, Janeane Garofalo, Steve Zahn, and John Mahoney. The script is by Helen Childress.—T.R. (3/7/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Orpheum VII; through March 31.)

THE SCENT OF GREEN PAPAYA—Vietnam's first Academy Award nominee for best foreign film offers an easy-to-resist blend of indoor nature chronicle (it could be subtitled "The Insects and Reptiles of Saigon") and bittersweet remembrance. The writer-director, Tran Anh Hung, has a visual idea or two; in prolonged, gliding tracking shots he traces the progress of a provincial girl named Mui, who works for a deceptively comfortable Saigon family and then for an eligible composer. When the camera skates through homes as neat and geometric as dioramas, it makes viewers feel as if they were on a moving sidewalk at a World's Fair exhibition about South Vietnam before the fall. The result is a kind of 3-D calligraphy rather than dramatic moviemaking. Lu Man San plays Mui at age ten; Tran Nu Yên-Khê plays her at twenty. Cinematography by Benoît Delhomme. In Vietnamese.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

SCHINDLER'S LIST—The story of Oskar Schindler (Liam Neeson), a dashing and resourceful German Catholic businessman who saved over a thousand Polish Jews from almost certain annihilation by the Nazis, is extraordinary even by the standards of Holocaust literature. Steven Spielberg's film, adapted by Steven Zaillian from the 1982 book by Thomas Keneally, runs better than three hours and doesn't seem a minute too long. Spielberg respects the essential mystery of the protagonist's heroism, and uses his prodigious skills with an intensity that he hasn't shown in a long time: he captures images of experiences that most of us thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen. This is by far the finest, fullest dramatic (i.e., nondocumentary) film ever made about the Holocaust. Along with Neeson, who is brilliant, the standouts in the large cast are Ralph Fiennes, Ben Kingsley, and Embeth Davidtz. The wonderfully expressive black-and-white cinematography is by Janusz Kaminski.—T.R. (12/20/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)



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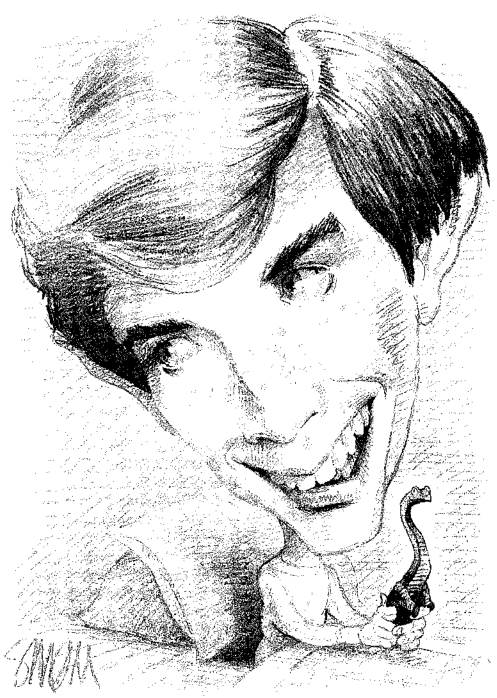


Opening April 1, Martin Short in "Clifford."

DAVID SMALL

What's Eating Gilbert Grape—The small-town setting is Endora, Iowa; the hero (Johnny Depp) is a grocery clerk who can't endure it. He and his two sisters (Laura Harrington and Mary Kate Schellhardt) are stuck there while they take care of a morbidly obese mother who won't leave the house (Darlene Cates) and a mentally challenged brother named Arnie (Leonardo DiCaprio). The director, Lasse Hallström, aims for a tragicomic fable that says a rut is as deep as you make it; he tries to be sensitive without being boring. But the film is still implicitly condescending since almost all the characters (including the afflicted ones) function as tests of Gilbert's patience. John C. Reilly and Crispin Glover (as Gilbert's buddies) contribute affable comic turns, but the exuberant, inventive DiCaprio is the only one who transcends the flatness of the storytelling. With Juliette Lewis and Mary Steenburgen. Peter Hedges adapted his own novel.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Festival.)

The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl—This German documentary is a profoundly unsettling three hours at the movies. Riefenstahl, now ninety-one years old, made two brilliant documentaries—"Triumph of the Will" (1935) and "Olympia" (1938)—under the aegis of the Nazi Party. She was known as "Hitler's favorite filmmaker," but has always insisted that her movies were never meant to advance a political program—that she looked at contemporary events with the pure, disinterested eye of an artist. Subjected to on-camera interrogation by this film's director, Ray Müller, she sticks to that story. If you believe her, she's one kind of monster; if you don't, she's another. The juxtaposition of her grotesque apologia with clips from her grandiose, strikingly composed films makes for a bizarre and sobering spectacle. In German.—T.R. (3/28/94) (Film Forum.)

REVIVALS

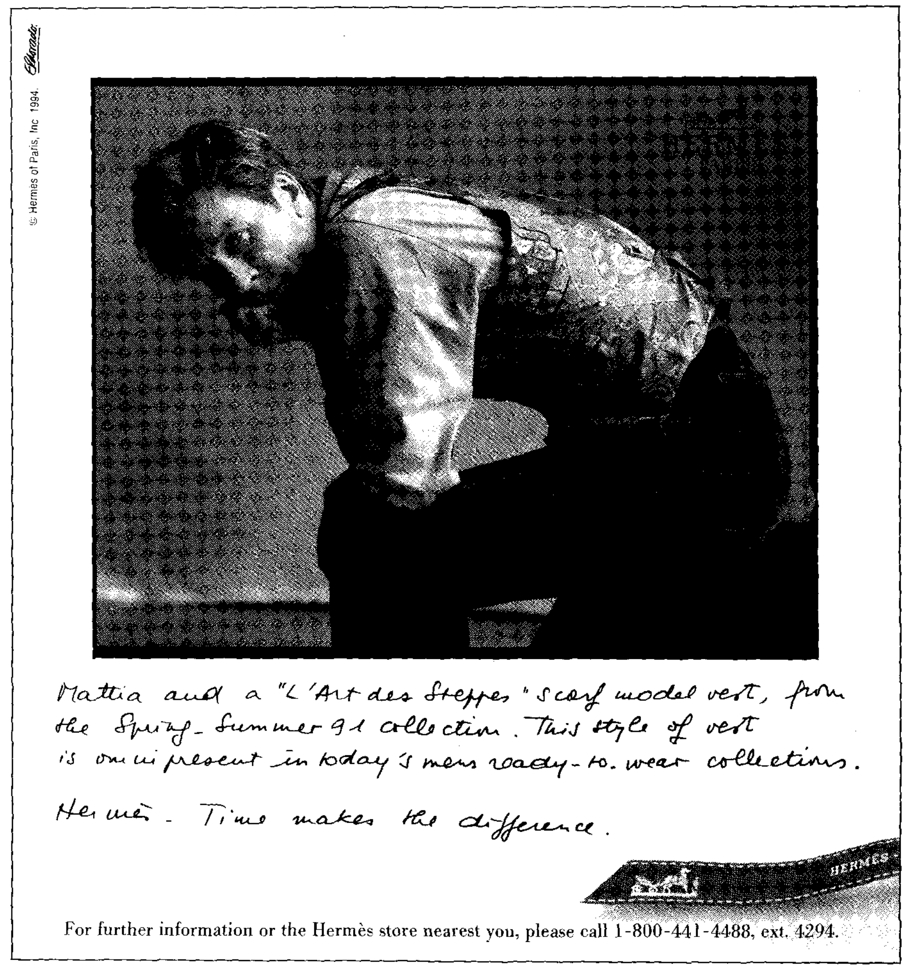
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

The Last Wave (1977)—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and forties, and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides apparitions holding sacred stones, frog noises in the night, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the Aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain) and the Aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The Aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. He keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. His toes act in his shoes. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it; everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; April 5.)

Our Modern Maidens (1929)—The big-eyed, energetic young Joan Crawford in the jazz age. She and her friends give expensive parties where now and then someone jumps on a piano, sings a song, makes a speech, or does an imitation. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Crawford's young husband, Rod La Rocque as the older man of the world who complicates her life, and Anita Page as a girl who complicates Fairbanks' life. One of the "shocking youth" pictures that audiences flocked to; the surprise in this one is that Crawford leaves her husband and winds up with La Rocque. Directed by Jack Conway. A silent, though some prints had a musical score and sound effects.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; April 2.)

Rhapsody in August (1991)—These days, people are more interested in Kurosawa than Kurosawa is. With this weak, tepid brew of message movie and family drama, the sensei moves further away than ever from his trademark imagistic energy toward the contemplative style of previous Japanese masters. (Even the title recalls Ozu.) In this tri-generational story, four children vacation with their grandmother (Sachiko Murase) in the country outside Nagasaki while their parents visit a granduncle and his half-American son (Richard Gere) in Hawaii. Kurosawa shows none of Ozu's ability to particularize and intensify domestic happiness and heartbreak. The few memorable shots come when the kids, weaned from television, see nature through the poetry of their grandmother's household lore. When they become obsessed with the Nagasaki A-bomb, which killed their grandfather, everything turns preachy and disingenuous. Kurosawa wrote the script from a novel by Kiyoko Murata; Takao Saito and Masaharu Ueda did the cinematography. In Japanese.—M.S. (Japan Society; March 31.)



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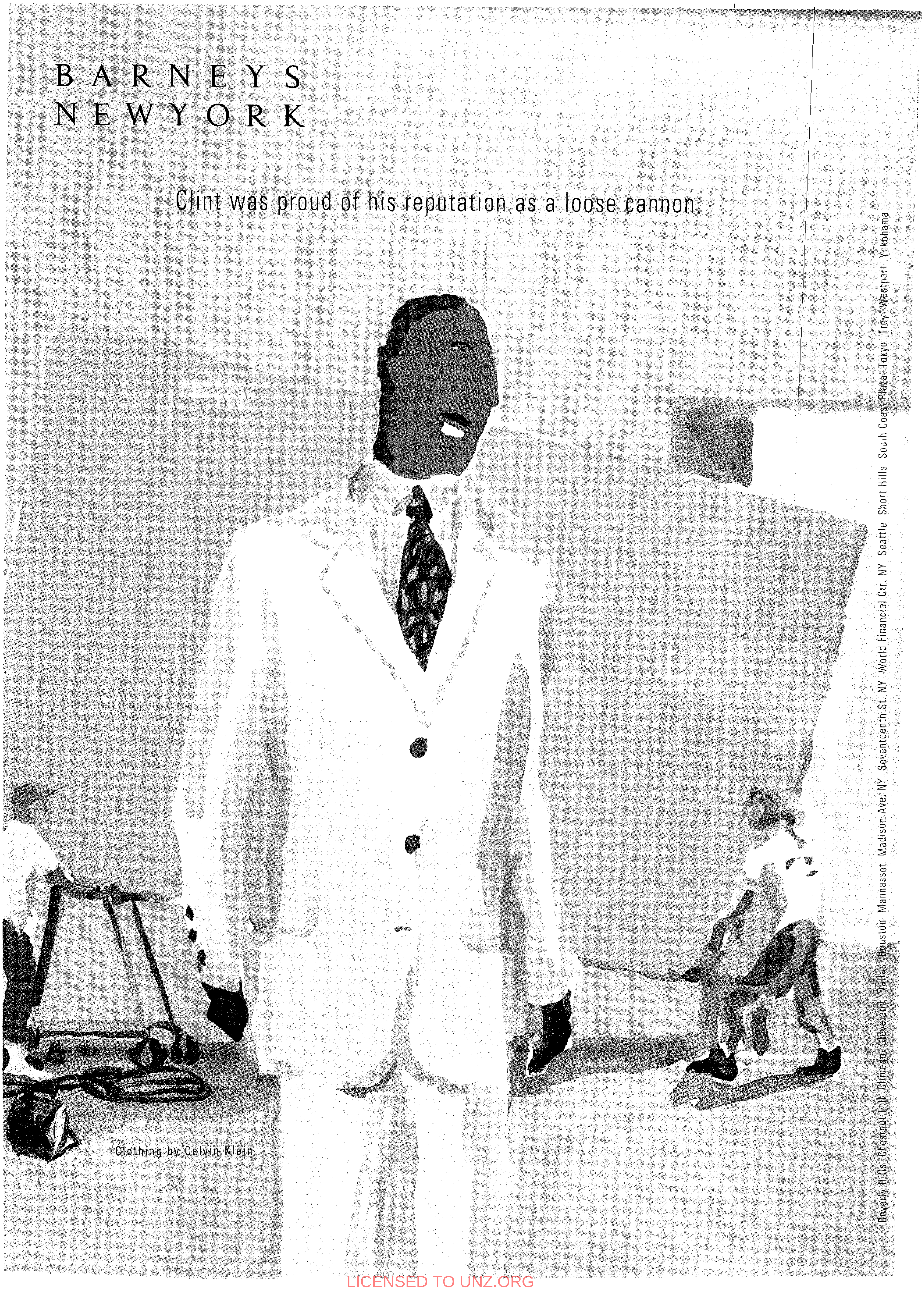
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

CHEF DU JOUR

It's not that Gray Kunz isn't happy that his restaurant—Lespinasse, in the St. Regis Hotel—received four stars a few weeks ago from Ruth Reichl, the *Times*' new restaurant critic. He is, he is. It's just that—well, the pressure is on. To begin with, there's the matter of reservations for dinner at the restaurant. While waiting for Mr. Kunz in the serene lobby of the St. Regis one morning last week, we couldn't help overhearing some of the discord caused by the ecstatic review. (Ms. Reichl began it with the word "Pow!") "Sir," the maître d' protested to a hopeful diner on the other end of the phone, "I couldn't possibly seat you on April 23rd. We've been booked for weeks. I am now accepting reservations for May."

To give us an idea of a chef's life—specifically, the life of a chef whose cooking, which combines classical French cuisine with Asian flavors, was recently awarded the *Times*' highest rating—Mr. Kunz allowed us to spend part of a workday with him. When he arrived, at nine, looking boyish (he is thirty-nine) and stylish in chef whites with a "GK" embroidered over the left pocket and black Birkenstocks, we congratulated him on being booked so far in advance. But he quickly dispelled the notion that it was a good thing. "When people start booking three months in advance, they forget their reservations and don't show up," he explained.

As he ushered us toward the kitchen, a shy young man in a black wool overcoat intercepted him. "Chef Kunz?" he asked, as nervous as a Broadway ingénue approaching a great director. "I was wondering if you had any positions open in the kitchen."

Mr. Kunz is polite, and his politeness is enhanced by the formal quality of his Euro-accented English (the result of having an Irish-born mother and a Swiss father, and of having served apprenticeships in kitchens in Bern, Lausanne, and Zurich). Politely, he told the young man there were no positions. Politely, he told us that he now gets twenty-five or thirty applications a week from ambitious young cooks seeking jobs in his kitchen.

Mr. Kunz's day begins with fish. Downstairs, in a basement beneath the gilded Louis XVI dining room, Mr. Kunz inspected the fish that had been bought around four-thirty that morning. He stepped over a hunk of swordfish the size of a fallen Ionic column to get to a box of newly dead sea bass. "The most important thing I do is check quality," he said, waving a limp fish. "You see they're good. Firm. Clear eyes." He pried open a gill. "Red gills."

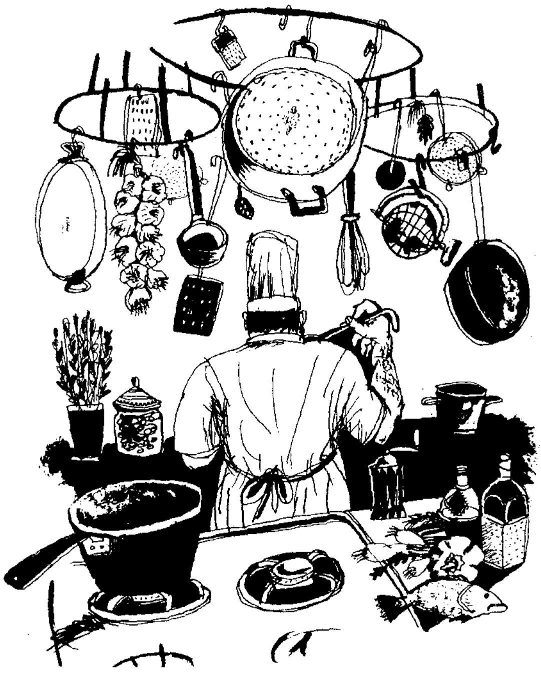
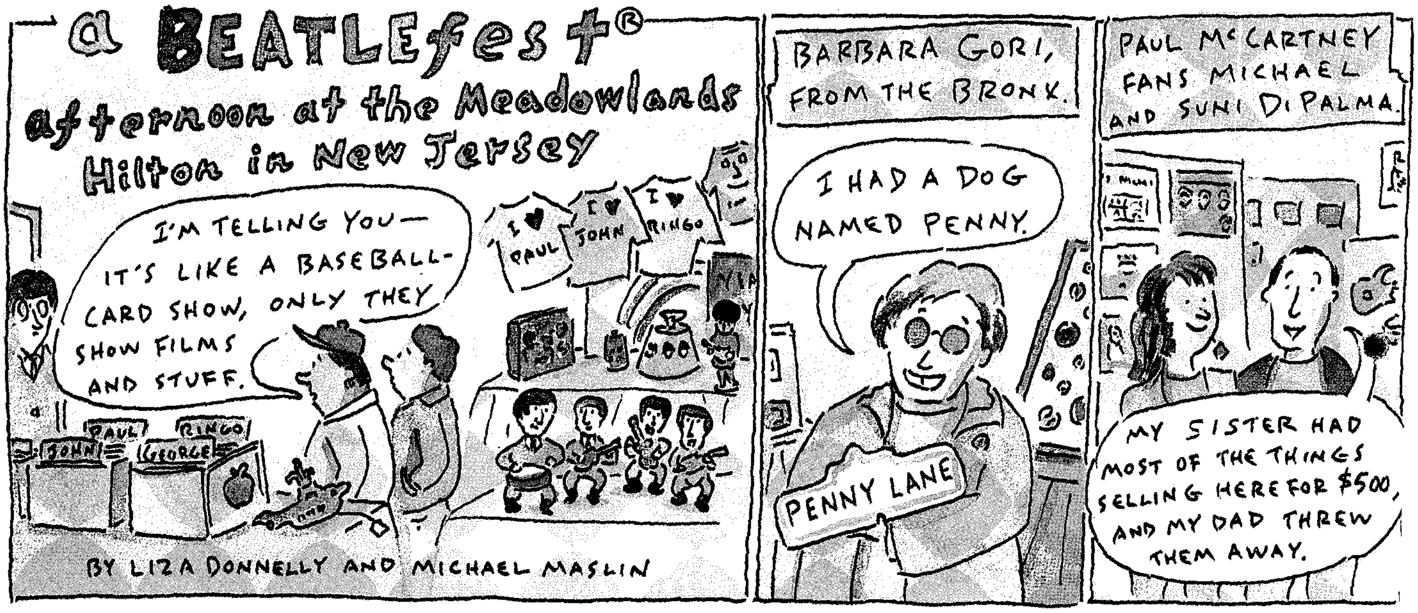


ILLUSTRATION BY EINAT PELED

Then he was off, scuttling down a hallway past men in white making tiny, crustless sandwiches for afternoon tea. He stopped and turned. Something was wrong. "That's too thick," he said to a man spooning egg salad onto slices of bread. Was Mr. Kunz being stingy with the egg salad? "No. It's for the *balance* of the sandwich," he explained.

Once the sandwiches were properly balanced, he moved on to see what vegetables had been delivered. There were thirty-three kinds on his inventory list today, ranging, alphabetically, from "artichokes, baby" to "watercress." As the seasons change, of course, so does the produce. Mr. Kunz was particularly excited about an upcoming shipment from the Alps of hygrophores—wild mushrooms that grow just as the snow melts. Inside a walk-in refrigerator labelled "Vegetable Box," he unwrapped a baby radish that had been lovingly cosseted in layers of moistened paper towels, to show us how carefully produce at a four-star restaurant must be treated. Later, we thought we recognized the radish in the middle of a crabmeat salad.

Chefs, of course, do a lot more than just cook. On the way back up to the kitchen, Mr. Kunz had to decide, for example, whether to pay three hundred and six dollars to get a blender fixed or spend nine hun-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GEORGE
BY LIZA DONNELLY AND MICHAEL MASLIN
BARBARA GORI, FROM THE BRONX.
I HAD A DOG NAMED PENNY.
PENNY LANE
PAUL McCARTNEY FANS MICHAEL AND SUNI DiPALMA.
MY SISTER HAD MOST OF THE THINGS SELLING HERE FOR $500, AND MY DAD THREW THEM AWAY.

dred dollars to replace it. (He decided to get it fixed.) Of all the stuff Mr. Kunz has to do, however, he likes cooking best, and during the hours we spent with him he looked happiest while preparing a cassoulet of fresh Périgord truffles and salsify for a table of six at lunch.

After the last of the lunch crowd had gone, Mr. Kunz sipped a Perrier in the becalmed dining room and reflected on his new status. "I could become a celebrity chef, out every night," he said. "Believe me, I get the invitations." And we did believe him, because while we were sitting there three people came in, one at a time, to tell him how great he was. "But my task," he went on to say, "is here, in the kitchen." And that was where he now headed.

ROBERT O'NEILL HAS AN ANIMAL BEAT

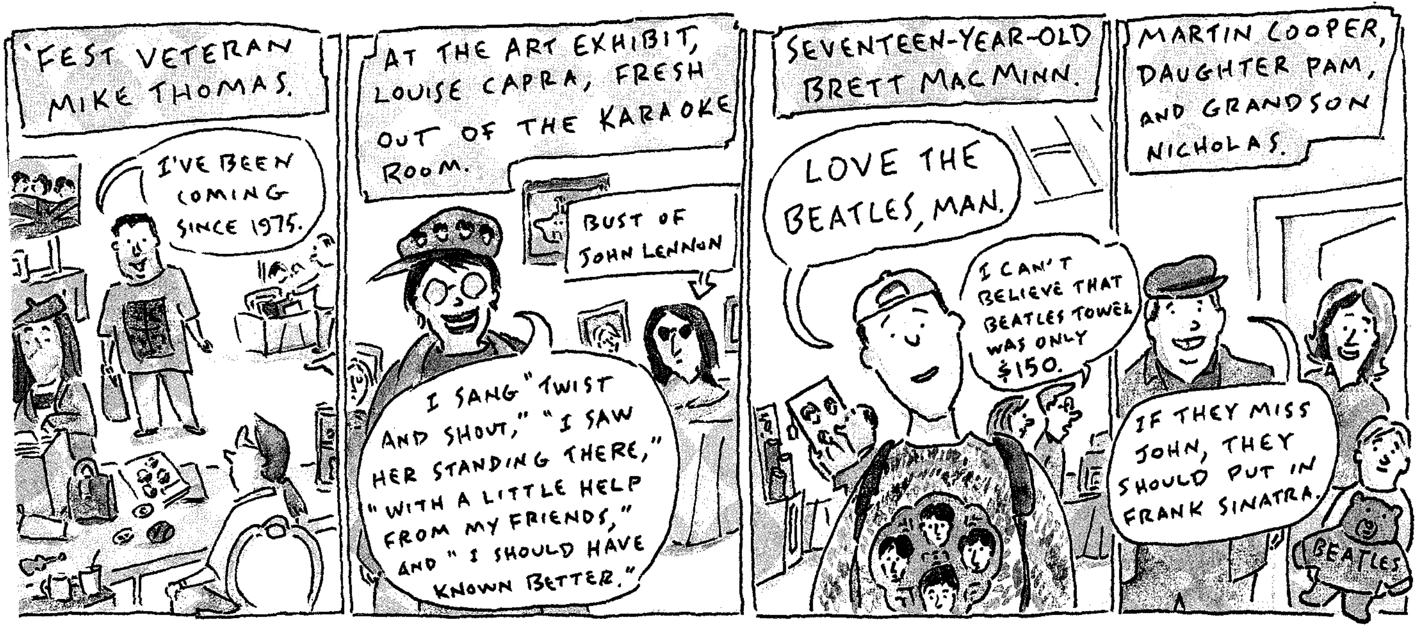
If you are planning to stage a cockfight, or you are thinking of employing a pit bull to serve as the enforcer at your crack den, or you hope to reintroduce the timber rattler to Brooklyn, make sure that Robert O'Neill remains in the dark about it. Mr. O'Neill heads the Humane Law Enforcement department of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—a department he describes as "reactive and proactive," which means that he and the department's other officers are empowered to carry out regular inspections of pet stores, investigate complaints about mistreated animals, and make arrests, among other things. The treatment of work animals—carriage horses, say, or stunt animals in movies—is also monitored by the department, which has its offices at the A.S.P.C.A. headquarters on East Ninety-second Street.

Mr. O'Neill, who is sixty years old and silver-haired, retired from the city's Police Department in 1975, and worked for the next nineteen years in a number of private security jobs before coming over to the A.S.P.C.A. three months ago. (He was hired during an extensive overhaul of the society, which had been plagued by financial mismanagement.) His adjustment to his new job has been marked at times by a certain puzzled bemusement. He still sometimes uses the suddenly old-fashioned term "pet" instead of the newly preferred "animal companion." He is, however, acquainted with the depth of feeling animals can inspire, even in those who do not let their feelings show. "When I had a setter, I never thought my wife really took to the dog," he said, seated at his desk the other morning. "She petted it and all, but that's it. When it died, though, for about three weeks she was really goopy."

It was a bright, chilly March day, and started out as a rather typical one for the department. Someone called in complaining that a dog in Bedford-Stuyvesant had been kept out in the yard through several snowstorms. There was a follow-up visit to the Jamaica Bay Riding Academy, in Brooklyn, where several weeks earlier, during a routine inspection, officers from the department had come across sick horses—victims of rhinopneumonitis, a highly contagious and often fatal virus that eventually killed seven horses at the stable. The follow-up inspection turned up no new evidence of the virus; it had apparently run its course. Before leaving, Mr. O'Neill remarked, "The one thing about this job I still have to get used to is the smell."

The most unusual task of the day for Mr. O'Neill and his men was carried out at the Ed Sullivan Theatre, where David Letterman was to offer an exhibition of sheepherding as part of that evening's entertainment. Six sheep were to be penned onstage between Mr. Letterman's desk and the members of the band led by Paul Shaffer. The sheep were to be released in the custody of Border collies, who would herd them down through the audience, out of the theatre, and into a waiting Checker cab. Mr. O'Neill's unit had been invited to the rehearsal for and the taping of the show to insure that the sheep were treated with condign regard. "Basically, we show up, wave the flag," he said, before heading to the theatre.

Perhaps it was the sudden exposure to show business, but the sheep behaved with uncharacteristic individualism—at least when their trailer first arrived on West Fifty-third Street. They disdained the urgings of a sheepherder who beckoned with a feed bucket, and when one of the sheep was physically encouraged from the trailer, it began a solitary gam-


'FEST VETERAN MIKE THOMAS.
I'VE BEEN COMING SINCE 1975.
AT THE ART EXHIBIT, LOUISE CAPRA, FRESH OUT OF THE KARAOKE ROOM.
BUST OF JOHN LENNON
I SANG "TWIST AND SHOUT," "I SAW HER STANDING THERE," "WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS," AND "I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER."
SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BRETT MACMINN.
LOVE THE BEATLES, MAN.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT BEATLES TOWEL WAS ONLY $150.
MARTIN COOPER, DAUGHTER PAM, AND GRANDSON NICHOLAS.
IF THEY MISS JOHN, THEY SHOULD PUT IN FRANK SINATRA.
BEATLES

bol toward Eighth Avenue. It was retrieved with considerable difficulty, and, eventually, it was led with the other five into the building, down a narrow aisle backstage, and onto the stage, where the rehearsal was about to begin. Here, just before reaching the onstage pen, the sheep once again grew recalcitrant. One wandered off to the band's area and kicked a cable loose beneath Mr. Shaffer's synthesizer. Others broke away in different directions. They were nervous, and their nervousness made for much sweeping and sponging (and muttering) among the stagehands.

The sheep blundered through the rehearsal, stalling in their run down the aisle and having to be helped along by the patient sheepherder and by several darting, nipping collies. Out on Broadway, they refused to enter the cab. The sheepherder began to stuff them in—a move that Mr. O'Neill found objectionable. He went on to explain that five sheep might fit better than six, and a production assistant relayed the message by walkie-talkie, saying, "We're going to have to strike a sheep."

Mr. O'Neill seemed to be enjoying all this, although he never compromised his stern, professional demeanor. With practice, the sheep became familiar with their run and grew amenable to the crowded cab—the spirit of team play being, of course, that for which they are renowned. At one point, they huddled around Mr. O'Neill as if in gratitude, and he grew reflective, recalling his days of wiretapping mafiosi and noting, as he looked at the sheep encircling him, "With this kind of animal, I've never had any problems."

ULTRA

At a recent party here to announce the opening, in May, of the Andy Warhol Museum, in his home town of Pittsburgh, everybody was wearing a name tag except Ultra Violet. She didn't need one: she was sporting a large pin at her throat which spelled out her name in rhinestones. Ultra Violet, who was a habituée of Warhol's Factory in the sixties and appeared in a number of his films, is fifty-eight years old and still looks great. She is a trim woman with hazel eyes and a mane of naturally curly dark-brown hair with sparks of gray. She was wearing a navy-blue catsuit and had a magenta scarf draped flamboyantly over her left shoulder. "My name is really Isabelle Collin Dufresne," she said, with the faintest trace of a French accent, when we approached her, gave her pin a long look, and asked how she'd settled on her name. "Obviously, that was too difficult. Andy said, 'What about Poly Ester?' I said, 'No, thank you.' Andy said, 'What about Notre Dame?' I said, 'No, thank you.' Then I was reading an article in *Time* on the subject of light, which mentioned ultraviolet, and I thought, What a phenomenal name!"

The party was held at Mr. Chow, on East Fifty-seventh Street, which was a favorite hangout of Warhol's. Waiters circled among the guests offering champagne and hors d'oeuvres. Ultra Violet took a chicken kabob, a crab claw, a shrimp toast, and another chicken kabob, after requesting, from each waiter who placed a tray before her, something vegetarian. "I'm currently doing paintings of light prisms," she said, perhaps continuing her train of thought. "And angels. My best teacher was Salvador Dali. He used to have these great teas, where everybody came. Andy used to show up at those teas."

Ultra Violet then said that she had worked with Warhol until she became seriously ill and was bedridden for a year in the early seventies. "That was when I got into spiritual studies—which is why I paint angels today," she said. "This is a time of communication, and angels are messengers, are they not? I mix the angels in my work with nuclear weapons or airplanes. The idea is that technology must be guided by morality."

The conversation turned back to Warhol, whom Ultra Violet characterized as "very vulnerable, very sensitive, very shrewd, very *everything*." During the night before he died, in February, 1987, "he came to me in a dream," she went on. "There was a cathedral open to the sky, mist. We were surrounded by millions of objects. He was hesitant about what things to take with him. I told him, 'The shroud has no pockets, Andy.' I didn't even know at the time that he was in the hospital. I was preparing breakfast the next morning and I heard the news on the radio. I was stunned. I took my dream as prophetic." ♦

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THE POLITICAL SCENE

THE OGRE'S TALE

In his initial defense, Bob Packwood said that he just didn't get it. Now that he's fighting back, some nervous Senate peers worry that he still doesn't.

BY PETER J. BOYER

IN Washington, where the nose for decaying political flesh is keen, the scent of Bob Packwood can nearly clear a room. "I am insensitive to it," Packwood says of the murmurs and furtive whispers that have become the accompaniment to his public movement, but he notices. Sometimes the opprobrium seems almost a physical force, as when Packwood arrived at a crowded reception for Republican women candidates one recent evening: people stepped from his path, as if reflexively repelled by his presence. "I ignore it," Packwood says, which means he may or may not have heard the congresswoman across the room expressing her dismay that Packwood had actually shown up at the event. It was a year ago last November that charges of sexual misconduct were first aired, in a front-page story in the Washington *Post*, and Howard Baker, Packwood's former Republican colleague in the Senate and a friend who has remained loyal during Packwood's sixteen months of political purgatory, says, "I'm not sure I would have withstood the pressure he's under." Another friend, a former member of Packwood's staff, who recently visited his old boss, found the prospect of a public foray in Washington so unpleasant that he drove the Senator to a bowling alley in Maryland, where they spent the evening in welcome unrecognition. This death-in-life existence makes a queasy spectacle in a town that expects its actors to take their cues. Packwood's cue, perhaps, was delivered on the Senate floor in the late hours of last November 2nd, at the end of two days of anguished debate, by the Senate thespian Robert C. Byrd, Democrat of Virginia. After quoting Homer and the Earl of Mansfield, the Holy Bible and the United States Constitution, Byrd invited Packwood to recognize that "it is time to have the grace to go." Moments later, the Senate voted, 94–6, to authorize an Ethics Committee subpoena of Packwood's personal diaries.

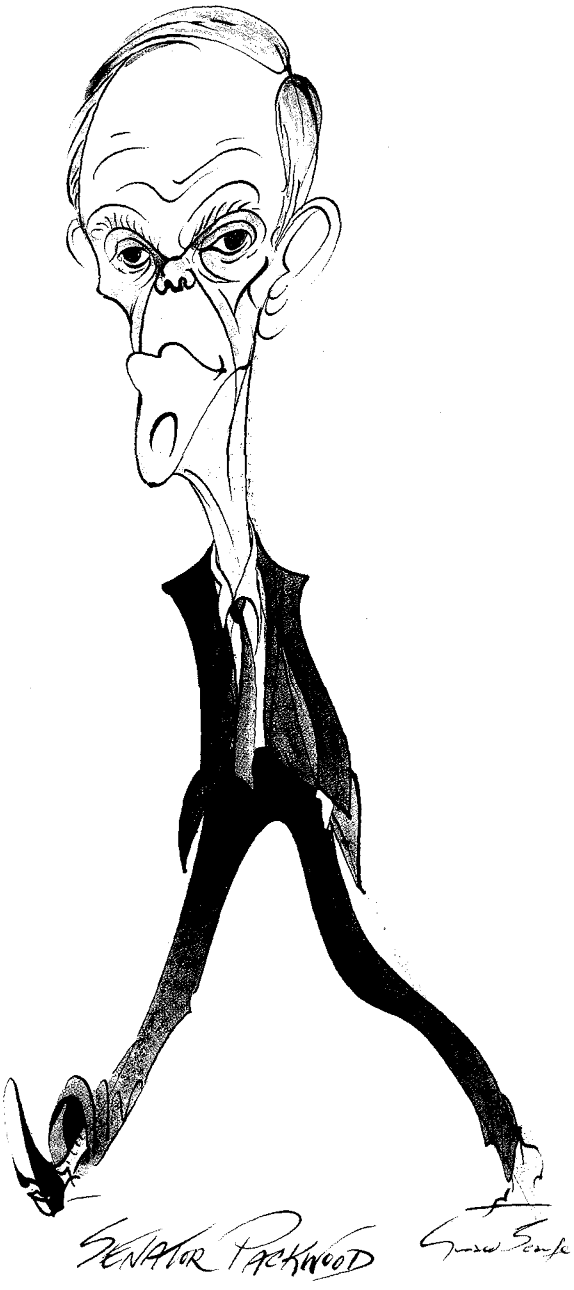
Packwood very nearly did go. By last fall, the ordeal had almost wrecked him, and it showed: he had lost twenty pounds, his suits bagged, and his face was so haggard it seemed to be sinking inward. Worried, Packwood visited the Capitol physician, who advised suicide counselling—reasonable advice, given the completeness of Packwood's ignominy. He had been endorsed by Oregon voters five times, most recently in 1992, but now his visits home drew protests that were striking in their rancor ("Burn in Hell, Packwood!" one placard read); his proud reputation as a champion of women's causes vanished as he became the national symbol for sexual harassment, eventually accused by more than two dozen women of making unwanted sexual advances. Although his expertise on international trade had earned him the role of Republican floor leader on NAFTA, his troubles were a clamoring distraction: on the day NAFTA was decided, Packwood was handed a subpoena from the Justice Department and a six-hundred-thousand-dollar bill from his lawyers (and four days later the lawyers quit the case). Packwood's friends and staff, also suspecting that he might kill himself, pressed for Senator Arlen Specter, a supporter, to intervene, and he did, persuading Packwood to see a psychiatrist. Morose and beaten, the man once called the Senator for Life decided to entertain a deal with the Ethics Committee: his resignation for a lifting of the committee subpoena.

Packwood, who is now sixty-one, has been a senator for twenty-five years, and never expected not to be one. What would his life be outside the Senate? In the end, a practical matter probably helped to decide the issue: the Justice Department subpoena signalled a costly criminal case, and Packwood knew that a sitting senator with his hands on fund-raising machinery is in a considerably better position to pay his legal bills than is a disgraced former pol. He stayed.

And things got worse. In late November, his loyal (but nervous) transcription secretary revealed to Ethics Committee staff lawyers that Packwood had altered some of his diaries; and his efforts to keep the diaries from the committee met with a series of defeats in court.

Over Christmas, Packwood, having reached bottom, resolved to fight. He hired a new lawyer (the criminal-law ace Jake Stein), and after a year of silence he has begun a public counter-offensive, portraying himself as a scapegoat and attacking the news media and the credibility of his accusers. Packwood now decries sexual-harassment accusations in the post-Anita Hill era as the new McCarthyism, saying, "If you're charged with sexual harassment, you're guilty." He has an uphill fight—even his friends concede that the scandal has likely left an indelible taint, and expect a severe punishment from the Senate.

Yet years of earnest policy absorption in the Senate are paying off, for Packwood is a key figure in its most important legislative undertaking of this session—health-care reform. As one of the Senate's recognized authorities on health care, and as the ranking Republican on the Senate Finance Committee—the panel most likely to produce a reform bill that can be enacted—Packwood is in a position to influence the process significantly. The committee chairman, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, is a steadfast friend, and, more important, the two men are in agreement on health care: they want universal coverage and employer mandates to pay for it. That would give President Clinton legislation on which he could claim victory, and give conservatives the satisfaction of ditching most of the other features of the President's plan, such as health alliances. Moynihan is relying on Packwood's help to bring along a key bloc of moderate but reluctant Republicans, as well as some conservative Democrats, which will make the difference between passage and failure for any plan. "You won't be able to legislate something without Bob Packwood's vote," Lawrence O'Donnell, Jr., the chief of staff on Moynihan's Finance Committee, says. "And Bob Packwood is not just one vote. If Packwood is on the bill, he brings people with him, and the people he brings with him are the people who get you across the finish line. You cannot think of doing it without him. You cannot think of offending him in the meantime. You cannot think of isolating him in the meantime."



Packwood's most recent blunders hurt his cause in the Senate, which does not welcome the prospect of another sexual-harassment case.

GERALD SCARFE

PACKWOOD says he has a limited social life, but he does go out. In recent weeks, he twice ventured to the Warner Theatre, on Pennsylvania Avenue, to see Rob Becker's popular one-man show, "Defending the Cave Man," in which the comedian satirizes the gender dissonance that has so preoccupied the culture lately. "Instead of looking at men as assholes, let's just look at them as different," Becker proposes in his act. "In fact, let's just look at men and women as two different cultures, with different languages, different customs, and different histories." Packwood knows something about the confusion existing between the sexes; after a lifetime in the dark, he has been obliged to become introspective on the subject, pondering the rules governing how men in power should behave toward women who work for them. "I now realize that it is in the eye of the beholder, and the woman is the beholder," Packwood said the other day as he reflected on the lessons he says he has learned in the past year. "Therefore, you must not do anything now that might be conceived by the recipient as offensive, or misconduct, or whatever. You just mustn't." Then, with a hint of puzzlement, he added, "I don't know how you decide ahead of time what is going to be offensive. . . . If you don't try, how do you know?"

Perplexity may be the defining term for Packwood's personal relations with women, as distinct from his political relations with them. Politically, he has been guided from the start by an utter certainty about women—that they were a wasted resource. In his first political campaign, a successful run for the Oregon legislature in 1962, women made up nearly half of his executive committee and were at the heart of his campaign. A reporter for the Portland *Oregonian* wrote an article at the time about the dazzling success of that "amateur" campaign, in which the

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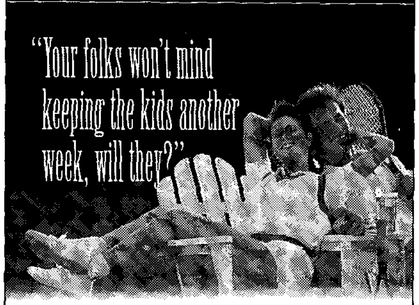
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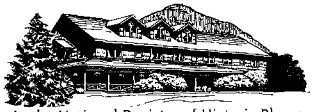

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thirty-year-old Packwood plainly set forth his view: "Women should be given a part in all the crucial decisions that are made in a campaign, and I mean substantive as well as administrative decisions." It was a practical position; Packwood's army of volunteer women blanketed his district, distributing lawn signs from their station wagons and holding ceaseless rounds of kaffeeklatsches for the candidate. They built for Packwood a daunting organizational base, which was the key to his up-from-nowhere triumph over Wayne Morse in 1968. In return, Packwood became the consummate women's senator: the women who work for him (making up sixty per cent of his staff) are the highest paid on Capitol Hill, and four women have served as his chief of staff. He introduced the first Senate bill to legalize abortion—in 1970, three years before Roe v. Wade (and was unable to get a single co-sponsor in either the House or the Senate)—and, with anti-abortion Presidents from his own party in the White House during the nineteen-eighties, he stood fast against efforts to roll back abortion rights. He opposed the Supreme Court nomination of Clarence Thomas (one of only two Republicans to do so), and has been rewarded by women with donations of money and foot soldiery to his campaigns. But his personal relations with women have never been quite so uncomplicated.

"I was such a shy guy growing up, I was a little afraid of women," Packwood told me. "I had no dates, and on the few occasions when I would try I was usually turned down. So I was hesitant to ask, for fear of being turned down."

In the course of several lengthy conversations, Packwood offers this and other such private revelations in the same calm, dispassionate tones in which he discusses the nuances of the German health-care system; there is no averted glance, no embarrassed smile. It is as if, self-explanation being the cost of answering his public humiliation, he had fetched this pathetic inner narrative to the intellectual plane, where his footing is surest. Central to this narrative is a young man's deflated self-image, ostensibly caused by a case of myopia so severe that it required a pair of eyeglasses with lenses as thick, Packwood recalls, "as Coke bottles." He had trouble taking part in sports—"I played end in football, but I could not see the pass coming very well, which is somewhat of a limitation."

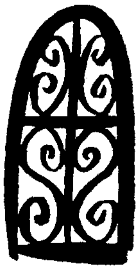
Packwood's father, Fred, had his own handicap. Lame from polio, he was a lobbyist for the timber industry, and his political insights were considered so valuable that his daily analysis of pending bills was the first thing read each day by state legislators; but his ambition was stunted, and he drank. "He was not very successful," Packwood says of his father. "He was highly regarded and very poorly paid. We didn't own a house until I was ten. We didn't own a car until I was sixteen." Bob Packwood compensated with relentless effort and his own ambition: he spent three hours studying on his own every afternoon, while his mother was giving piano lessons in the front room. He had friends, but he wasn't a social creature. He liked to build radio sets from kits, and to play cards with his aunts and uncles on weekends. The only girl he really dated in high school was his debate partner, of whom he says, "I was very much attracted to her, but I'm not sure it was mutual."

In 1950, Packwood enrolled at tiny Willamette University, a Methodist liberal-arts school in Salem, and one of his political-science professors was Mark Hatfield, who would be elected to the Senate in 1966. Willamette provided a rigidly studious environment, which forbade alcohol and strictly enforced its rules of social intercourse (girls and boys were not allowed to sit on the same blanket at beach parties), and it suited the sober young Packwood well. In his senior year, he became the president of his fraternity, Beta Theta Pi—a brotherhood that included seventeen preministerial majors, and in whose house Packwood spent evenings that he recalls as being filled with "very serious, wonderful philosophical discussions." Jim Bergmann, a fraternity brother who had also gone to high school with Packwood, doesn't recollect that Packwood's social life was much improved in college. "I don't remember him dating in college. He may have, but I can't tell you who he dated, if anybody. He was not one who dated a lot."

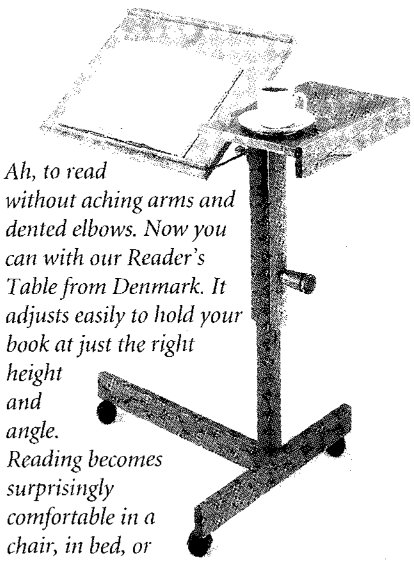
Then, in the winter of 1957-58, when Packwood was clerking for a state-supreme-court justice, and was about to join one of Portland's distinguished old law firms, he got contact lenses, and, according to him, his self-image changed drastically. He speaks even now of the switch from the loathed eyeglasses to contacts as if he were recounting the discovery of some magic charm, and, placebo or not, they certainly transformed his life. "Once I got my contact lenses, I think I had a normal bachelor's dating life," Packwood says. "I would ask a woman out and she would say yes." In fact, he became one of Portland's most eligible bachelors. But his years of reticence had apparently left a kind of learning gap in that subtle realm of communication which anticipates romance. This was a characteristic that immediately struck Georgie Ann Crockatt, a pretty Portland divorcée, who started dating Packwood around the time of his post-spectacles liberation. "He was different from anyone else I'd ever met, because he didn't flirt," Georgie, who married Packwood in 1964, recalls. She says that although he was able to perform before crowds, he found it almost impossible to conduct the business of one-on-one interaction, even outside the context of romance. Georgie remembers a particular display of this reticence in his 1968 Senate campaign, when his schedule put them in the small Oregon river town of St. Helens without a specific event to attend: "There was nothing doing in this town, and we had to kill a couple of hours, so whoever did the schedule filled in 'Just walk up and down Main Street shaking hands,' right? Wrong. Bob was scared to death. I mean, he just froze. He said, 'I can't just walk up to somebody on the street and stick out my hand and say, 'Hi, I'm Bob Packwood, running for the Senate.' And I said, 'O.K., I'll do it.' And I'd just walk up to somebody and say, 'Hi, I'm Georgie Packwood. My husband is running against Wayne Morse.' And then I would take these people and introduce them to Bob. Then he could shake their hands."

Georgie Packwood, whose marriage to Packwood ended in a bitter divorce (they separated in 1990, by which time they had two grown children), believes that the vision problems deeply affected her husband's personality—"This is heavy psychological stuff," she says—but she thinks that they alone do not explain the man who remained a mystery to her even after twenty-five years of marriage. "There's something else here that none of us know," she says. "I mean, people have asked me, would he have been physically abused? Was there incest, were there these things? I don't know. But there sure as hell was something. And it is scary as hell for him."

Over the years, Packwood aides were sometimes vexed by such Packwood traits as an unwillingness to come out from behind his desk to greet a visitor, noting that a lack of personal charm is not a helpful feature in a politician. He has, as the phrase goes, no suave. Characteristically, Packwood has compensated with hard work. As a young man, he read Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People," and he still recalls such advice as "If you're buying stamps and the fella's got a nice head of hair, you say, 'You know, you've got a good head of hair.' " As it is not in his nature to dispense the broad-smile, slap-on-the-back conviviality that eases most politicians into public situations, Packwood compensates with strenuous homework. The wall just outside his private office in the Senate Russell Building is lined with a bank of files containing five-by-eight-inch index cards that bear the names of and personal information on almost all the people Packwood has ever met in his political career, systematically organized by name and region. "So if he met someone ten years ago in Medford at the Rotary meeting, and they happen to be there in Washington, he knows they met ten years ago and he knows what they talked about, and he will dazzle them," a former Packwood staffer says. "He has set up a system that makes him as methodical a politician as you can possibly be."



This aspect of Packwood's nature has set him apart in the Senate: he is not one of the fraternity boys but has commanded respect for his laboriously considered positions. Packwood's method through the years has been to own an issue that interests him (defense of Israel, women's rights, health care): to undertake to know its every nuance and its history and every possible argument against it, and then to anticipate and eliminate those arguments in debate. "People recognize his causes, they re-



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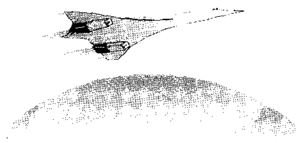

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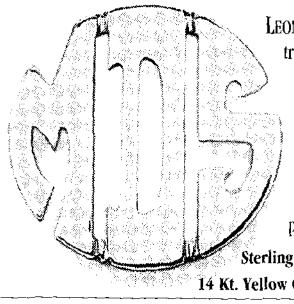

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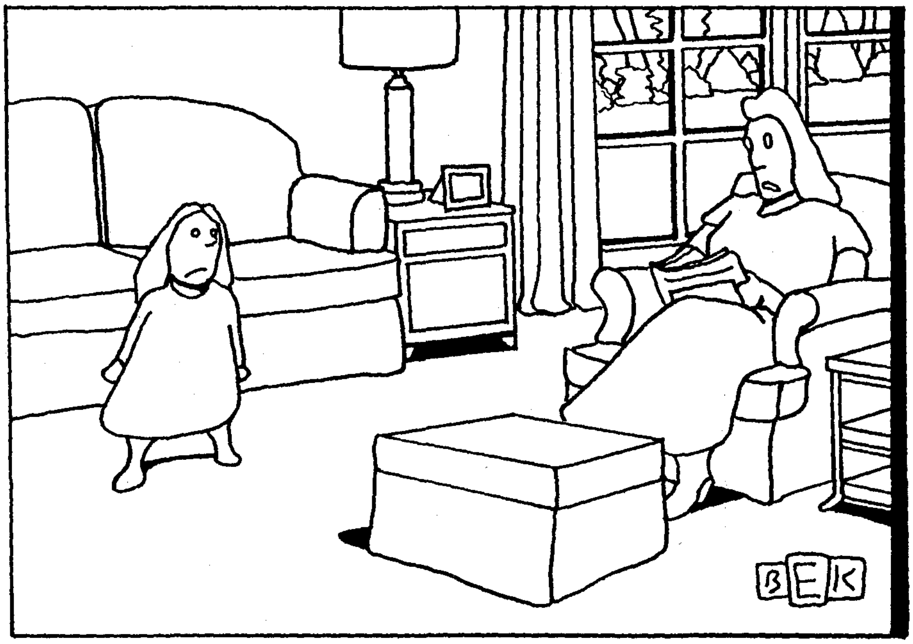


"It's such a nice day. Why don't you go outside and make some money?"

• •

spect the way he approaches them—they may disagree, but they accept them at face value," Howard Baker says. "And that's his substitute for conviviality, I guess. Bob is not a particularly convivial person."

Sometimes Packwood poured conviviality from a bottle. Georgie says that she frequently confronted Packwood about his drinking: "I would say to him, 'Tell me why it is that you drink.' And he'd say, 'Because I feel so socially insecure.' " Packwood could put away an enormous amount of alcohol and show little effect, while those trying to keep up were clutching the table for balance. Witnesses to his binges are awed by the memory of them—Packwood ordering two drinks at a time at a bar, or going through several pitchers of beer as if it were water. "I drink immense quantities of liquid, it doesn't matter what it is," Packwood says. "I will, on occasion, drink a gallon of milk at dinner, or two or three pitchers of water. And when I drank alcohol I would go through beer and wine the same way." He was seldom a sloppy drunk, his companions remember, and he almost never paid the price of a hangover. "It's not my fault," he says. "Chemistry."

Although Georgie Packwood thought she and Bob had a good marriage, it was through the drinking that she first discerned that her husband was not happy. Recently, she was looking at one of her old calendars, on which she used to note down such events as birthdays and her children's big moments. On the date marking the eve of the couple's first wedding anniversary, she found this note in her handwriting: "Bob got drunk and wants a divorce. Well, we almost made it through one whole year." Georgie says that she came to expect three or four particularly unpleasant binges every year, when her husband would get drunk, pick a fight with her (sometimes at a party), and deliver what came to be his standard cry: "I want a divorce! We should never have married! I want to be a bachelor!" She says that they never discussed those incidents the next day, because Packwood would be up and out of the house early, as usual, and would return home with his customary greeting, as if nothing had happened.

Georgie says that she sometimes puzzled over Packwood's drinking, because the couple almost never drank at home: "It was never a way of life in our home. Now I understand why it wasn't—it was a way of life at the office." And at the end of the day Packwood liked to invite some of his staff in for a drink and a round of charades or liar's poker. Sometimes there were excursions over to the Irish Times, Packwood's favorite bar. "The drinking was not a respite from the Senate," he says. "The drinking was camaraderie. The drinking was social."

Packwood's natural social unease, combined with the alcohol and his apparent philandering urge, may account for a peculiarity of his reputation as a Senate womanizer. He is known above all for the unexpectedness of his alleged advances—sudden smooches in parking lots or stolen kisses in hidden doorways. When Packwood is asked about this now, he shrugs and says, "I was so shy with women—or girls, we called them then—it was just not my nature to forcibly approach people."

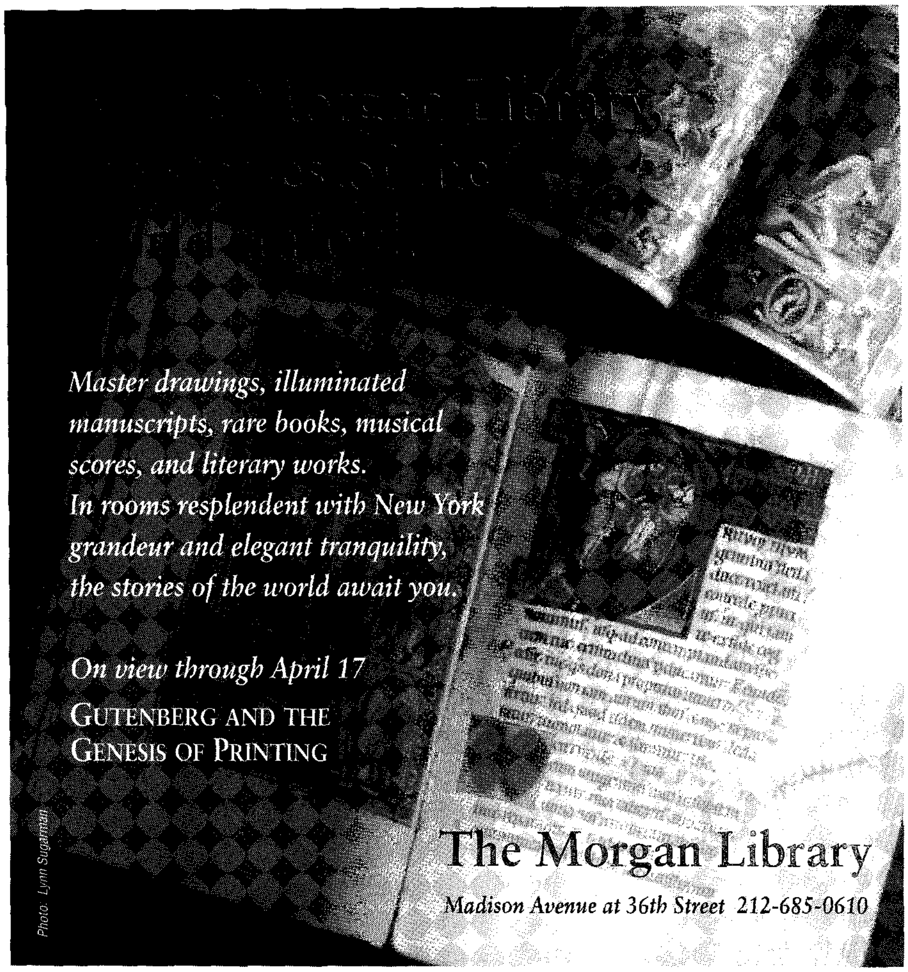
PACKWOOD was by no means the only man in the Senate with a reputation as a womanizer. Tales of womanizing, boozing, gambling, and other personal vices attach to certain senators like nicknames, and become part of the unwritten lore of the Senate; after the Anita Hill–Clarence Thomas spectacle, it was inevitable that sexual harassment on Capitol Hill would be made a news story. Or that is the way Florence Graves perceived it. In the spring of 1992, Graves, a journalist who spent seven years in Washington as the founding editor of *Common Cause* magazine, was surprised to note that several months had passed since the Anita Hill controversy and the big story about sexual harassment on Capitol Hill had not yet been written. She decided to write it herself.

Graves began to investigate stories she'd heard about several senators, narrowing the field to fit her criteria—unwanted advances in a work-related context. (Womanizing, for example, was not the same as harassment.) Soon Packwood stood out. The stories about his advances were numerous, and Graves was eventually able to persuade some of the women involved to agree to go on the record with them. Also, the fact of Packwood's long recognition as a champion of women's issues made the story more interesting—the Packwood Paradox. ("What synapse misfires in a character who makes advances for women and then also makes 'unwanted sexual advances' on women?" Ellen Goodman asked in her column after the scandal broke.) Graves began the hard chore of verifying the stories she heard about Packwood and getting them on the record.

But there were still questions about choosing Packwood as the subject. For one thing, his reputation had been known to many national feminist leaders who overlooked it, because of Packwood's record on women's issues. Also, what would Packwood be accused of, precisely? Ultimately, the list of accusations against him ran from grabbing a woman's ponytail while he kissed her and tried to remove her girdle to telling bawdy jokes (which, characteristically, he pulled out of a notebook of jokes) in front of a female interne, who did not voice objection at the time. None of the accusations seemed exactly to fit the legal standards of sexual harassment (sex for job consideration, for instance, or assertions of an ongoing "hostile working environment"), and, once rebuffed, Packwood's advances apparently stopped.

The accusations were framed in a new, post-Anita Hill construct—"uninvited sexual advances"—which interpreted as sexual misconduct any gesture of a sexual nature that was unwelcome, ranging from dancing too close to Packwood's alleged ambush smooches. It is a tricky standard, not least because its test is in the doing—as is suggested by Packwood's question "If you don't try, how do you know?" Also, the "uninvited advances" standard seems implicitly to excuse the behavior of "womanizers" (of whom the Senate has a few), whose advances are, presumably, welcomed. Packwood says, "One of my male friends put it in a nutshell when I was searching for words. He said, 'You know, if you score a touchdown, you're a hero. If you fumble, you're in trouble.' "

Such comments suggest the degree to which Packwood has been caught in a wind shear of the Zeitgeist—he is a not terribly sympathetic figure whose loutishness was once accepted, if not acceptable, but now confronts him like an indictment. In his private life, he plainly was not the friend of women that his public life suggested him to be; but neither is he a sexual criminal. He is a token, serving to illuminate a shift in the evolution of sexual conduct which is now moving at a hyperspeed pace; at the moment, there is a distinction between womanizing and Don Juanism, which are not commonly viewed as victimizing behaviors, and "uninvited sexual advances," which sometimes are. "It is a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murky area; it's very confusing," says Judith Armatta, staff attorney for the Oregon Coalition Against Domestic and Sexual Violence, which has been among Packwood's stoutest foes. Armatta allows that what most distinguishes Packwood from others of his generation and inclination is that "Packwood just happened to get caught."

The ultimate value of the Packwood case, Armatta says, is not in the ending of his career but in serving notice that a new moment has arrived. "I don't think we have good guys and bad guys here," she says. "Throughout our culture, we see that a lot of women are getting victimized and have been for centuries, that they've suffered a lot through that, and it certainly isn't Senator Packwood who is the only one who did it. So he's played out that particular role, and he has personal responsibility for it. But that does not make him an evil man. To say that he is really excuses us as a culture from changing some basic things and taking our responsibility for how we permitted that kind of thing to happen." She says that there are moments when she even feels a certain sympathy for Packwood, but adds, "It's sort of like, somebody had to be first."

Graves worked on her story through the summer of 1992, and in the fall she took it to the Washington *Post*, which teamed her with another reporter, Charles E. Shepard, to finish the story. Together, they confronted Packwood with the allegations in a meeting on October 29th—five days before voters would decide on his reëlection bid against Oregon's Representative Les AuCoin. Packwood and his aides had known that the *Post* was working on a story, but he says he had heard that the subject was sexual harassment, which, by its legal definition, was a charge he felt he could answer satisfactorily. He says he was stunned when he heard the *Post's* list of accusations and the context—"uninvited sexual advances." The meeting took place in Portland, in the home of a Packwood supporter, and was attended by Elaine Franklin, Packwood's chief of staff, and Jack Faust, a lawyer and longtime Packwood friend. They say they instantly interpreted the *Post* allegations as a partisan attack, not least because the most serious of the alleged incidents—the forced kiss while grab-

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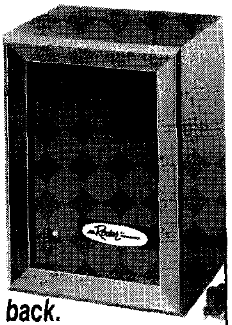
bing the woman's ponytail—came from Julie Williamson, who was a consultant and a financial contributor to Representative AuCoin. Packwood denied the charges, and telephoned the *Post* executive editor, Len Downie, requesting time to respond. Over the next two days, Packwood sent Downie several documents, among them statements from co-workers of some of the accusers which were meant to cast doubt on the accusers' stories; the material also included several friendly notes to Packwood from one of the accusers, and statements suggesting that Packwood's advances might not have been unwanted after all. The effort won Packwood a temporary reprieve; Downie told Graves and Shepard they had more reporting to do. In the following days, Packwood sent the *Post* additional material about some of his accusers, including data on the sexual history of some of the women.

On November 3rd, Packwood was elected to his fifth term in the Senate. On Sunday, November 22nd, the *Post* published its story on the front page. The headline captured the Packwood Paradox angle—"PACKWOOD ACCUSED OF SEXUAL ADVANCES; ALLEGED BEHAVIOR PATTERN COUNTERS IMAGE"—and the article outlined the stories of seven women who had worked with Packwood and said that over the years Packwood had made "uninvited sexual advances" toward them. Besides Williamson's incident, which she said had occurred in 1969, there was an account by a woman who said that she approached Packwood in the mid-seventies about working in his office, and that she twice met him in his motel room to discuss a speech she was writing for him; on the second visit, she said, Packwood chased her around the room and kissed her. A former mail clerk in Packwood's office said that after inviting her to play bridge Packwood called her into his inner office, locked the door, and kissed her. Another woman described a 1982 incident in which, she said, Packwood invited her into his office at the end of the day and offered her wine, then came around his desk and pulled her from her chair. "He put his arm around me and tried to kiss me," she said. "He stuck his tongue in my mouth." A former activist named Mary Heffernan related a similar story from the same period, and said she had not reported the incident then, because of Packwood's position and because "for me, abortion rights was on the line." Maura C. Roche was the interne who heard Packwood's jokes. She said that one evening in 1989 Packwood walked through his office and offered the staff gathered there glasses of wine, then pulled out the notebook containing jokes and began reading them. "I just sat there and took it," Roche reported, adding that it was not until the Anita Hill–Clarence Thomas hearings that she was awakened to the possibility that the joke-telling had been "very degrading to women." The last woman quoted in the *Post* story was a former aide who said she had repeatedly rebuffed Packwood's advances and had finally left his office, because he did not change his behavior.

Gena Hutton was one of the women who came forward after the *Post* article with her own story about an unwelcome experience with Packwood, an incident that occurred during the Senator's 1980 campaign. Hutton, then thirty-five and a divorced mother of two, was an eager volunteer for the Senator, whose merit as a women's champion had been extolled in a fund-raising letter signed by Gloria Steinem. Her turf was the Eugene area, and she remembers how her enthusiasm was met by Packwood's unexpected advance one evening as he walked her to her car in a motel parking lot. At the door, she says, Packwood suddenly seized her and planted a full kiss on her mouth, inserting his tongue, before she backed away. She declined his invitation to join him in his room, and the two parted company amiably enough. She says she felt shamed by the incident, but it was not until others had come forward that she felt she could speak out. "It didn't ruin my life, but it spoke very strongly about power—'I'm the one on top, and you're the one that's not,' " she says. "It's like a ceiling. It's just a way that people who have that happen to them are kept down, are demeaned."

When the *Post* story appeared, Packwood and his advisers discovered that their efforts to cast doubt on the women's stories had not only failed to dissuade the *Post* from publishing them but also become another allegation against him. The *Post* did not publish



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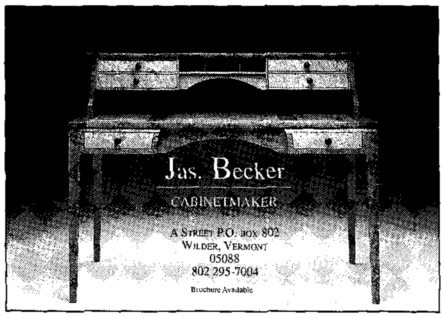

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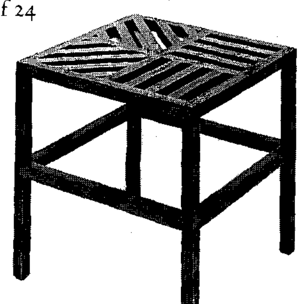

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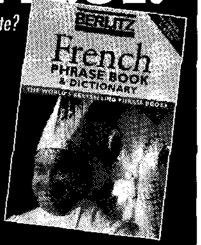

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the material that Packwood's office had sent, but described it, leading to charges from Packwood critics that the Senator was trying to intimidate his accusers. In any case, it was plain that the story was damaging, and that it required a response. Packwood's team of advisers, friends, and lawyers assembled to plan a strategy, but Packwood himself was of little use: he insisted that he didn't remember any of the alleged incidents. "He looks us right in the eye and says, 'I do not remember it. I do not remember a single one of these,' " one of the advisers recalls. "And he says, 'That just doesn't sound like me, I just don't think I'd do that.' " Packwood's lawyers told him that his response was unbelievable, even if it was true. His closest advisers, Dave Barrows, a college classmate, and Jack Faust, thought that the Senator was "in denial" and had no choice but to acknowledge his behavior and apologize for it. "His first stage was denial, then recognition," Faust told the *Post*. Another adviser was quoted as saying that Packwood "understands the importance and implications" of his behavior, and added, "I think at this point in time, he is saddened by it all. I think his ownership of the problem is real."

The whole undertaking had the tone of the addiction-treatment culture, and, indeed, in December Packwood went off to the Hazelden clinic, in Minnesota, for alcoholism counselling. When he returned, he held a press conference, which came to be known in his circle as the I-just-didn't-get-it speech. In it he announced, "I'm here today to take full responsibility for my conduct. . . . My past actions were not just inappropriate. What I did was not just stupid, or boorish. My actions were just plain wrong and there is no other better word for it." Packwood pledged to change, and repeated the mantra from the aftermath of the Thomas-Hill hearings: "I just didn't get it. I do now." Actually, if he thought for a moment that his speech would quiet the furor, Packwood still hadn't got it. His critics and the press wanted to know why he hadn't addressed any of the specific incidents (privately, he was still insisting that he didn't remember them as they were being described), why he had tried to discredit the accusers, and why he did not simply resign. Packwood's lawyers had instructed him to address the issue of intimidation, but he now says that the information provided by his staff to the *Post* was meant to be confidential (the *Post* disputes this statement) and was sent in the hope of casting doubt on the accusers' credibility. "There's no way we could have intimidated these witnesses into not talking to the *Post*," Packwood says. "They had already talked to the *Post*, and the *Post* already had their stories. So our only purpose was for the *Post* to say, 'Do you think these stories are credible? Here's some information about some of these people.' " Packwood also believes that the framework of his sexual-misconduct charges contains a trap: By what means can the accused try to refute allegations of "uninvited advances" except by suggesting that the advances might have been welcomed? "We've almost come to the place where *any* defense is not acceptable," he says.

Unsatisfied by his explanations, Packwood's critics pressed their opposition. "He should have said, 'I did it, I was wrong, and I can no longer represent the women of Oregon,' " Tess Wiseheart, of the Portland Women's Crisis Line, says. The Oregon Coalition Against Domestic and Sexual Violence installed a hot line for women who wanted to call in complaints of their own against Packwood. When the Senate Ethics Committee took up its investigation, it sent questionnaires to all the women who had worked for Packwood and included a toll-free number for their replies. Inevitably, the list of complaints grew, ultimately to twenty-nine women. (Twenty-two have signed complaints before the committee.)

Packwood and his supporters, unsurprisingly, argue that he is being unfairly targeted. "The scapegoaters are applying today's standards of behavior—deservedly much higher than tolerated a generation ago—to accusations of yesteryear's crude office gropings," William Safire, a longtime Packwood friend, wrote in the *Times*. Packwood's defenders note that most of the alleged incidents occurred more than a decade ago, and five of them a quarter-century ago. Some are quite pointed in their suggestion that any of a number of other senators might have been taken to task for similar misdoings. Packwood himself is more general in his defense, but agrees with Safire that he has been unfairly made a scapegoat. "I'm the one the investigation turned up," he says. "You ask yourself, If they were to take anybody in the journalism profession, or maybe any member of Congress, put out a 1-800 hot line, and say, 'Anybody who knows anything in the last twenty-five years about Congressman Jones or Senator Smith, call in,' what would happen? And that is what happened to me."

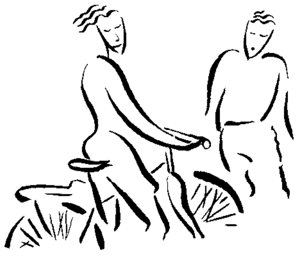
"OH, he's a hoochy-coochy guy!" the mariachi singer says loudly, gesturing toward Bob Packwood, who is standing in the center of a Mexican restaurant in Grants Pass, Oregon, with a three-foot-wide sombrero on his head and a ukulele in his hand. He has just led his section of the restaurant in a boisterous round of "La Bamba," and his face is red. The spontaneous performance, forcefully urged by the mariachi singer, is the only moment of the day that has not been planned to the second by Elaine Franklin, Packwood's chief of staff. "Well, that was fun," Packwood says as he leaves, and Franklin does not begrudge him his fun. The Senator, as she calls him, must take his moments of fun where he finds them these days.

Franklin, a trim, handsome woman, has served on Packwood's staff for fourteen years, but "chief of staff" only begins to describe her function. She is part drill sergeant, part mother hen, and part political adviser; she laughs at the Senator's jokes, makes sure he has cab money for the airport, and digs into her purse for her compact when his forehead is shiny and a camera is near. Seeing her in action, as on that recent constituency trip which culminated in the Mexican-restaurant performance, makes it easy to understand how Franklin rose from the ranks of volunteers to her current position, and difficult to imagine Packwood functioning without her. The daughter of a Royal Air Force warrant officer who grew up outside Blackpool, in Lancashire, she knows how to drink beer, organize an offensive, and get the foot soldiers to follow orders. On the road, Franklin takes care of Packwood, making sure, for example, that he has his precious downtime (spent on this occasion at a shopping-mall movie theatre, watching "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective"). She is his scold ("Senator, leave!" she exclaims when Packwood pokes his nose into some detail at the office which she considers her province and a waste of his time), and she is comic relief. When, after a brief visit with his daughter, the Senator is seen at a distance wandering around a shopping mall like a lost boy, Franklin shouts out, "Hey, Senator!" Once he is safely in tow, he remarks of Franklin's bellow, "No sense trying to be incognito here," to which she responds, "Well, I could have shouted, 'Hey, asshole!' "

Lately, she has also been his conduct monitor. When, at the end of a long day, Packwood is yearning to tell a joke, which begins, "There were this man and woman in bed," she interrupts, and finishes the joke herself. When, on a visit to a television station, the Senator introduces himself to the young woman at the reception desk and remarks (his Dale Carnegie coming through), "You have *great* hair," Franklin seizes him by the elbow and takes him aside to reprove him about well-meant gestures that might be misperceived. At least some of this exaggerated policing is meant to lampoon political correctness, the excesses of which she blames for much of her boss's current troubles.

Franklin has influenced Packwood's style, and she has influenced his political posture. In handicapping Packwood's chances the year before his last campaign, she determined that he would probably lose metropolitan Portland, so it was imperative that he strongly carry the more rural and southern parts of the state. To that end, she persuaded the Senator to alienate the environmentalists and come out for jobs on the spotted-owl issue, and the gamble paid off. Determining that a twenty-four-year incumbent is not likely to win many new voters with "warm and fuzzy" advertising, Franklin advised that Packwood attack AuCoin, which he did in an expensive negative-advertising campaign. Packwood won by five percentage points, but he also made many enemies.

Georgie Packwood blames Franklin for the breakup of her marriage, and describes her in the most immoderate terms ("She is pure evil"). Toward the end of their marriage, Georgie explains, when she was trying to lure her husband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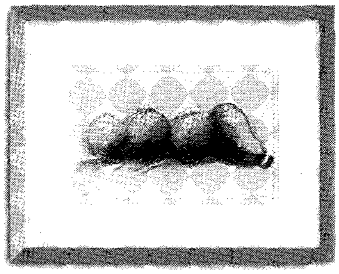
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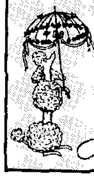
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into retirement, telling him, "You've got to realize that, from here on in, everybody who runs against you is going to be younger than you," Elaine Franklin was helping him test the water for a Presidential bid. "She was a better enabler than I was," Georgie says.

Franklin is innately combative, and seethed during her boss's yearlong silence. She was against the strategy that had Packwood going to Hazelden and returning with his just-didn't-get-it speech, urging instead that he fight back from the start. "I thought we should treat it like a campaign," she says, and now she is getting her wish. In January, Packwood began his counter-offensive, attacking the credibility of one of his accusers and then attacking the way those comments were reported. Franklin, who is divorced and has two grown sons, had planned to leave after Packwood's campaign for reëlection, but could not refuse his plea that she see him through the investigation. "Elaine has been a rock," Packwood says, crediting her with helping him to quit drinking by joining him in drinking nonalcoholic beer when they are together. She says that part of her job has been to convince Packwood that he doesn't need the drink. "I've encouraged him to think of himself as a very affable, clever, humorous, jolly fellow without the alcohol," she says. "And he is." She is, above all, Packwood's most loyal defender: "The trouble with this whole story, I think, is that it has taken on a life of its own, and has gained momentum in a kangaroo court, which is the press. I don't condone any of the allegations, if they're true. But it needs to be put into perspective, and it needs to be put into the context of the total life of the man. At worst, he may be guilty of making passes."

But the sexual-misconduct charges against Packwood have been seriously compounded of late, mostly by Packwood's own hand. It was he who (on the advice of his first lawyers, Arnold & Porter, of Washington) introduced his diaries into the controversy, by citing them to bolster his version of one episode that figured in the accusations. Packwood says that when the Ethics Committee asked him if he had corroboration for his story, his attorneys advised him that he had no choice but to mention the diaries, which consisted of more than eight thousand pages' worth of taped rumination since 1969. Unfortunately for Packwood, some of those ruminations suggested that he might have used his influence with a lobbyist to explore the possibility of a job for Georgie at the time of their divorce. Once the diaries were in the committee's hands, its staff was free to peruse the material for matters like the possible favor trading, which has become another point of inquiry (and which Packwood insists is "absolutely untrue"). Having allowed the committee staff access to the diaries on a limited basis proved a fatal mistake to Packwood's later efforts to hold on to them in court. In fighting to keep the remainder of the diaries from the committee, Packwood and his lawyer declared that its pages contained passages about, as Packwood put it on the Senate floor, "an extended affair that one senator had with a member of his staff" and "an affair that a staffer had with a member of the current congressional Democratic leadership." That tactic infuriated Packwood's colleagues—particularly Byrd—and contributed to the landslide vote on the subpoena.

And then it was revealed that Packwood had made alterations in his diaries—a fact that was disclosed by his transcription secretary, Cathy Wagner Cormack, in sworn testimony. Cormack had been with Packwood for almost thirty years, since he was in private law practice in Portland. It had never been her habit to question her boss's actions, but when she noticed that parts of some of the tapes she was transcribing differed in sound quality she asked Packwood if he had altered them. He acknowledged that he had, and Cormack felt obliged to report as much to the committee staff, even though she was not directly asked about the possibility of alterations. That revelation, which Packwood says his lawyer will not allow him to discuss, added another charge to the inquiry—obstructing the investigation—and prompted Senator Nancy Kassebaum, a fellow-Republican, to call for Packwood's resignation.

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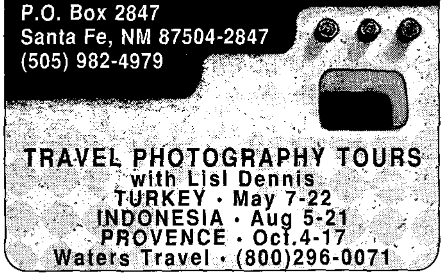

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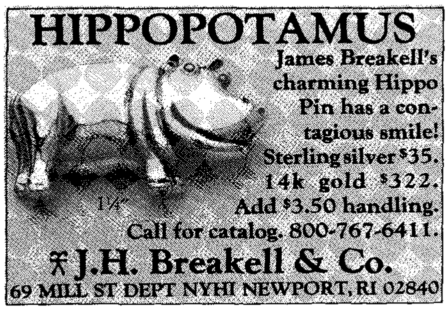

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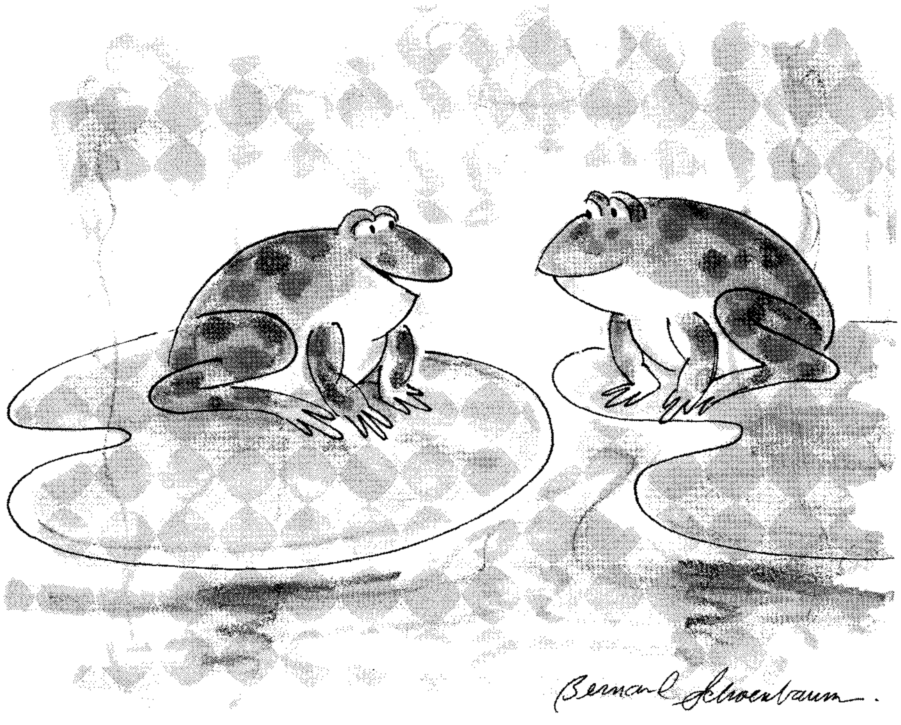
wood's cause in the Senate, which does not particularly welcome the prospect of having to deal with another sexual-harassment case anyway. In opting to stay and fight, Packwood lit the fuse to a bomb that will detonate when, or if, the gavel opens the Ethics Committee hearing on his conduct—a moment brought nearer by Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist's decision, a month ago, that the Senator must release his personal diaries in toto to the committee. That, too, is a prospect that neither Packwood nor his Senate colleagues have any reason to welcome. The Anita Hill–Clarence Thomas spectacle, which not only foreshadowed but was a causative link to the Packwood case, embarrassed the Senate, inflamed national passions, and intensified the war being waged at the gender divide. The Packwood hearings, especially if they are public, could become a he-said, she-said marathon, with a parade of accusers potentially twenty-nine women long.

Senator Alan Simpson, of Wyoming, a close Packwood ally and a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee that oversaw the Hill-Thomas imbroglio, has predicted that the Packwood hearings will not be pretty, and he should know. "At some point in time, it's going to be book, page, and hymn number for the accusers," Simpson said. He went on to imply that Packwood's accusers would have to be examined "in detail as to their lives, their propensities, what they did. That's what you do in a case like this. At some point in time, you watch: There'll be some evidence, some testimony that will make America just kind of suck up short." In other words, Packwood's accusers should prepare themselves to receive treatment of the sort accorded Anita Hill.

At the least, Packwood represents to some of his colleagues the ghosts of their own pasts, whose exorcism may be an uncomfortable process. The famous diaries, now en route to the Ethics Committee, almost certainly hold information about Packwood colleagues, past and present, that will embarrass and titillate—that much was made clear by Packwood himself on the Senate floor. But what may prove ultimately more awkward for Packwood's colleagues is the potential boomerang effect of their 94-6 vote authorizing the subpoena of Packwood's private musings. Packwood's protest was essentially based on the fact that the committee wanted to peruse the diaries for matters not directly related to the original charges of sexual misconduct; that is how the committee staff stumbled across the allegation that Packwood had used his influence with



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a lobbyist to explore job possibilities for his former wife. The committee argued that it not only was free to investigate information thus obtained but was required to by its Rule 3, governing "receipt of allegations other than a sworn complaint." This rule obliges any committee member or staffer to report "any credible information available to him or her" indicating misdeeds by any member of the Senate. If Packwood's diaries were deemed sufficiently credible to warrant investigation of his own alleged wrongdoing, any information they contain suggesting wrongdoing on the part of other senators would also, according to the rule, require an Ethics Committee inquiry. Such information could range, presumably, from gossip about a colleague's sexual dalliances to potential criminal activity—matters that could keep the committee, once derided as a toothless self-enforcement organ, humming with unexpected business.

PACKWOOD still consumes an enormous amount of liquid, including large quantities of beer and wine, but now the stuff he drinks is alcohol-free. There is always a bottle cooling in the little refrigerator outside his office, and he regularly takes a bottle of the wine with him when he dines out. He says he's still not certain whether he was just "a problem drinker" or an alcoholic—he shrinks from that characterization—but his friends say he attends A.A. meetings twice a week. He keeps two of the organization's books on his desk in his Senate office, and he carries the A.A. coin, with its message about accepting things that can't be changed and changing things that can, and knowing the difference.

The intensely inward man whose personal identity has for so long been cloaked by the dignified aura of the Senate now finds himself talking publicly about long-ago embarrassments, and current ones as well. He is seeing a therapist in Portland about "the sexual-charges aspect," he says, and recounts that the doctor offered him help after watching news accounts of his difficulties on television. "He listens and he analyzes and he tells me what he thinks my— How I came to where I am, and is just kind of explaining me to me," Packwood says. "He has just made me understand my relationship and background to my family and growing up, and maybe why I am what I am."

Throughout the controversy, Packwood has been dating Isabelle Claxton, a senior lobbyist for a major drug company. She has known him for years, and says that she suggested therapy to him because she was concerned about his mood over the Christmas holiday. "He seemed really down and discouraged, which is not like him," Claxton says. "He is basically a lot of energy and a lot of optimism and very prospective-looking, very future-oriented. And he lost some of that."

Claxton once worked in the Senate for a Republican colleague of Packwood's, and long before she and Packwood started seeing each other she had heard about, and even been witness to, Packwood's problem in his personal relations with women. "I'd seen that part of him, and part of me thought it was sort of touching," she says. "It's this naïveté. Here's this really powerful man, and he's got some problems relating to women. But I never thought, How awful, or Get away from me, I'm embarrassed by you—because I admired him and he's my friend. I grew up in Washington, so I sort of grew up in politics, and he's one of the most politically astute people that I've ever met. And I think part of that has to suggest some psychological insightfulness. And yet he is almost painfully naïve in other ways, which have to do with basic relationships. It's not an ugliness, it's not a need to conquer, or any of the other things that people think of or that have been attributed to some of his activities. Just, I think, a basic naïveté, and a lack of understanding. Not a lack of sensitivity, just a lack of understanding. I don't think that he's particularly insightful. I think that this experience has been very painful for him, because he's had to look at things and deal with things that he would probably like to have put aside in his teens, which are women and his whole sense of rejection, and all this other stuff." Her hope, she says, is that when the investigation is resolved "it will then be put behind him, and he will go on as a United States senator for at least the rest of this term, serving his state, his party, and his country, and sort of get on with it."

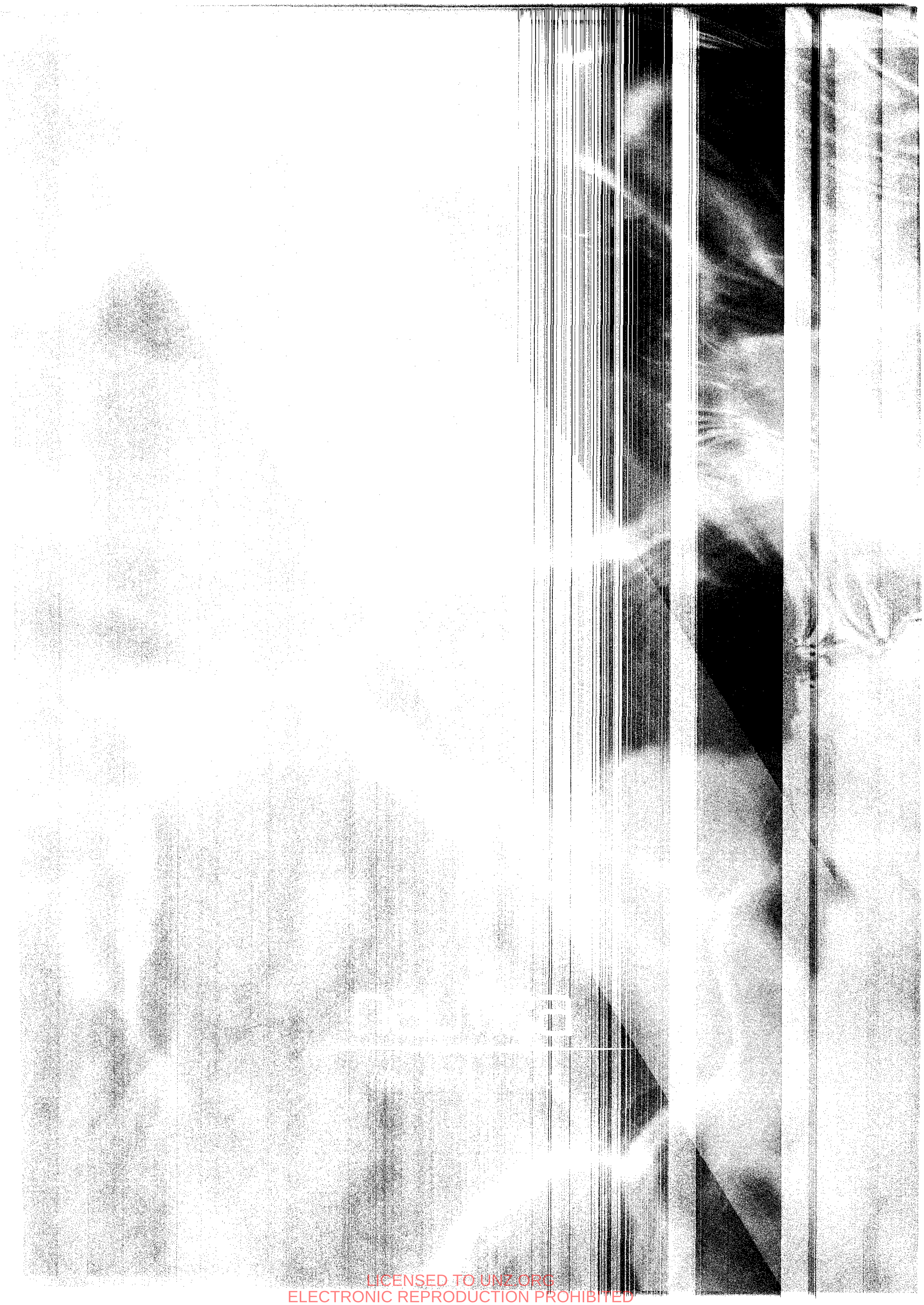
It may not be so easy. Although the most drastic of the Senate's options in dealing with Packwood—expulsion—is almost certainly not going to be exercised, even Packwood's closest friends believe that some punishment, probably Senate censure, is likely. In any case, it is doubtful that he could be reëlected in 1999. And, for the first time, he is imagining life outside the United States Senate. "In four years—assuming this ends this year, as I hope it does—I think I would not be a bad teacher, actually," he says. "Would there be a university that would have me?"

GENA HUTTON, the former Packwood volunteer who has filed a statement with the Ethics Committee about her long-ago encounter with Senator Packwood in an Oregon motel parking lot, has watched his recent counter-offensive with a kind of awed fascination. It is her incident that Packwood has cited specifically in his public defense, claiming that Hutton stayed on as a volunteer in Eugene for seven years after his car-door kiss. "She could have left any time," he says. "Seven years . . ."

Hutton says she watched Packwood making his case in an interview with a local television reporter, and then watched a tape of the interview a second time. "He's trying to save his career, and he thinks people are out to get him," she says. "But does he really know what he did? I looked in his eyes, as best you can on a video, and I felt so sad, in a way. It was like he was not home. And I want him to be. I want him to hear what has happened. And I want him to understand. And he's not there to hear."

Given the fact that Hutton herself perceived the incident in a different light at the time it happened, fourteen years ago, I asked her if she thought that Packwood's being singled out was in some way unfair to him.

Her answer was emphatic. "No, I don't," she said. "Because it happened. He did it. And it wasn't O.K. Maybe *lightning struck* and exposed it, but that doesn't mean it was O.K. It isn't O.K. that anybody does that." If anything is unfair, she said, it is that others, including some of Packwood's colleagues on Capitol Hill, have not been cast into the spotlight. "And if there are people shaking in their boots out there, then that's O.K." ♦



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LETTER FROM MEXICO CITY

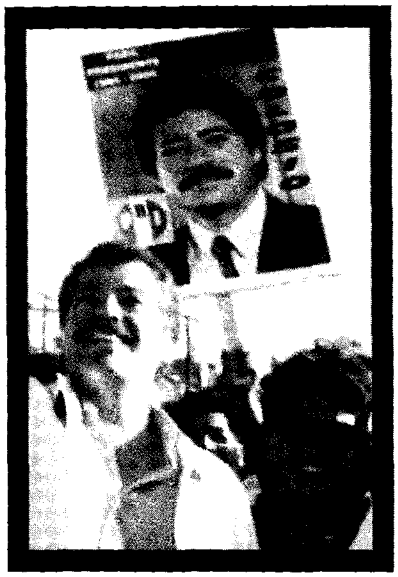
LOSING THE FUTURE

The assassination of President Salinas's chosen successor, following weeks of turbulence, exposed a regime riven by warring interests and a fear of change.

BY ALMA GUILLERMOPRIETO

MARCH 24

IT needed a brutal murder—a man lying bleeding on the ground, his brain shattered, the country's ability to predict its future gone with him—to strip the layers of ceremony and rhetoric from Mexico's public life. Until twelve weeks ago, even many Mexicans who knew better had been lulled into believing the dream. The Institutional Revolutionary Party, or PRI—the party that had won every Presidential election over the last sixty-five years, with only an occasional fudging of the figures—was going to win again, overwhelmingly, next August. President Carlos Salinas de Gortari, perhaps the most daring of Mexico's recent omnipotent rulers, was going to step down from office in a blaze of glory. His announced choice of successor, Luis Donaldo Colosio Murrieta, had been received, it is true, with some discomfort by those who had assumed that the canny, brilliant former mayor of Mexico City, Manuel Camacho Solís, would be El Bueno—the Chosen One. But Colosio was a charming man and a tireless and faithful campaigner, and his expected victory would be Salinas's more than his own. The economy was humming, it was said, even if the very poor got poorer while the ranks of the new billionaires multiplied. The peso was stable, and a free-trade treaty with the United States gave the economy room to grow. Even those who never liked Salinas de Gortari are sorry at the way his dreams have shattered, because, as of last night, they have realized, frighteningly, that the stability of their future is tied to the President.



Luis Donaldo Colosio campaigning in Tijuana moments before his death.

AP/WIDE WORLD

There were no tremors before the earthquake: on January 1st, a guerrilla movement in Chiapas, Mexico's poorest state, marched through the misty provincial city of San Cristóbal de las Casas. It claimed the mantle of the revolutionary peasant Emiliano Zapata and captured the nation's imagination. At the unthinkable prospect of a Central American-style war, Mexico's thriving but highly neurotic stock market, the Bolsa de Valores, suffered an attack of the jitters. Salinas reviewed his unhappy options and chose to negotiate rather than fight, designating Camacho to reach a settlement with the Zapatistas. The right wing of the PRI grumbled, but Camacho appeared to be negotiating successfully. The guerrillas seemed so self-assured, and Camacho won such acclaim for the way he dealt with them, that even Colosio's electoral coronation seemed threatened. An announcement that Camacho was about to declare himself an independent candidate was thought to be imminent. Two days ago, at the prospect of a possible end to the PRI's hegemony—which until that moment had been unimaginable—there was a threat of a Black Tuesday at the Bolsa. But that very morning Camacho announced that he would not jump the PRI ship or seek the Presidency, and the Bolsa soared by more than five percentage points, the biggest leap in three years. A relieved PRI once again turned its full energies to refuelling what is called here *la*

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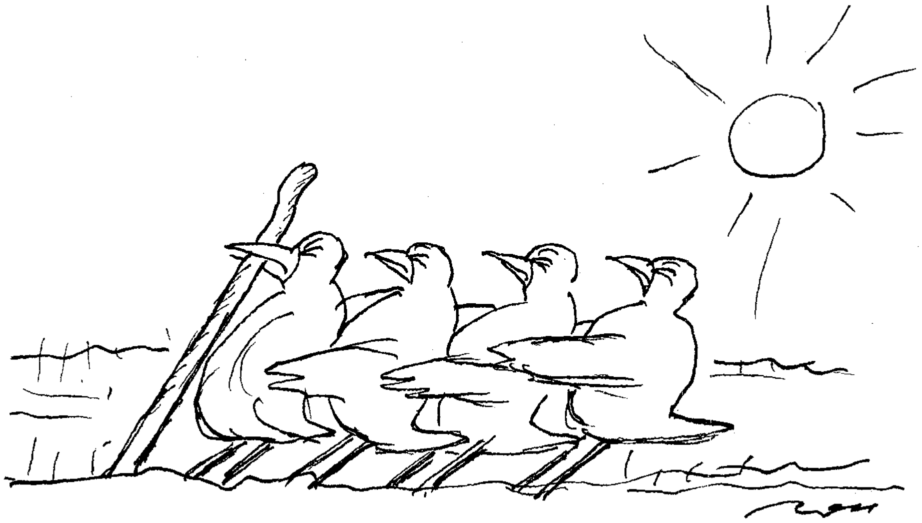
aplanadora—the multicolored, flag-spinning, money-spouting campaign machine that steamrollers through the country every six years at election time and squashes all trace of opposition. A return to stability seemed guaranteed.

And then, last night, with two bullets, Mexico lost its illusion of a peaceful, unchanging future. In a shantytown in Tijuana where Colosio had just finished a campaign speech, a young man stepped out of a crowd and shot him point blank, once in the abdomen and once through the head. Three hours later, Colosio died in the operating room of Tijuana's general hospital.

In Mexico City, cinemas and restaurants emptied, and the streets grew silent as people gathered before their television screens to watch the stone-faced Televisa anchorman, Jacobo Zabludovsky—as seemingly eternal as the PRI itself—monitor phone calls from reporters at the Tijuana hospital, from opposition candidates announcing that they would suspend their campaigns until further notice, from notables expressing their obligatory horror. Eventually, President Salinas was heard reading a statement, even as television crews scrambled to set up their live-broadcast equipment. It was an odd speech, coming from the man who took office, in 1988, looking like the PRI's wimp-designate and almost immediately proceeded to unsettle the nation with his acute sense of command. In a series of radical moves against the corrupt *oficialista* union leadership, against the entrenched bureaucracy, against established precedent of every sort, this flute-voiced man of unprepossessing height and blank features established himself as a level-headed ruler with an extremely firm hand. He was so powerful that he was expected to continue to govern through his successor, although this was against the unwritten rule that grants a President absolute power during his single, six-year term. Now, as Colosio lay dying in the operating room, Salinas's message was brief and almost alarmingly out of focus: "The law will be applied with all due rigor," he said. "And I am certain that if we all add our feelings of warmth and serenity in the positive direction [of Colosio] it will do him good and it will do us good."

An hour later, after Zabludovsky impassively informed the nation that its presumed next President was dead, the newsroom of *Reforma*—Mexico City's newest and wealthiest paper, financed by conservative capital from the country's industrial north—was buzzing with reporters who were still trying to figure out what questions to ask. Was the assassination the work of the same unidentified people who were responsible for the kidnapping ten days ago of one of Mexico's most influential multimillionaires and were now reported to be asking fifty million dollars for his ransom? And were these two events related to the guerrilla uprising in Chiapas, in the south? Already, wild rumors were circulating: the same people who once theorized that Salinas had engineered the guerrilla uprising to strengthen his own hand now wondered if he had ordered Colosio's assassination to get rid of a candidate who was looking unexpectedly weak. Others speculated, somewhat more plausibly, that the right wing of the PRI might have been involved in the murder—or that perhaps it had been



the work of the military, out of frustration at Salinas's decision to negotiate with the guerrillas rather than exterminate them. There was speculation that the millionaire's kidnapping could be a war-chest investment by the guerrillas, although few people seemed to think that they would have interrupted the peace talks with an assassination.

Or could it be that all the dreadful, unexpected events of the last three months were the result of one vast conspiracy? Raimundo Riva Palacio, a veteran reporter, thought that this was impossible, for the simple reason that no genius could coördinate so many disparate ground-shaking events. He conferred with the paper's business editor, Francisco Vidal. Would the stock market crash? Would it even open the next day? "If it does, it'll get wiped out on Wall Street," Vidal opined. (The market closed.) Another reporter came up to Riva Palacio with the latest on the murderer: he had been identified as Mario Aburto Martínez, a twenty-three-year-old who claimed to have written several books on pacifism, and was known to people in the neighborhood where Colosio was shot as *el muertero*—the corpse man—because he had worked for several years at a local funeral parlor.

Who would be the replacement candidate? Riva Palacio had checked the constitution; by law, anyone who has held a Cabinet post within six months of the elections is disqualified. This left only two contenders in the line of succession: the negotiator Camacho, who had just refused to run as an independent, and Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León, who had resigned from his post as Education Secretary to coördinate Colosio's campaign. The most looming question at *Reforma* and throughout the city was: If Camacho replaced Colosio—and, for that matter, even if he didn't—what would happen to the peace talks with the guerrillas? Would the assassination inevitably lead to a new hard line on all questions of national security? Already, new troop deployments were taking place in Chiapas.

In the course of a very long night, it became evident that the guerrillas' assault on normality had created a terrifying schism within the PRI, and that Camacho could not succeed Colosio. At midnight, at the PRI's national headquarters—a compound of massive buildings that had been decorated for the campaign with enormous banners bearing the single word "Colosio"—an impromptu meeting of the dead man's supporters was taking place. "*Justicia!*" the crowd of Party apparatchiks and local community organizers shouted, and then, astonishingly, "Colosio *sí!* Camacho *no!*" "*Compañeros!*" a stocky, swarthy man shouted. "We are all Party militants of great conviction—this is not the moment for factionalisms."

"Shut up!" someone in the crowd yelled, and the peacemaker was hissed and booed into silence before the cry "Colosio *sí!* Camacho *no!*" went up again. A mad rumor that Camacho had ordered the assassination began to spread.

Although Camacho—a Princeton-educated intellectual famed for his ability to converse with the left and with the restless poor who had staged demonstrations in front of the National Palace during much of Salinas's rule—had seemed to many the obvious choice to succeed the President, there were reasons that Salinas had selected Colosio instead. "The PRI has had to swallow a lot of bitter pills under Salinas," a friend of mine who is close to the ruling circle of technocrats had explained to me after Colosio's candidacy was announced. "Salinas has allowed the opposition to have governors in three states. He's cut back on the bureaucracy. He's privatized the sacred cows. The President chose Colosio because he felt that he couldn't impose another of his *perfumados*"—fancy intellectuals in European suits—"on the Party." I pointed out that Colosio also seemed to fit that mold; he was, after all, the holder of a postgraduate degree from the University of Pennsylvania and, as head of Salinas's key social-works project, Solidaridad, was part of the inner circle of reform-minded technocrats.

My friend replied that Colosio was, nevertheless, a hail-fellow-well-met sort of technocrat, who projected an easy, middle-class, very Mexican friendliness. "He was Party chairman during Salinas's most difficult years, and he soothed the Party traditionalists and talked them into accepting the changes." I gathered that my friend, a wealthy businessman and a PRI member who had always spoken glowingly of the President, was not a Camacho supporter, but, in true PRI fashion, he was circumspect in his criti-

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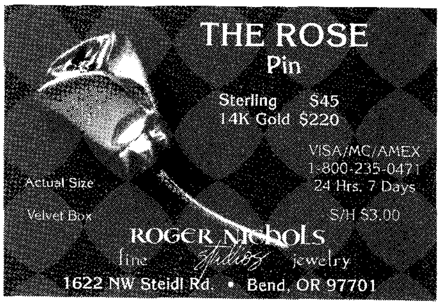
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cisms. "Camacho is arrogant," he said. "Colosio makes a lot of friends."

Now, in a late-night phone conversation, my friend surprised me with his bitterness. "This country does not obey the law, it obeys authority," he declared. "And authority disappeared in Mexico as of the first of January"—when the guerrillas of the Zapatista National Liberation Army burst on the scene in Chiapas. "It's time for the President to act like a man and grab the bull by the horns, so that all the people, and the opposition, and all the sons of bitches who are wandering loose out there, know that there's a rule of law here. If the government sits down to bargain with a handful of bastards wearing ski masks, there's no law—there's only an atmosphere in which anyone can feel free to do whatever he fucking pleases, and you get disasters like this."

At last, my friend was speaking frankly, his reserve—like the national myths—undone by Colosio's murder, by the brutal new realities laid bare. The PRI's vaunted *unidad monolítica*—the discipline that has kept it in power for such an astonishing number of decades—exists no longer. On Wednesday night, the all-powerful President was revealed as simply a mediator between opposing and potentially explosive forces. Among the factions are the military and the right wing of the PRI, which want to crush the guerrilla movement by force and put an end to a cautious *apertura democrática;* the booming business sector, which has been Salinas's most influential source of support for both economic and political reforms but now wants him to rule with an old-fashioned iron fist; the technocrat prophets of modernization, led by Salinas himself, who have no real political base of their own, and no source of support, other than what appeared until last year to be their unlimited success in pushing through a program of drastic economic reform; a previously feeble opposition, which owes its relative freedom to operate to Salinas but certainly owes him no fealty (particularly since Salinas came to power in elections that are widely believed to have been fixed); and, last, a citizenry that constantly veers from rage at its own poverty and political helplessness to apathy and then to fear of a different future.

Shortly before midnight, I stopped by Plaza Garibaldi, where foreign tourists and local merrymakers congregate to be serenaded by mariachis, and found that although the city's fancier restaurants were empty and the streets were silent, the plaza itself was humming with song and activity. I asked a group of mariachis waiting for customers why this was so.

"Who knows?" answered a chubby man with a crewcut and the obligatory mariachi costume of tight black pants and short black jacket. "Perhaps it is because those who come here are mostly from the pueblo, like us. We have no big stake in politics." I asked my taxi-driver to turn on his radio for the news, but whenever I got out of the car he turned it off. Again, I asked why. "As a person, I feel sorry that Colosio was killed," he said. "But, speaking politically, I couldn't care less. We are poor and we keep getting poorer, and we are tired of promises."

We drove by the Zócalo, the central plaza, which was the seat of Aztec power and remains the symbol of the blind, centralized authority that has ruled Mexico for centuries, but it was empty and dark. For several years now, Salinas has ruled from a distance, from the official residence of Los Pinos, and I headed there. It was nearly 1 A.M., and Colosio had been dead for nearly three hours, but Salinas had not yet addressed the nation. At the huge wooden gates to the residential compound, a procession of the country's most powerful men was arriving for a meeting that was taking place inside: former President Miguel de la Madrid, military commanders, the PRI hierarchy.

By Thursday morning, and in the absence of real information, the country was watching for portents of the future. As Colosio lay in state at the PRI compound, Salinas, shaken and exhausted, arrived to form the first honor guard. On his right he placed Ernesto Zedillo, the former Education Secretary and Colosio's campaign coördinator. An immediate consensus formed that Zedillo was the next Chosen One. And then the unthinkable happened again. At this moment of high solemnity, the President of Mexico, in his role as leader of the national mourning, was met not with reverential silence but with enraged cries for justice from the PRI militants, and as he made his way to the exit he faced a squabbling crowd. Indisputably, it signalled the end of an era. ♦

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

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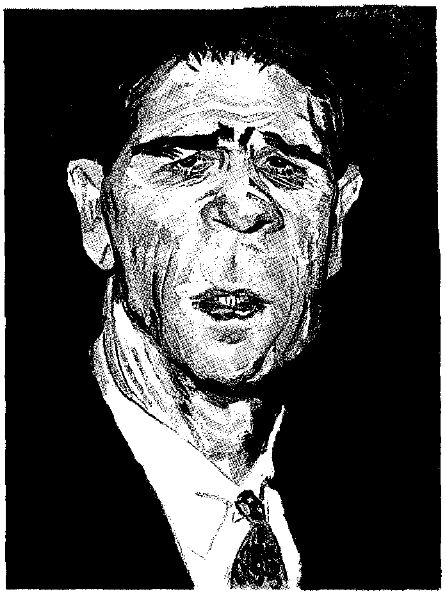
Tommy Lee Jones is the sort of actor who confers with his old Harvard tutor. Now he's also an Oscar winner—and a bona-fide movie star.

BY LILLIAN ROSS

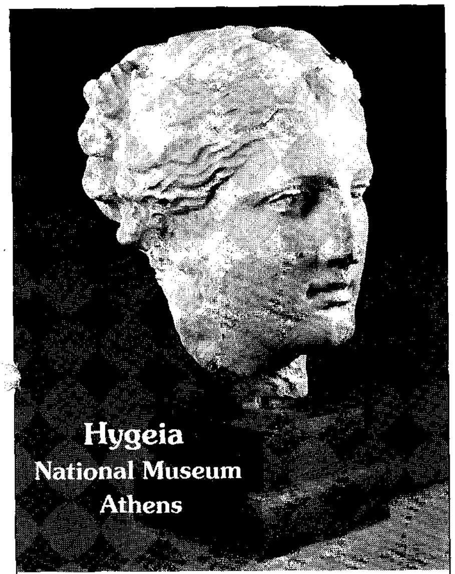
LAST January, seventy-six days before winning an Academy Award as best supporting actor for the role of a relentless lawman in "The Fugitive," and the day before the scheduled beginning of rehearsals for the filming of "Cobb," on location at Lake Tahoe, where Ty Cobb, the baseball legend, had lived, Tommy Lee Jones was in San Antonio, where *he* lives, practicing hitting and sliding à la Cobb. While sliding, under the supervision of a production-assigned coach, one of Jones's cleats got stuck in the dirt; his ankle turned over, and he suffered a fracture of the fibula. The next day, he made it to Tahoe, wearing a Bledsoe leg brace with Velcro straps and walking with the support of a carved wooden stick with serpentine decorations. With Jim Burns, a soft-spoken North Carolinian who was his assistant, he occupied a pleasant rented house, with a fine view of the lake, the mountains, and the glorious sunsets. The "Cobb" production offices—including one for Ron Shelton, the writer and director of "Cobb," who is a former second baseman for a Baltimore Orioles farm club and also wrote and directed "Bull Durham"—had been set up in the Cal Neva hotel nearby, and rehearsals were being held in the hotel's Frank Sinatra Celebrity Showroom. Jones's wife, Kimberlea, was back in Texas, with their two children, and was due to visit soon. Jones was taking anti-inflammatory medicine, rehearsing scenes for "Cobb," and putting in some time working on a screenplay he was writing for a TNT movie called "The Good Old Boys," based on the Western novel of that title, by Elmer Kelton, who, like Jones, is from West Texas.


"I hang on to my memories with cat's claws," Jones says.

PHILIP BURKE

In Tahoe, a few days later, I found Jones in his house, standing in front of a huge stone fireplace, his back to a picturesque wood-burning fire. He had the brace on his right foot and a low black lace-up boot on his left, and he was wearing bluejeans, a maroon sweater, and a black felt railroad cap. He greeted me with a creased smile and a lot of unforced enthusiasm about his new character, whom he referred to consistently as Mr. Cobb. "I'm learning the quality of Mr. Cobb's life," Jones said, speaking quickly. "He's seventy-two years old, and there are wrinkles, with the help of a latex application. This old arthritic, with his liver spots and freckles and every disease known to man, is also still an athlete. He's a scrapper. He has a black eye. Mr. Cobb is drinking lots of whiskey, holding his millionaire's investment empire together, and he's planning his visit to Cooperstown, for the testimonial dinner at the Baseball Hall of Fame. This mean, violent, powerful old man who has been powerful all his life is now dying. But he's Mr. Cobb."

Jones, who is forty-seven years old, moved gracefully away from the fireplace with a single-footed jump, then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took off his cap. "They shaved my head for me to wear a thin white hairpiece for the movie," he said, running his hand over his pate. He held his walking stick, in his left hand, as though it were a baseball bat.

"Now let me explain to you how to hit a baseball," he said, talking fast, confidently, belligerently. "It's a lost art. Ever since Babe Ruth started hitting home runs, the skill, the art, and the science have been lost. You see, the bat is like a wand, a magic wand." He swung the walking stick. He was Ty Cobb, giving his lines. "Hitting a baseball is really very easy. You can't force it. You can't overpower it. You go with the pitch. You let the bat do the work. It's all rhythm and flow." He swung the stick again. "I've been trying to do Mr. Cobb's bunt right down the first-base line," he said. "The pitcher would come in to make the play, get caught in the right-of-way, and Mr. Cobb would cut him in two."

"Tommy does not try to make you *like* Cobb, this violent, hard-drinking, hated man who was a genius," Ron Shelton said to me later that day. "But Tommy makes you *care* about Cobb."

The next day, Jones and Shelton met in one of the hotel rooms commandeered by the production crew, in order to select a cane for Mr. Cobb to carry. Jones, costumed in nineteen-forties tweed pants and red suspenders, a blue shirt with a high white collar, a loud red necktie, and a Burberry cap, handled the possibilities. "Let's give these names," he said, with Mr. Cobb-like authority. "We have a silver horse head, we have the shillelagh look, we have deer antlers. For the cane du jour, we tend to favor those with animals. Let me see the bulldog."

"Looks like a medieval beast," Shelton said.

"I like the dog," Jones said.

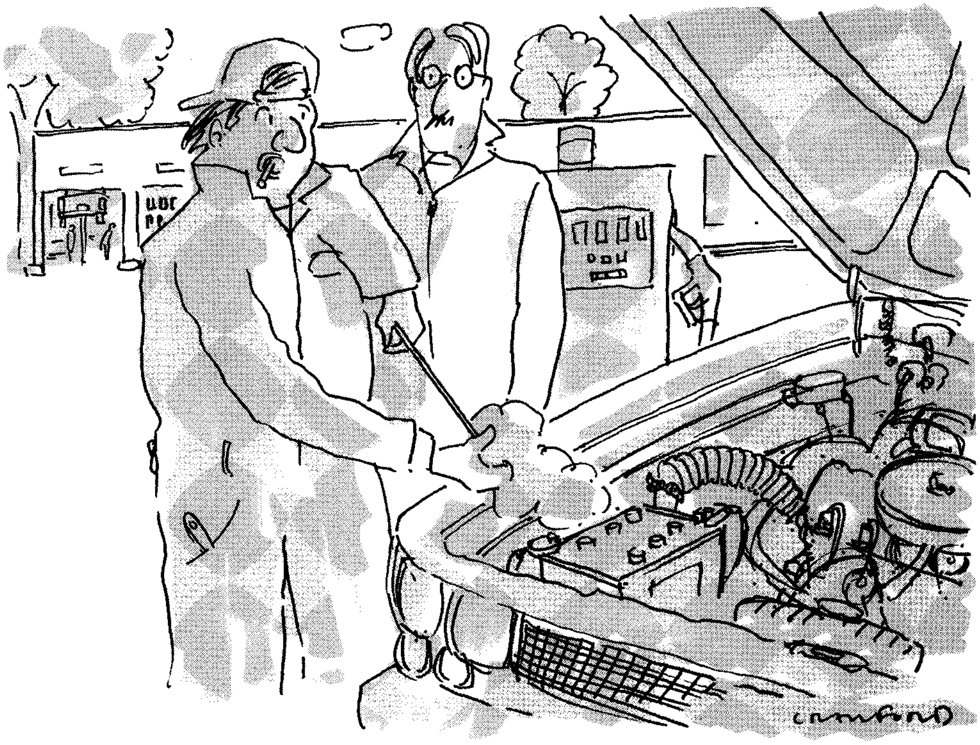
Jones moved to another office nearby, to select more wardrobe for Mr. Cobb. He sang and whistled to himself while considering pajamas offered him by Ruth Carter, a quiet, poker-faced woman, who was the costume designer. She showed him pajamas decorated with yellow pintail ducks on a red background and pajamas with brown cowboys and broncos on a blue background. "I prefer the ducks," Jones said, holding the pajamas up against him. "Mr. Cobb—this elegant man, this powerful man—is deciding to go on a road trip. His valet has quit. So Mr. Cobb starts throwing stuff in suitcases."

Now Ruth Carter offered Jones a jacket, and he tried it on. "Mr. Cobb's going to wear these duck pajamas with this burgundy-and-black houndstooth jacket," Jones said. "He wants this jacket. The jacket's a good look, a real good look. Combining it with the duck pajamas makes perfect sense to him. It doesn't make any difference, because he's Mr. Cobb anyway."

Ruth Carter offered Jones a black hat, and he said, "This homburg has a good shape. Reblock it so that the crown has more body." He tried on a black suit with white pinstripes. "Great look, great look," he said. Over the suit he put on a large black double-breasted chesterfield with black velvet pocket flaps and a black velvet collar. He put on the homburg, and said, "I like the hat; I like all of it. Mr. Cobb wants to be timelessly elegant. Mr. Cobb has got a pistol in this pocket"—he lightly slapped the right pocket—"and he's got thirty-five thousand dollars in cash in the other." He slapped the left one, and said, "This old man, with his white hair and his latex face. Mr. Cobb is ready to go to the casino and gamble." Jones picked up the walking stick with the bulldog head. "Plus, if Mr. Cobb gets in trouble he can whack his way out of it," he added.

He took off his forties outfit, put on his jeans, laced up the low black boot for his left leg, and replaced the brace on his right. He put on a black vinyl windbreaker with white letters spelling out "Harvard Polo," but he was still breathing Cobb. "You come to the rehearsal, Ruth!" he said bossily to the costume designer. "To the testimonial dinner! All the great ones will be there." He was giving her his lines. "The great Mickey Cochrane will be there. You're gonna meet great athletes, great warriors, great men at the Hall of Fame dinner."

That night, Jones said as we parted, "We had a meeting with the costume department and found some good gambling clothes and walking sticks. We rehearsed in the Frank Sinatra room at the Cal Neva. I finished the first draft of 'The Good Old Boys' at a mere hundred and forty-five pages and sent it to be printed, and Jim found some good take-out barbecue ribs."



"Tune-up? I think I can bring something to it."

MICHAEL BLACK, Jones's agent, is a friendly, voluble, likable man, who probably has the most polished, mahogany-toned suntan in the state of California. I saw him not long ago in his office, a glassed-in cage in the ultra-modern International Creative Management building on Wilshire Boulevard.

"Tommy was always different," Black told me. "Different in look. Different in presence. He was very original and very smart. Money walks, money talks. Basically, this town wanted to tintype him. That's the way they are. Tintype. Tintype. Tintype. I never perceived that Tommy ever doubted his own talent. He's unlike most actors—no matter how many jobs he failed to get, I never heard anything in Tommy's voice indicating that he himself questioned his talent. Then came the one-two punch." Black punched one fist against the other. " 'Lonesome Dove' and 'JFK' turned the people around."

Since "The Fugitive," Jones's fees, which had already been in what people in the business describe as "seven figures," have tripled. In "The Fugitive," the fierce, obsessed lawman became the fearsome but forgivable Jones. The most memorable of his lines, written, like many of his lines, by Jones himself—Jones's "I don't care!" shouted in response to Harrison Ford's "I didn't kill my wife!"—was the result of hundreds of renditions of "I don't care!" practiced by Jones for days and days during pre-production, while he studied his script in his San Antonio home and performed for the benefit of his wife and children.

"My life was slow until yesterday," Jones had said to me last fall, in Boston, where he was filming "Blown Away"; he was playing an Irish terrorist named Gaerity who is hiding out in Boston. Dressed for his role as Gaerity, he wore khaki trousers and a plaid sports shirt. His face had unobtrusive makeup; the creases around his mouth looked untouched. He has high cheekbones, black hair, and deep-set, watchful black eyes. He looked calm but poised to move quickly. "It is very embarrassing for me to be asked for autographs," he was saying. "Airports are the worst." His voice was not deep and not pitched high; it was as we hear it in the movies, light and businesslike, and it hung overhead, remote from his body, longer than most other voices.

We were standing in a patch of sunlight on a street near the waterfront, in front of a bar. Movie trucks and trailers, soundmen, wardrobe people, electricians, extras, and onlookers clogged the streets. Waiting to be called inside, Jones didn't seem to be paying attention to anybody. A couple of short, chubby women holding cameras approached him and, offering scraps of paper, requested his signature. "Yes, Ma'am," he said to each woman, and then he signed. He gave each a polite half smile that came out in creases around his mouth, almost like a grimace, as though it hurt.

"They're ready for him!" someone called from inside the bar.

" 'Him' is basically a euphemism for me," Jones remarked. "I can be standing next to two a.d.s, and they'll say 'Bring him over' or 'Put him in makeup.' In this business, you're totally objectified." Having said that, he went inside and, as Gaerity, sat down at the bar next to Lloyd Bridges, who, white-bearded and rather saintly-looking, was playing Max, an informer. Max pretends he does not recognize Gaerity as the terrorist, while Gaerity pretends he does not know that Max has indeed recognized him and plans to turn him in. There was something ominous and overcheerful about Gaerity as he slapped the bar hard with the flat of his hand and called to the bartender for drinks. It was a reliable Jones acting bit: frightening the viewer while simultaneously eliciting sympathy and support for his sure-to-come violence.

The next day, in Cambridge, Jones, wearing jeans, black moccasins, a plaid cotton shirt, and a tan windbreaker, went to a Harvard-Lafayette football game. In the late sixties, Jones attended Harvard on a scholarship. (One of his roommates at Harvard was Albert Gore, Jr.) He played in the famous 1968 Harvard-Yale game, in which Harvard, in the last forty-two seconds, scored sixteen points to earn a tie. He also appeared in productions at the Loeb Drama Center, beginning in his freshman year with Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker."

After the Harvard-Lafayette game, Jones walked to Athens Street, where William Alfred, the playwright and Harvard English teacher—with whom

Jones had worked in 1969 on his senior-year tutorial, about Flannery O'Connor—lived in a gray clapboard house. Professor Alfred, when he opened the door, was wearing a navy-blue pin-striped suit and a dark-blue necktie. A brass-plated chain across his midriff was attached to an American Waltham silver turnip watch, which, he later said, his mother had given him on his sixteenth birthday. Alfred had a splendid Brooklyn-Irish accent, and was shy and subdued. Jones sat down on a sofa with a white linen slipcover. Alfred sat opposite him on a white-linen-covered armchair. Jones edged forward on the sofa as Professor Alfred poured tea and offered cookies. Then he edged farther toward Professor Alfred. Without diffidence, and as though he were picking up the discourse where it had been left not twenty-five years but twenty-five minutes earlier, Jones said, "Well, I've decided to become a writer." He explained that he was writing a screenplay, based on Elmer Kelton's "The Good Old Boys." The book had been optioned by producers, Jones said, who had sent it to him with the idea that he would play the lead role, Hewey Calloway. "They didn't know I knew about Elmer Kelton," Jones went on. "He's written a lot of books about western Texas, and he also wrote for a local paper, the *Livestock Weekly*. They couldn't afford me as an actor. But I said I would act in it if I could direct it, and that led to my writing it. I've got myself a director's job." He edged still farther forward on the sofa. "I want to be this character, Hewey Calloway." He spoke rapidly. "Hewey believes the plow is a mistake. He says it's wrong to plow back what God gave as a gift, that God's too big to stick in a church house. He's telling it to his nephew, a teen-age kid who just wants to see an automobile. And Hewey's brother wants him to marry the local schoolmarm and settle down." He looked intently at Professor Alfred. "My outlines were coarse at first, sir, but I did the first page, then the second page, and it finally began to write itself."

"Hewey Calloway," Alfred said slowly, refilling Jones's teacup. "Well, I saw you as Coriolanus here at the Loeb. You were able then to get over to us a sense of what a man would be like if he believed in his own nobility."

"I'm glad I found something to do," Jones said in a matter-of-fact way.

Later, walking back to his hotel, amid the students near Harvard Square, Jones looked sharply at the young women and said they were so different today from the way they had been when he was in college. "I stopped in at the Coop today to buy something and I said, 'Yes, Ma'am,' to a kind of reconstructed Radcliffe girl, and I got a real dirty look from her," he said. "That reminded me that things are different now."

Tommy Lee Jones was born on September 15, 1946, in West Texas, in the town of San Saba, which then had a population of just over three thousand. He is an eighth-generation Texan. His father, Clyde Jones, was a specialist in drilling tools who worked in oil fields—not only in Texas but all over the world. Tommy Lee himself worked in the Texas fields, with his father and without him, during school vacations. Clyde Jones died of a heart attack when he was in his mid-fifties. Tommy Lee's mother, Lucille Marie Scott, known as Marie all her life, worked at various jobs, including those of policewoman and schoolteacher. When Tommy Lee was about three, Marie had another son, who died in infancy. Now, with her second husband, she lives in Cameron, about a hundred and ten miles east of San Saba and a hundred and forty miles northeast of San Antonio.

"I've talked myself into believing I remember the day I was born," Jones said to me as we walked along. "I hang on to my memories with cat's claws. I can remember tornadoes in Knox County when I was three. We were living in a trailer, next to a hospital and near a cotton field. The tornado jumped over our trailer and hit the hospital. I remember seeing X-rays from the hospital floating down over the cotton plants in bloom. Some of my memories are clear—very, very clear. Both my mother and father used to go to honky-tonk bars, to do what everybody in that part of Texas did—drink. I'd wait for them outside in the car, alone. I remember hearing music and singing coming through the walls of the saloon to me in the car. I remember lying there, just waiting, just waiting, alone."

Jones started playing tackle football at the age of thirteen, when he was in the

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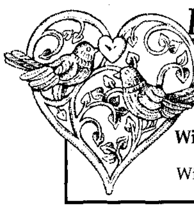

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seventh grade at Alamo Junior High School in Midland, and later attended St. Mark's School of Texas, a prestigious prep school, in Dallas. “St. Mark's started bringing out the best in me,” he said. “I played football. My father was able to get to some of the games. He was very proud of my football playing. One day I happened to walk into a practice room and came upon a rehearsal of ‘Mister Roberts.’ It was the first time I saw people working systematically at their imagination. Almost immediately, I started acting in plays—‘Under Milk Wood,’ ‘The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial.’ My feelings at this discovery were indescribable. I was very happy, elated, with this wonderful feeling of security, joy, and honor.”

Jones spoke without emphasis, almost without expression. “I don't get excited thinking about the past,” he said. “But I can tell you I still have all my old friends. I'm represented by an attorney we've known all our lives. My banker is a friend I played football with at Harvard. We're all part of the same community. All my football teammates, the guys I played with—one never forgets them. These guys know I'd do anything for them today. And if I needed something, I'd know where to go for it.”

When we reached the hotel, Jones said, “It's been a wonderful day.” He added quickly, almost throwing the words away, “I took a long walk around Cambridge. I went to the football game. We had tea and cookies with Professor Alfred and some good talk.”

“MRS. JONES has invited you to come to our home in San Antonio on Halloween and go trick-or-treating with us,” Jones told me last October. In June of 1980, while he was on location in Brownsville, Texas, shooting the movie “Back Roads,” he met Kimberlea Cloughley, who had just graduated from the University of Texas and was on the set for a few days as an extra. In 1970, he'd appeared in his first film, “Love Story,” playing one of Ryan O'Neal's Harvard roommates. From 1971 to 1975, he'd played Dr. Mark Toland in “One Life to Live.” He'd also played Stephen Dedalus on Broadway in the play “Ulysses in Nighttown.” He'd done Off Broadway, lived in Manhattan, and married. He had moved to Los Angeles with his first wife and her two children from a previous marriage, had got the leading role in “Jackson County Jail,” and had done more television. Then his marriage fell apart. On the set of “Back Roads,” he'd heard that Kimberlea's mother was a teaching fellow at Harvard, so he talked to Kimberlea about Harvard. When the movie wrapped, they were still talking. They were married on May 30, 1981.

The Joneses live in a neat, sedate, tree-lined, generously lawned area of San Antonio, in a roomy two-story house, of gray wood, limestone, and light Mexican brick. Jones answered the door himself. Inside, there was much color. In the living room, which had an open balcony on one side, were Indian rugs, an immense stone fireplace, rawhide-covered armchairs, tapestry-covered love seats, many family photographs, large and small bicycles (including one with a baby seat), and a Bang & Olufsen CD player, with country-music numbers turned up high. On the limestone walls were about a dozen works of art, several with religious themes. One painting was of dark, tall buildings. “Those are New York skyscrapers painted in molasses, sand, and the juice of wild berries,” Jones, standing behind me and pointing over my head at the painting, said in his characteristic matter-of-fact tone. “That one is by Jimmy Lee Sudduth. I call him the Alabama Dubuffet.”

“The what?” I asked.

“The Alabama Dubuffet is what I call him,” Jones said firmly.

Kimberlea Jones entered, carrying a huge straw basket. It was filled with Kit Kat bars, Snickers, Tootsie Rolls, M&M's, Hershey's kisses, and lollipops. “Y'all ready for trick or treat?” she asked. She is thirty-six years old, about a head shorter than her husband, dark-haired, and very attractive, with golden-hazel eyes. She had on beige leggings, a matching long sweater, and brown-and-black loafers. The rest of the family straggled in: Eleven-year-old Austin, very tall for his age, with large hands and feet, had on high-top sneakers with laces untied, jeans, and a windbreaker bearing the notation “USS Missouri.” He wanted to know if anybody had seen his socks. He was accompanied by a friend named Jeremy, who asked everybody, without getting an answer, what time it

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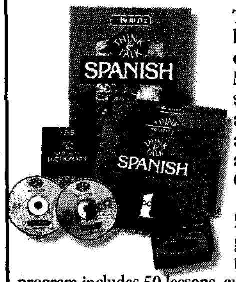

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would get dark outside. Victoria, who is two years old, bounced around with a stuffed Barney and with the Joneses' dogs, a Rottweiler named Roxanne Von Gomesburg de Bexar and a corgi named Solo.

The Halloween ceremony among the Joneses proceeded in a reassuringly traditional fashion. Austin was going as Darth Vader, Jeremy as Luke Skywalker. Jones said he would be "The Emperor of Ice Cream," explaining, "I wanted to be a Wallace Stevens poem."

Kimberlea picked up Victoria and said good-naturedly, "You can carry Tory."

"The Emperor does not carry infants around," he said. "I'll be in black, with a special black mask. I can't find my mask."

In the kitchen, two fat pumpkins rested on a butcher-block table. With a black Sharpie marker, Jones drew eyes, noses, and mouths on the pumpkins. He cut out the tops. "You dudes have the lucky and gloppy task of pulling out the innards," he told Austin and Jeremy. In a gingerly manner, they took out fingerfuls. "Excise these seeds," Jones said, without raising his voice. "Expedite those entrails."

Going over to a television set in the kitchen, Jones turned it on to the movie "To Have and Have Not." "Directed by Howard Hawks, dudes. You'll see Hoagy Carmichael, dudes," he said while grabbing cookie sheets, laying out pumpkin seeds, and putting them in the oven. In the movie, when Carmichael was singing "Now I'm the sad and lonely one" Jones rushed up close to the screen. "Watch this! Watch this!" he said. "This shot of Bogart as she leaves. I want you to see this shot!" He slapped his knee. "Isn't that beautiful?" A few minutes later, while we were eating the roasted pumpkin seeds, he rushed over to the TV screen again, pointing to another scene with Bogart and Bacall. On the wall behind their heads was a framed photograph of a baseball player. "You know who that is?" he asked. "You can tell by the stance. I think it's Ty Cobb!" He slapped his knee again. "Beautiful," he said.

It had grown dark. The jack-o'-lanterns, their candles burning and their mouths turned up in smiles, were placed on each side of the doorway to the Joneses' house. Jones put on a long black raincoat and a gold-lamé derby and stuck a black cloth laundry bag on the back of his head so that it came down like a long black hood.

"Why don't you go as Harrison Ford?" Austin, who appeared in full black Darth Vader attire, asked him. Jeremy was trying to get his laser sword to light up. "The Force is strong within you, Luke Skywalker, but you are not a Jedi yet," Austin intoned to Jeremy.

"Y'all look great," Kimberlea said to the boys. "Stand up straight."

Austin, a black helmet on his head, made throaty noises. Jones gave some horrible, deeper throaty breathing noises by way of instruction. Austin imitated him. "You're getting it, Darth," Jones said.

"Don't call me Darth, call me Lord Vader," Austin said.

"C'mon, dudes," Jones said mildly.

Later, Jones gave a summary of his day: "This was a good day. We got the pumpkins. We made jack-o'-lanterns. We saw Hoagy and Bogart and Bacall in 'To Have and Have Not.' We trick-or-treated."

In Culver City in mid-March, with less than a month to go on the "Cobb" shooting schedule, Jones was established in a star's trailer outside a soundstage. It was a few days before Oscar Night, with lots of feverish speculation going on about winners and lots of feverish pre-Oscar parties around, but Jones paid absolutely no attention to any of it. He had presented his elaborate walking stick to a friend. He wasn't limping anymore. The ligaments in his leg had healed, but the bone still wasn't back to normal. The scenes of rough baseball action had been put off to the end of the shooting schedule. Between shots of Cobb dying, Jones was holding meetings in his trailer with his "Good Old Boys" pre-production staff, working on the script, hiring a casting director, considering various actors for various parts, and settling on the Evans Ryan Ranch, outside Marfa, Texas—the site that had been used in "Giant"—as one of his locations, because of the terrain. Jones told me he was having no difficulty shifting back and forth between "The Good Old Boys" and "Cobb." "I do this for a living," he said, rather crankily, in his Cobb-like tone. "I don't have the feeling I'm doing anything unusual. You stay organized. You get used to working hard."

Jones was feeling good about working with Ron Shelton, and Shelton told me he was feeling good about working with Jones. "I can't imagine anyone else as Cobb," Shelton said to me. "Tommy owns his parts. And Tommy and I share a vision for this piece. We like to shift tones. We like movies that confound expectations—where the laughs aren't on the punch lines. Tommy and I talk about the humor of the piece, where everybody else sees the dark tones, except that they—back at the company—see what we're talking about now that they see it being executed. This movie is full of laughter and full of terror, and now our cast and crew are sharing in the perverse humor. It's like Flannery O'Connor's humor. Tommy and I are both influenced by Flannery O'Connor."

Shelton went on, "We've got this eight-page scene we just shot, which is long in movies. Cobb and Al Stump, the young sportswriter Cobb has hired to write his biography, have just visited the mausoleum at the cemetery that Cobb has designed for himself. In the script, we cut from the cemetery, where they were supposed to have been caught in the rain, to the interior of a small motel. Cobb has just revealed to the writer a violent scene from his childhood and we wanted to evoke childhood feelings, so we planned to have Cobb and the writer, in robes and pajamas, sitting in front of a fireplace with their feet in pans of hot water. They're supposed to have just come in from the cold rain. The cold and the wet have reduced them both to being scared, childish. Cobb is close to death, and Stump is realizing his own limitations and frailties. We planned the rain scene, but the weather didn't coöperate. It was sunny. So we shot the scene in the sun. Now we needed something for Mr. Cobb to be doing that had some resonance of the sunny day but would still evoke the feeling of children. Tommy solved it. Tommy came up with the idea of having Mr. Cobb roasting marshmallows. With Cobb playing with this gooey, sticky stuff, we've reduced this man to his child self as he proclaims that, regardless of the circumstances, the man must defend his mother at all times. Then, near the end of the scene, Cobb is coughing up blood. Tommy wants to make this the funniest scene in the movie. And together we found a way to do it."

Later, Jones, with a multicreased, strained smile, gave me his latest summary report: "I had a lot of trailer meetings. And we shot the final moments of Mr. Cobb's life."

THE day before what is fondly referred to in the movie community as "the most important night of the year," a 5.3 earthquake rattled everybody in the place. To me, it seemed imitative of the Universal Studios version of a quake, and I found that it fell rather short of the unreal one. On Oscar Night, Tommy Lee Jones, sitting with his wife in the front row at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion auditorium and wearing a new-looking tuxedo, his head still bald for the "Cobb" part, also seemed somehow short of his unreal roles: he looked deprived. Kimberlea, however, was lit up with undisguised excitement.

Accepting the Oscar for Best Performance by an Actor in a Supporting Role, Jones played the role to perfection, standing tall, giving his many-creased smile, and saying, "My thanks to the Academy for the very finest, greatest award that any actor can ever receive. The only thing a man can say at a time like this is"—he paused for a couple of beats and bent forward, and ran his hand over his pate—"I am not really bald."

Later on, after posing along with the other winners for the press, Jones made his way, followed by Kimberlea, through the crowd inching its way to the Los Angeles County Music Center Plaza, next door, for the Board of Governors Ball, which began with a seated dinner. Heading for his table, assigned to Warner Bros. figures key to the making of "The Fugitive," Jones could be seen projected on a huge, movie-theatre-size screen. He was clutching his Oscar in one hand, and, looking grim, clearly not happy in the midst of the jam of formally-clad guests, was pointing with his other hand in the direction of the Warners table. Yet, up on the screen, he looked restored. He didn't eat any dinner and left as soon as possible, skipping all the celebratory parties in the aftermath.

At six o'clock the next morning, Jones was in makeup again, ready to go before the camera as Mr. Cobb and work. ♦

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ANNALS OF SCHOLARSHIP

DISCARDS

America's great libraries are scrapping the card catalogue in favor of the more accessible on-line system, and many librarians are toasting the demise of the musty, dog-eared file card and the bookish image it projects. But are they also destroying their most important—and irreplaceable—contribution to scholarship?

BY NICHOLSON BAKER

ONE sunny afternoon in October of 1985, a crowd of librarians and library administrators gathered near the venerable card catalogue of the Health Sciences Library of the University of Maryland at Baltimore. It was time for a little celebration. Hundreds of red and blue balloons gently exerted themselves against the acoustical-tiled ceiling. From each balloon hung a piece of string; at the end of each string, tied by its guide hole, dangled a card that had been plucked at random from the library's catalogue. On the back of every card was a stamped message: "GENUINE ARTIFACT FROM THE CARD CATALOG OF THE HEALTH SCIENCES LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND AT BALTIMORE." A TV crew was there, along with a few local dignitaries and a reporter from the Baltimore *Sun*. The group stood among the hovering cards and listened to some speeches about what a landmark day it was for the library, and about the many decisive advantages of on-line library catalogues—remote access, a more efficient flow of information, reduced costs, lives saved (for this was a medical institution)—and then Chancellor Edward N. Brandt, Jr., wearing a red T-shirt that said "The Great Discard," chose a drawer of the catalogue and pulled it from the cabinet. With the help of a beaming Cyril Feng, who was then the director of the library, he drew the retaining rod from the chosen drawer and let its several hundred cards ceremonially spill into a trash can decorated with colored paper.

When the applause died down, the onlookers (there were about a hundred of them, including, in addition to librarians, a number of nursing students invited to swell the crowd) gathered as many of the balloons as they could and made their way out to a grassy plaza across the street. Reassembled, at the count of three, they released their balloons. The sunlit bibliographic payloads twirled picturesquely as they rose. Soon the wind caught them, and they disappeared off to the northeast. Some days later, one of the cards was returned to the library from a place across the Chesapeake Bay by some resident who thought, foolishly, that it was of value. Another card floated all the way to Connecticut.

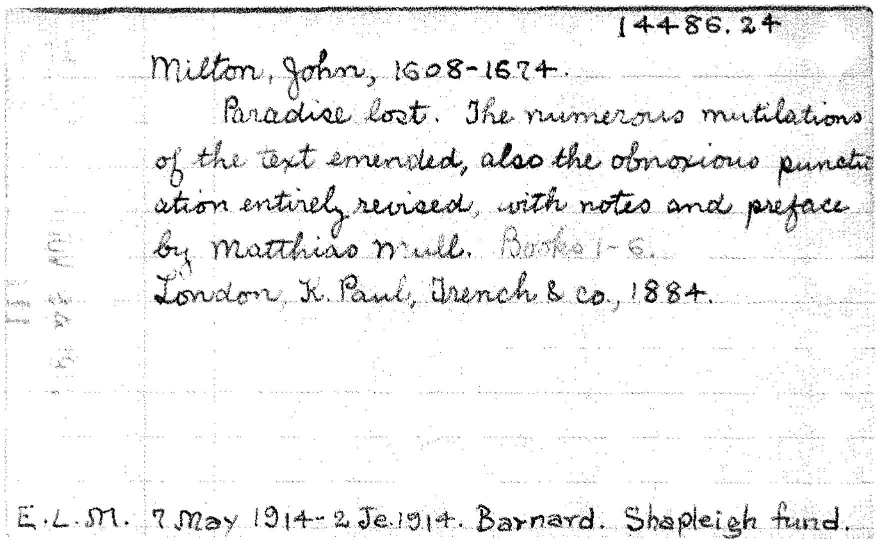
Since then, as universities and public libraries have completed the "retrospective conversions" of their catalogues to computer databases (frequently with the help of federal Title II-C money, as part of the "Strengthening Research Library Resources" program), hundreds of card catalogues, tens of millions of individual cards—cards typed on manual typewriters and early electric models; cards printed by the Library of Congress, Baker & Taylor, and O.C.L.C.; cards whose subject headings were erased with special power erasers, resembling soldering irons, and overtyped in red; cards that have been multiply revised, copied on early models of the Xerox copier, corrected in pencil, color-coded, sleeved in plastic; cards that were handwritten at the turn of the century; cards that were interfiled by generations of staffers, their edges softened by innumerable inquiring patrons—have been partially or completely destroyed, many in the past year.

The main subject card catalogue of the University of California at Berkeley was thrown out in the summer of 1993 to make way for eight study tables. Bryn Mawr's main catalogue is gone. The University of Hawaii's main catalogue is just about gone. A recycling firm called Earthworm, Inc., carted off the bulk of M.I.T.'s cards in 1989—these now mingle unintelligibly as shoe or cereal boxes, or constitute a kind of electrical insulation known as "creping tissue." The cards for the Math, Africana, Engineering, and Physical Sciences collections at Cornell's John M. Olin Library are gone, with others to follow. The subject catalogues at Dartmouth, Kent State, and Boston University are gone. Harvard's cards are going. Cards representing classical literature and philosophy have been pulled from the University of Chicago's main catalogue; some of the American-literature cards are being tossed out now.

The New York Public Library, ahead of the game, renovated the entire ten-million-card catalogue of its Research Libraries between 1977 and 1980, microfilmed it, and threw it out. Stanford is discussing when and how to recycle its catalogues. The cards dating from 1911 to 1975 at the New York State Library in Albany (where Melvil Dewey was librarian from 1889 to 1906) were thrown away last month as a consequence of a historical-preservation project involving the building in which they were stored. The catalogue for the Hawthorne-Longfellow Library at Bowdoin College is ninety-five per cent gone. The cards from U.C.L.A.'s main library are nearly gone. My own college, Haverford, stored its card catalogue in an attic for two years after finishing its retrospective conversion, in 1991. But when I talked to the director of the library last August, the catalogue (including many thousands of handwritten cards) was being thrown out, and the cabinets were down at the physical plant being dismantled and scrapped.

One of the odder features of this national paroxysm of shortsightedness and anti-intellectualism ("In a class with the burning of the library at Alexandria," Helen Rand Parish, a historian specializing in the sixteenth century, said to me) is that it isn't the result of wicked forces outside the library walls. We can't blame Saracen sackers, B-52s, anarchists, or thieves; nor can we blame propagandistic politicians intent on revising the past, moralistic book banners, or over-acidic formulations of paper. The villains, instead, are smart, well-meaning library administrators, quite certain that they are only doing what is right for their institutions.

And, incredibly, nobody is making an audible fuss about what they are up to. Nobody is grieving. On the contrary, there are balloons and nursing students; there are festive pictures in trade magazines and industry newsletters of smiling department heads wearing aprons as they dump trays of cards into rolling trash carts. At Cosumnes River College, in California, the card catalogue was ceremonially put out of its misery by an official who pointed a gun at it and "shot" it. "We are only too happy to throw the cards away when we're finished," Judith Brugger, Cornell's Catalog Management and Authorities Librarian, told me. As an added publicity flourish during the Great Discard celebration, the Maryland Health Sciences Library published a commemorative chapbook called "101 Uses for a Dead Catalogue Card." Some of the suggested uses: tablecloth-crumb scrapers, space-shuttle tiles, garden compost, fish scalers, cat litter, jousting targets, and serial way-markers for spelunkers. Use No. 100 was "Make a bonfire out of them to celebrate the end of the card catalog."


14486.24

Milton, John, 1608-1674.
Paradise lost. The numerous mutilations
of the text emended, also the obnoxious punctu
ation entirely revised, with notes and preface
by Matthias Mull. Books 1-6.
London, K. Paul, Trench & co., 1884.

E. L. M. 7 May 1914-2 Je. 1914. Barnard. Shapleigh fund.

A file card salvaged from among the five million now being entered into Harvard's on-line catalogue in what is perhaps the largest conversion project yet.

Is this glee really justified? Is it seemly? I called up Dale Flecker, Associate Director for Planning and Systems for the Harvard University Library, and asked him if he felt any regret at the throwing out of card catalogues. "In general not," he said. "They were a wonderful idea for their time. Their time was about a century, and it's now coming to a close." Mr. Flecker is currently overseeing what is perhaps the largest single retrospective-conversion project ever attempted: the transfer of the information on five million pre-1980 cards, taken from approximately a hundred libraries in the university—including millions from Widener, the main library—to Harvard's on-line catalogue, HOLLIS. The conversion of the Widener catalogue is in a fairly early stage, and it is in many ways a model of planning and forethought. Each of Widener's cards was microfilmed before the catalogue was "disassembled," using a custom-made card-feeding machine. (Microfilming is, of course, a luxury few libraries can afford. Half the cost of Harvard's campus-wide conversion project is being funded with federal grants and large private gifts.) An image of the front of every card for Widener thus now exists on microfiche, available to users in a room off the lobby. (Any information on the backs of the cards—and many notes do carry over—was not photographed.) Every Tuesday, Harvard sends batches of cards, twenty thousand or so at a time, via U.P.S., to a nonprofit corporation in Dublin, Ohio (a suburb of Columbus), called O.C.L.C.

These initials once stood for "Ohio College Library Center," but now—since the company has grown over the past twenty-three years into an international eminence in the information industry, with yearly tax-free revenues of close to a hundred million dollars—they stand for "Online Computer Library Center." O.C.L.C. owns the largest database of bibliographic information in the world, and it offers a service called RETROCON, contracting with libraries to transfer old catalogue cards to "machine-readable form," at anywhere from fifty cents to six dollars per card.

The RETROCON business is good right now. When I visited O.C.L.C. in September, there were three shifts of sixty operators each, plowing through RETROCONs for about forty different libraries, including, besides Harvard, the Los Angeles Public Library, a consortium of French libraries, Hughes Aircraft, Brown, Queen's University of Belfast, Northwestern, the library at Kew Gardens, the Cincinnati Public Library, the San Francisco Public Library, and Waseda University in Japan. Each operator, though initially hired as a temp, and, in some cases, no more than high-school educated, is the survivor of a rigorous two-week training program. (Most hires do not make it through training.) At first, their work is reviewed every day by a supervisor, and subsequently it is spot-checked for accuracy at unexpected times. "Our standards are very, very high," O.C.L.C.'s Maureen Finn told me as we stood next to shelves holding hundreds of long gray cardboard boxes that said "Widener." "Libraries are entrusting us with the history of their library collection. We have to make sure that we've got good people who are going to do the work correctly, and that we can trust them."

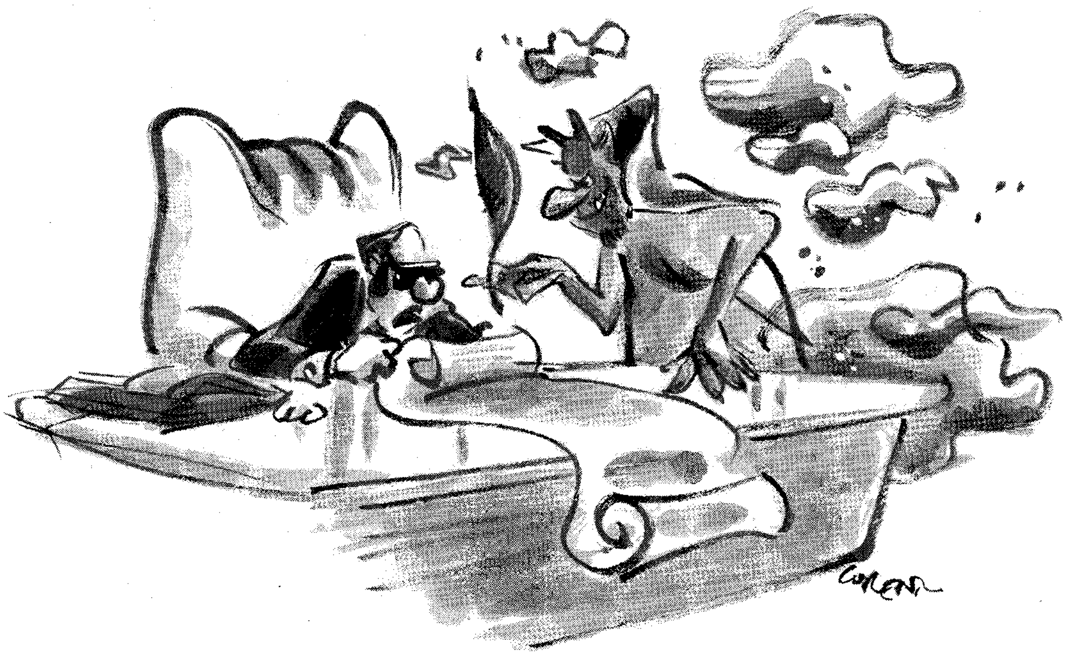
Maureen Finn runs RETROCON and, from what I saw, she runs it exceedingly well. Some of her people have been converting catalogue cards, with apparent contentment, for ten years or more. It is true that they seldom have formal training in the intricacies of the cataloguer's art: they are not necessarily up on the elaborate Anglo-American cataloguing rules, nor are they current concerning the periodic "RI"s, or Rule Interpretations, issued by the Library of Congress, which—like hermeneutical dispatches from the I.R.S. or the Financial Accounting Standards Board—adjudicate perplexing cases in classification as they emerge. Most operators have had no library-school courses in the Dewey Decimal system (still thriving, by the way, and very big in Europe), or the "Sears List of Subject Headings," or Cutter numbers, or the abbreviational niceties of the International Standard Bibliographic Description (I.S.B.D.) format—but they do apparently pick up a great deal as they go. "I would put any of these people up against an M.L.S. cataloguer any day," Ms. Finn said to me—"M.L.S." meaning "Master of Library Science." "I think that their breadth of knowledge is quite extensive."

Well, it better be. The next card that a second-shift operator props onto the top of the keyboard, at ten-fifteen at night, could be in any of three hundred roman-type or transliterated languages, about anything at all, covering any period of human or interstellar history. His or her job is to find a match, or "hit," for that card in O.C.L.C.'s huge database. A hit brings up a specially formatted computer record called a MARC (for Machine Readable Cataloging record)—a daunting set of numbered fields and odd symbols developed by the Library of Congress in the sixties, redolent of unfriendly first-generation database interfaces—describing the particular edition of a book (or map, or videotape) which corresponds to the one that the physical card stands for. The hit rate varies from project to project, but it is running at around seventy per cent for Harvard. If the operator does find a matching record, she (there are slightly more women than men) then must make modifications to it onscreen to suit the source library's idiosyncrasies of call numbering, entering as much or as little of the card's supplemental information as is required by the contract between O.C.L.C. and that particular library. (The more modification a library demands of each MARC record, the more it costs.) In Harvard's case, she typically accepts the record as is, even when the original card bears additional subject headings or enriching notes of various kinds.

If her search through the database does not turn up a match for the card, she must enter the information on it from scratch. This is, or should be, a complex undertaking, demanding judgment as well as accuracy, since not only does the card's content need to be transferred perfectly, without reference to the book itself, in a way that will accord with records for other books by that writer in that library, but the necessary "access points" have to be tagged correctly with numeric codes—access points being those fields in the record which a library user will be able to search for, such as title, author, corporate author, and subject. If someone has a bad night and creates a flawed access point for the title of a book, library patrons will simply not find the book in the library's on-line catalogue when they search for it by title.

We shouldn't leap to the conclusion that just because the RETROCON staff is composed of temps and ex-temps, many without B.A.s, it will be doing awful things to Harvard's cards. I can vouch for the devotedness and hard work of (some) temps, having temped for several years myself. And airline pilots, some of whom never went to college either, land jumbo jets a thousand times a day with an exceedingly low error rate. Still, we have to wonder whether the Harvard community is expecting something of Maureen Finn's staff at RETROCON that the staff can't possibly deliver—something, in fact, that no outside group of clerical workers, sitting hundreds of miles away from the books in question, no matter how well trained and closely monitored they may be, can deliver. Even O.C.L.C., one of the very best retrospective-conversion contractors in the business, is bound to make thousands of typos in the course of a huge project like the Harvard "recon." There is of necessity going to be a layer of error introduced into Harvard's on-line catalogue. (The official error rate is "less than one per cent"—which, for five million cards, is less than fifty thousand records.) And some of the mistakes, though tiny in relation to the extraordinary size of the database, will—in the same way that errors in T.R.W.'s database can do vexing things to one's credit rating—be very significant for individual scholars in quest of a particular book. Nor will there be a wave of compensating corrections as a result of the conversion, since the books themselves aren't there for a zealous operator to check against.

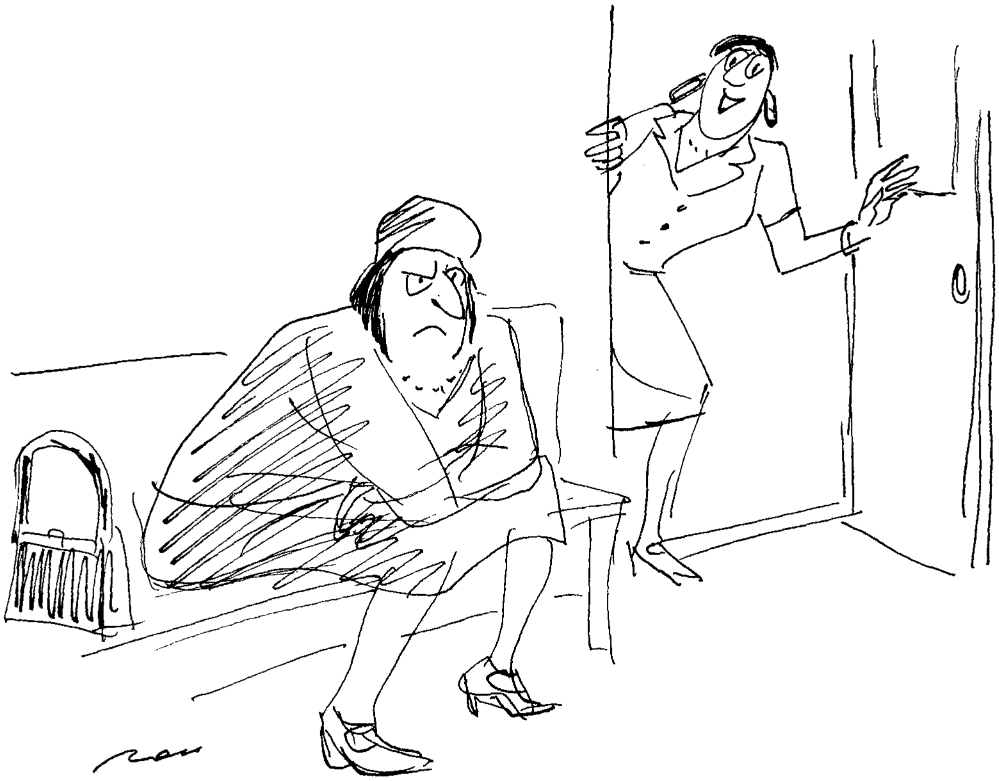
The Widener Library cards, once they are processed by O.C.L.C., are packed up on Wednesdays and sent back to Harvard. There are no lost cards. ("In seventeen years, we've never lost a card," Maureen Finn said, with justifiable pride.) At Harvard, Dale Flecker's staff takes random samples



"Throw in Bell Atlantic, and it's a deal."

from the boxes of returnees, to see whether O.C.L.C. is staying within its contractual quality-control tolerances. If the spot-checkers find unacceptable inconsistencies between a card and its computer version, they retain the card for reference and correct the record on-line. And what of the rest? What of the cards that resided in their drawers for fifty or a hundred years, some of which perhaps caught the eye of Charles Cutter or Fred Kilgour or one of the other great names in librarianship who trained or worked at Harvard? What of the handwritten ones? ("Library hand" was a special kind of backward-slanting penmanship meant specifically for card catalogues, and taught in library school through the nineteen-twenties.) Where are they all going?

There have been a few requests for particular sets of cards as souvenirs. Someone, for example, wants all the cards for the Gutenberg Bible. And some undetermined but large fraction of the totality is being sent to an artist named Thomas Johnston, at Western Washington University. The rest are being "discarded." "At the end of this project," Dale Flecker told me, "there won't be card catalogues left in the university." I asked him if there were any card catalogues, anywhere in the world, that he thought worthy of preservation. "In general, they're being discarded," he said. "I'm not sure I know of anybody who's decided to preserve them as physical objects." Maureen Finn said much the same thing to me: "The institutions still want the cards back, and then I think they're storing them. But most library managers that I talk to will say, 'We are storing them because it makes the staff feel good, and we will be getting rid of them.' "



"The doctor will take you on now, Mrs. Grumbac."

• •

ON-LINE catalogues are wonderful things in principle—things of efficacy, and even, occasionally (as in the case of O.C.L.C.'s Online Union Catalog), of grandeur. As a result of the publicly financed expansion of higher education in the sixties, and the boom in academic publishing that followed it, the holdings of the typical university library have doubled over the last twenty years. Without on-line catalogues, and the circulation and acquisition modules of software with which on-line catalogues are linked, libraries would simply not have been able to process all the books and journals that were arriving on their loading docks. By the early seventies, there was an ominous arrearage of uncatalogued material waiting on herds of rolling carts near the overtaxed cataloguing departments of most large libraries. Cataloguing had reached a state of crisis similar to the one that forced the financial markets to close early during some of the high-volume weeks of 1969, when Wall Street's paper-based methods of order processing couldn't keep up with each day's orders to buy and sell stock. Computerized stock-execution saved Wall Street (and made program trading and Black Monday possible, too), and computerized cataloguing procedures saved libraries.

So card catalogues had to be closed and "frozen." Nobody can expect a library to maintain sequences of alphabetized cardboard for a collection that is growing, as some currently are, at a rate of five hundred items a day. Even at the beginning of this century, a writer for the Boston *Evening Transcript* could playfully fret about the unwieldiness of card catalogues:

> As these cabinets of drawers increase in number until it seems as if the old joke about the catalogues of the Boston Public Library and Harvard University meeting on Harvard Bridge might become literally true, the mental distress and physical exhaustion suffered by those consulting one of them becomes too important to be disregarded.

And on-line catalogues, despite their neolithic screen displays and excruciatingly slow retrieval rates, offer many amenities. They do not grow mold, as the card catalogue of the Engineering Library of the University of Toronto once did, following water damage. And they are harder to vandalize. Radical students destroyed roughly a hundred thousand cards from the catalogue at the University of Illinois in the sixties. Berkeley's library staff was told to keep watch over the university's card catalogues during the antiwar turmoil there. Someone reportedly poured ink on the Henry Cabot Lodge cards at Stanford. The huge frozen card catalogue of the Library of Congress currently suffers from alarming levels of public trauma: like the movie trope in which the private eye tears a page from a phone book at a public phone rather than bothering to copy down an address and a phone number, library visitors—the heedless, the crazy—have, especially since the late eighties, been increasingly capable of tearing out the card referring to a book they want. Indeed, one of the reasons that the New York Public Library had to close its public catalogue was that the public was destroying it. The Hetty Green cards disappeared. Someone calling himself "Cosmos" was periodically making off with all the cards for "Mein Kampf." Cards for two Dante manuscripts were stolen: not the manuscripts, the cards for the manuscripts. Card catalogues constitute vandalizable entities because they are expressive of needful social trust and communal achievement, as are other common targets, such as subway cars, railroad bridges, mailboxes, and traffic signs. To the extent that a cluster of computer terminals linked to an on-line catalogue protects a room full of older card cabinets by marginalizing them, they are performing a great service.

And of course an on-line catalogue is, when viewed in just the right flattering light, extremely convenient. "It's wonderful," said Julie Miran, of Swarthmore's circulation desk, enamored of keyword searching: "It's like watching the war on CNN." I began the research for this article by dialling up an on-line university catalogue from my computer and printing out a sixty-eight-page list of volumes relating to Libraries–Automation–Case studies, Libraries–Automation–Congresses, and so on. Though it took ten times as long to view and reject a given irrelevant book or subject heading onscreen as it would have if I had a drawer of cards in front of me and was able to riffle through it at medium thumb-and-finger speed, I didn't have to drive to campus and find a place to park and walk to that particular drawer in order to arrive at a useful preliminary idea of the domain of locally available knowledge concerning the demise of card catalogues. On-line catalogues are wheelchair accessible in the best possible way, and now—through Gopher software on the Internet—I can poke around in the catalogues from hundreds of libraries all over the world, despite the fact that I am not affiliated with a single one of them.

FOUR LIVES, STIRRING

Lemons on damask (one).
Curve of a gold-framed mirror
reflecting blackness. Also black, a squat
empty vase, or maybe bowler hat.
Drained seltzer siphon; shallow teacup (two).
Oblong cake tin. Furled fan.
Enamel coffeepot with pinks, carnations.
Pink-lipped conch brimful of filtered sun.
Lavender linen tablecloth a woman
stretches her arm along
(three), and lays her cheek
against her flowered sleeve
while massive fronds and beanstalk stems of green
climb the far wall. Two women
face each other (four)
across an empty table white as milk
(marble? formica?) lit by a square of window.
No, they are not quite facing one another.
The one in the green turban,
on the far side of the table, faces us
but sits a little skewed from her companion,
as if to shrug off
a relentless gaze, probe, accusation—
that back turned toward us, we will never know.

Surfaces, decorations, interruptions.
Starched white damask. Smell of lemons. Coffee
and wine displaced by cut
flowers in decanter, pot. A drowsy hour
at noon. A downy cheek.
Tulips keep their red or yellow glossy
under a mantle of snow.
Daffodils poke gallantly from sleet.
Under the flowers, vegetables, and fruit
offering their faces to the day
is secret cold, a hidden core of white
concealing in its turn the warm black blanket
that under the eye-aching
brilliance of March shrouds everything that might,
that will strain toward the light.

—Rachel Hadas

Why would I *want* to take a look at the on-line catalogues of libraries I may never actually visit? To find out what clever-clever names their administrators have given them, for one thing—possibly out of their belief that people get exasperated at CRT terminals in libraries and curse at them because people have a subcortical fear of technology, and that an evocative human or animal or mythopoeic name, hallowed by the vernacular, will make everything better. Thus, the New York Public Library has CATNYP. There is BEARCAT (Kutztown University) and ALLECAT (Allegheny) and BOBCAT (N.Y.U.'s Bobst Library) and CATS (Cambridge). There is VIRGO (the University of Virginia), FRANCIS (Williams College), LUCY (Skidmore), CLIO (Columbia), CHESTER (the University of Rochester), SHERLOCK (Buffalo State College), ARLO (the University of Colorado at Colorado Springs), FRANKLIN (the University of Pennsylvania), and Harvard's appropriately Eustace Tilleyish HOLLIS. There is BISON (S.U.N.Y.

Buffalo), OASIS (the University of Iowa), ORION (U.C.L.A.), SOCRATES (Stanford), ILIAD (Butler), EUCLIDPLUS (Case Western), LUMINA (the University of Minnesota), and THE CONNELLY EXPLORER (La Salle). MELVYL (the University of California system) is named after Melvil Dewey. S.U.N.Y. Brockport's Drake Memorial Library greets its users with a typographically generated image of a card catalogue:

```
 ________________________________
!                                !
!  [=]   [=]   [=]   [=]   [=]   !
!                                !
!  [=]   [=]   [=]   [=]   [=]   !
!                                !
!________________________________!
   !!                      !!
   !!                      !!
   !!                      !!
```

Your automated catalog, by DYNIX.
Copyright (c) 1992 by DYNIX, Incorporated.

Meanwhile, the cards from Drake's actual card catalogues are, according to a reference librarian I talked to in October, being used as scrap paper. The reference man gave a small, embarrassed laugh when he passed this piece of news on to me. And he is quite right to be embarrassed. Drake's physical catalogue has been replaced by an eager-beaver screenful of exclamation points and bracketed equal signs, as if to insist on equivalency, when in fact *there is no equivalency.* The unfortunate truth is that, in practice, existing frozen card catalogues, which just sit there, doing no harm to anyone, are typically being replaced by local databases that are full of new errors (an early O.C.L.C. study found 1.4 errors per record input), are much harder to browse efficiently, are less rich in cross-references and subject headings, lack local character, do not group related titles and authors together particularly well, and are in many cases stripped of whole classes of specific historical information (e.g., the original price of the book, its acquisition date, its original cataloguing date, its accession number, the original cataloguer's own initials, the record of any copies that have been withdrawn, and whether it was a gift or a purchase) that existed free, using up no disk space or computer-room electricity, requiring no pricey software updates or daily backups or hardware service calls, right in the original Remington Rand or Brodart wooden cabinets.

THINK of yourself as a successful literary agent, with a big Ferris wheel of a Rolodex on your desk. You and your Rolodex go back fifteen years. It holds hundreds of names and numbers, many of which you have updated by hand when a writer or an editor has moved or got married or had a child or hired a new underling. Fond though you are of your Rolodex, it is hardly portable, and you are doing a lot of business on the other coast now. So you decide to get one of those electronic calendar-spreadsheet-address books—something along the lines of a Psion Series 3a, say. After careful planning, you freeze the Rolodex, and then you assign one of your internes the exacting task of keying into the Psion all the up-to-date information that your Rolodex contains. It takes the interne a solid week—there are four hundred and sixteen names. You spot-check the project as it progresses. The interne has made a few screwups here and there, reversed some numbers, made some typos in foreign addresses, but in general it's surprisingly clean work.

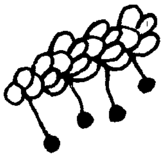
When this retrospective conversion is complete, however, a question arises. What do you do with the big Rolodex? Burn it, pulp it, shoot it? It does take up a lot of desk space. Do you have a big party, and invite all the people in your Rolodex to join you on the roof of your building to drink champagne and tie their address cards to helium balloons and release them over West Fifty-seventh? No, because you are a literary agent, after all, not a publicist. And you quickly see that it would be an error to throw away your Rolodex cards right now, since you are going to want to refer to them from time to time in the months ahead, when there is a question of an electronic address's correctness. At one point, looking up someone's name in your Psion, you find that it *isn't there:* an undetected typo made by your assistant has displaced the record somewhere, hiding it from you. You find the address easily on the Rolodex. Not only that: the démodé Rolodex, you discover, groups things in a way that is at times more useful to you than Psion's rote technique; rather than alphabetized solely by name, for instance, the old paper-based system offers you all your friends at Simon & Schuster together in one clump, a form of what librarians call "collocation."

Also, in a more reflective moment it occurs to you that there is considerable information on the Rolodex cards that didn't make its way into your new toy:

WRAPPING
CUSTOM GIFT WRAPPING AVAILABLE
Mort Gerberg

"Twenty dollars? Who does it—Christo?"

old, crossed-out addresses, old phone numbers, old spouses, old editorial assistants who are now publishing titans in their own right. The very degree of wornness of certain cards that you once flipped to daily but now perhaps do not—since that author is drunk and forgotten or that magazine editor has been fired and now makes high-end apple chutneys in Binghamton—constitutes significant information about what parts of the Rolodex were of importance to you over the years. Your new Psion can't begin to tell you that: its addresses are ageless, as fresh and yellowy-gray as the current in a diode. Your Rolodex is a piece of literary history, in a way. It is also the record of some of the most cherished connections you have formed with the world. Would it be stretching things too much, you suddenly wonder, to call your Rolodex a form of autobiography—a manuscript that you have been writing these fifteen years, tinkering with, revising? Perhaps it is the only manuscript you will ever write. Throw it out? No, you will donate your Rolodex to your alma mater's library, valuing it at several thousand dollars in order to get a tax write-off, and the librarians there will recognize its importance to future scholars of late-twentieth-century publishing practices and will lovingly catalogue it on-line, assigning it a Library of Congress call number and an appropriate list of subject headings.



Now imagine something just a little larger than your Rolodex. Think of an unbound manuscript, the only one like it, composed of a great many leaves of three-by-five-inch cardboard—a million of them, in fact—each leaf covered recto and sometimes verso with detailed descriptions of certain objects that the world has deemed worthy of organized preservation. The authors of this manuscript have worked on it every day for a hundred and twenty years. It is, then, the accreted autobiography of an institution whose job it is to store and retrieve books and book-like materials. Many of its authors were smart and careful people—perfectionists, wide readers, though by predilection keeping themselves as anonymous in their authorship as medieval cathedral builders. Some of them had specialized knowledge and idiosyncratic enthusiasms, which they worked into the pages of their creation by employing thousands upon thousands of "See" and "See also" pointers to other pages. Together, over the years, they achieved what one of their early masters, Charles Ammi Cutter, called a "syndetic" structure—that is, a system of referential links—of remarkable coherency and resolution.

The authors made one serious mistake, however. Though they had taken great pains to be sure that within their massive work every book and manuscript stored in their building was represented by a three-by-five page, and often by several pages, describing it, they had forgotten to devote any page, anywhere, to the very book that they had themselves been writing all those years. Their card catalogue was nowhere mentioned in their card catalogue. Dutifully, they had assigned call numbers to large-type Tom Clancy novels, to magnetic tapes of statistical data, to diskettes full of archaic software, to old Montgomery Ward catalogues, to spools of professional-wrestling magazines on microfilm, to blueprints, wills, contracts, and the archives of electronic bulletin boards, to pop-up books and annual reports and diaries and forgeries and treaties and realia of every description, but they left their own beloved manuscript unclassified and undescribed, and thus it never attained the status of a *holding*, which it so obviously deserved, and was instead tacitly understood to be merely a "finding aid," a piece of furniture, wholly vulnerable to passing predators, subject to janitorial, rather than curatorial, jurisdiction—even though this catalogue was, in truth, the one holding that people who entered the building would be likely to have in common, to know how to use from childhood, even to love. A new administrator came by one morning and noticed that there was some old furniture taking up space that could be devoted to bound volumes of *Technicalities*, *The Electronic Library*, and *Journal of Library Automation*. The card catalogue, for want of having been catalogued itself, was thrown into a dumpster.

Now some history. In 1791, in Paris, the Revolutionary government, having confiscated a number of private and monastic libraries throughout France, became curious to know what interesting books it suddenly possessed. The Imprimerie Nationale issued an *Instruction pour procéder à la confection du catalogue* to those charged with watching over new state property in outlying departments. Inventorists were told to number every book in a library, and then to write down, on ordinary playing cards, each book's number, its author, its title, a brief physical description, and the name of the library where it could be found. (Aces and deuces, it was suggested, might be pulled from the deck and set aside for books with wordy titles.) These cards were to be alphabetized by author, strung together, and sent on to Paris.

In 1848, Antonio Panizzi, Keeper of Printed Books for the British Museum, had a similar notion:

> By an alphabetical catalogue it is understood that the titles be entered in it under some "headings" alphabetically arranged. Now, inasmuch as in a large library no one can know beforehand the juxtaposition of these headings, and it would be impossible to arrange them in the requisite order, if they cannot be easily shifted, each title is therefore written on separate "slips" of paper . . . which are frequently changed from one place to another as required. It is self-evident that if these "slips" . . . be not uniform, both in size or substance, their arrangement will cause mechanical difficulties which take time and trouble to overcome.

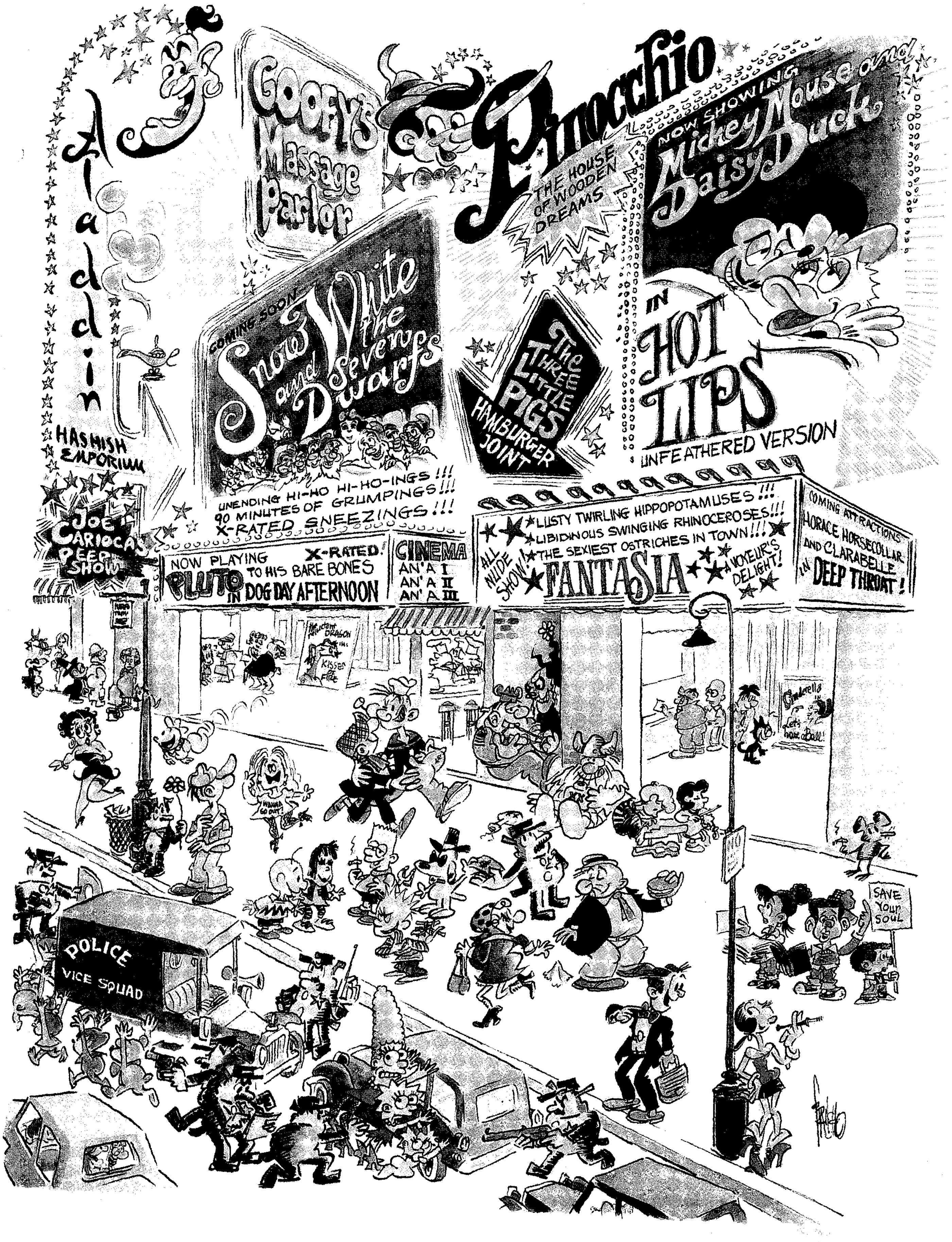
Slips of paper and decks of playing cards eventually gave way to drawers of annotated cardboard; these were employed, through the eighteen-sixties, not as ends in themselves, to be browsed by patrons interested in finding books, but as a convenient means for the staff to keep track of what it had, or to prepare for the publication of a formal catalogue. The ornate, expensively produced catalogue in book form was the traditional way a library presented itself to the public—the way it entered, as it were, the library of libraries. And, as it happens, a more than perfunctory catalogue of a library's holdings is an exceedingly difficult book to edit and publish. Charles Coffin Jewett, the Librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, in his "Smithsonian Report on the Construction of Catalogues of Libraries" (1853), wrote:

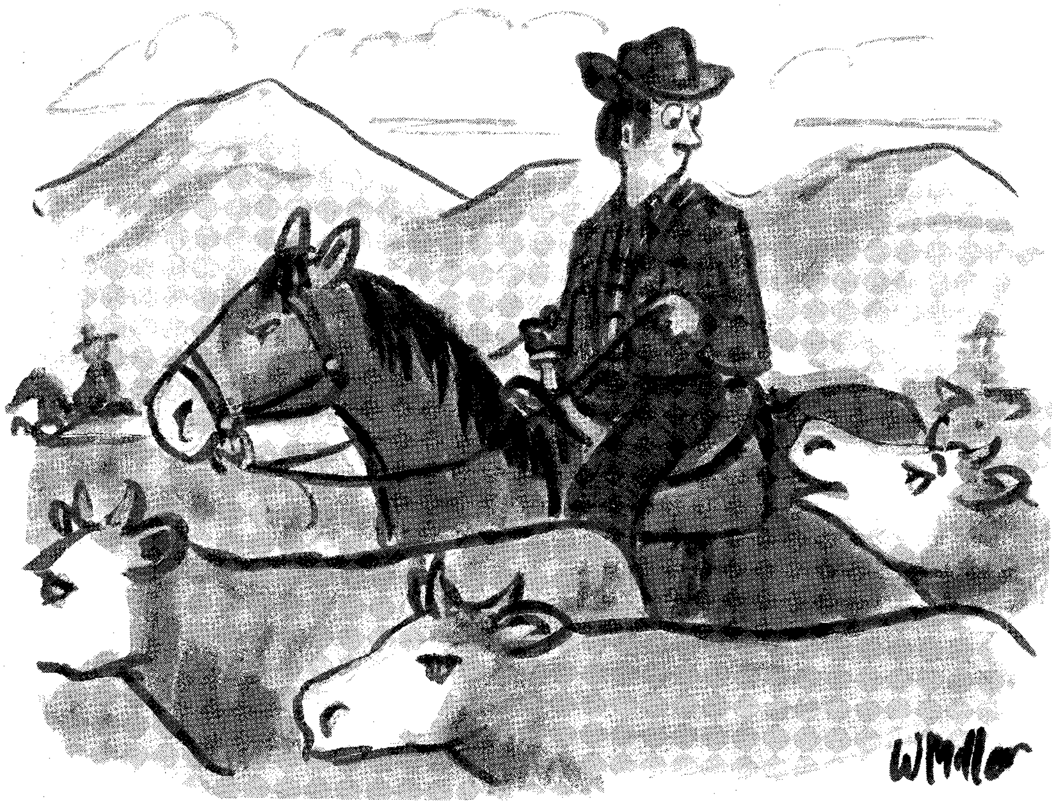
> The preparation of a catalogue may seem a *light task, to the inexperienced*, and to those who are unacquainted with the requirements of the learned world, respecting such works. In truth, however, there is no species of literary labor so arduous and perplexing. The peculiarities of titles are, like the idiosyncracies of authors, innumerable.

In 1850, the librarian of the American Antiquarian Society was asked to

FANTASY · BY ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

THE NEW FORTY-SECOND STREET?


Aladdin
HASHISH EMPORIUM
Goofy's Massage Parlor
Pinocchio
THE HOUSE OF WOODEN DREAMS
NOW SHOWING Mickey Mouse and Daisy Duck
IN HOT LIPS
UNFEATHERED VERSION
COMING SOON Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
UNENDING HI-HO HI-HO-INGS!!!
90 MINUTES OF GRUMPINGS!!!
X-RATED SNEEZINGS!!!
The Three Little Pigs HAMBURGER JOINT
Joe Carioca's Peep Show
NOW PLAYING X-RATED! TO HIS BARE BONES PLUTO IN DOG DAY AFTERNOON
CINEMA AN' A I AN' A II AN' A III
ALL NUDE SHOW!
LUSTY TWIRLING HIPPOPOTAMUSES!!!
LIBIDINOUS SWINGING RHINOCEROSES!!!
THE SEXIEST OSTRICHES IN TOWN!!!
FANTASIA
A VOYEUR'S DELIGHT!
COMING ATTRACTIONS HORACE HORSECOLLAR AND CLARABELLE IN DEEP THROAT!
The Reluctant DRAGON in KISSES OF FIRE
Cinderella in Let's have a Ball!
WANNA GO OUT?
NO
SAVE YOUR SOUL
POLICE VICE SQUAD



"Love your jeans."

produce a new catalogue for the society. "Men have become insane," the agitated librarian responded,

> in their efforts to reduce these labors to a system; and several instances are recorded where life has been sacrificed in consequence of the mental and physical exertion required for the completion of a catalogue in accordance with the author's view of the proper method of executing such a task.

One Sunday, feeling only semi-sane myself, I called up Jim Ranz, retired Dean of the Libraries of the University of Kansas, from whose immortal monograph "The Printed Book Catalogue in American Libraries: 1723-1900" (1964) this last quotation is taken, and I asked him to comment on the passing of card catalogues. Mr. Ranz was not terribly concerned about their fate. "Retention of a card catalogue would have to be a pretty low priority in most libraries," he said. What he really wanted to talk about was Charles Ammi Cutter (1837-1903), the author of what is in Mr. Ranz's opinion the finest library catalogue ever made. Cutter's masterpiece is the five-volume catalogue of the Boston Athenæum, published between 1874 and 1882. "I'm not sure he wasn't the greatest cataloguer that lived," Mr. Ranz told me. The work is three thousand four hundred and two pages long, and is elaborately and commonsensically cross-referenced; it cost the Athenæum almost a hundred thousand dollars to produce. It is still of interest and utility to historians—as is the card catalogue for the Athenæum, which Cutter also developed. So far, the library has held on to its original cards.

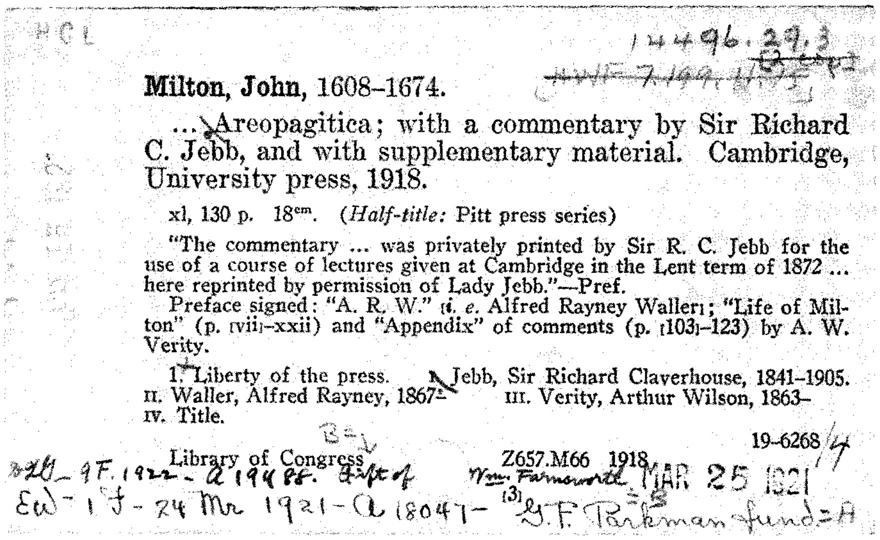
Surely, I insisted to Harvard's Dale Flecker, the Boston Athenæum's card catalogue, at the very least, ought to be preserved. "Oh, I don't know," Mr. Flecker replied. His indifference makes sense, in a way, since he couldn't very well advocate the preservation of the Athenæum's catalogue and at the same time defensibly jettison the older and equally rich public catalogue at Harvard. The young Charles Cutter had given his energy to Harvard's cards, too; while working for Ezra Abbot, who was Harvard's Assistant Librarian from 1856 to 1872, he had refined his theories about how people actually perform subject searches and what they require from a library's finding list. In 1861, Ezra Abbot instituted one of the first card catalogues that was "freely and conveniently accessible," in his words, "to all who use the Library." By the turn of the century, the traditional bound catalogue had become a technical impossibility for large libraries, and card catalogues, predominantly handwritten (despite the existence by then of early typewriters), were everywhere.

In January, 1901, the Library of Congress began printing its catalogue cards in quantity and selling them in sets to any library that wanted them. These cards—elegant in their own way, accurate, highly readable, and cheap—took off. Even Cutter himself (with good grace, since his advocacy implied the eventual death of his own artful system of subject classification) recommended the purchase of Library of Congress cards, writing in 1904 that "any new library would be very foolish not to make its catalog mainly of *them*." And libraries obeyed. A 1969 study of a thousand nine hundred and twenty-six randomly selected cards, all plucked from drawers of the shelf list at Rice University's Fondren Library, found the following kinds:

15 handwritten
1,275 unmodified Library of Congress
68 modified Library of Congress
472 typewritten
96 miscellaneous, describing maps, musical scores, serials, etc.

(This same pre-computer-age study, published by M.I.T., determined that the average number of cards in a drawer was eight hundred and twenty-six, that the typical book represented by a card was 276.6 pages long, and that the growth rate of Rice's library holdings closely tracked that of the United States gross national product.)

The Library of Congress's handiwork dominated card cataloguedom through the early seventies. In 1968, it was distributing about a thousand cards a minute, for around five cents a card. Meanwhile, Fred Kilgour, a chemist turned librarian, sensing that the Library of Congress was failing to exploit the full possibilities of its newly developed machine-readable cataloguing techniques, formed O.C.L.C. and became, among many other things, the catalogue-card printer for the world. (O.C.L.C. sprang up in Ohio, according to Kilgour, because "in Ohio, and in the eastern Midwest, people in general are more willing to accept calculated risk with reference to innovation.") Since 1970, O.C.L.C. has printed 1.8 billion catalogue cards on its high-volume line printers: they're the ones with the distinctive, slightly jaunty typewriter-esque typeface. Though they cost slightly more than Library of Congress cards, O.C.L.C. would automatically sort your duplicates any way you wanted—all together in one alphabet, say, or separately alphabetized for the subject catalogue, the author-title catalogue, and the shelf list. (A shelf list is a card catalogue arranged in call-number order; cataloguers use it to help them shelve like books with like.) Since the labor involved in filing cards is an enormous part of the cost of maintaining a card catalogue, O.C.L.C.'s adaptable presorting was a real advantage, and for years O.C.L.C. was esteemed as a card-printing service even by universities that (like Princeton) sniffed at the quality of its growing database.



HCL

14496.29.3

Milton, John, 1608–1674.

...Areopagitica; with a commentary by Sir Richard C. Jebb, and with supplementary material. Cambridge, University press, 1918.

xl, 130 p. 18cm. (*Half-title:* Pitt press series)

"The commentary ... was privately printed by Sir R. C. Jebb for the use of a course of lectures given at Cambridge in the Lent term of 1872 ... here reprinted by permission of Lady Jebb."—Pref.

Preface signed: "A. R. W." [i. e. Alfred Rayney Waller]; "Life of Milton" (p. [vii]–xxii) and "Appendix" of comments (p. [103]–123) by A. W. Verity.

1. Liberty of the press. I. Jebb, Sir Richard Claverhouse, 1841–1905. II. Waller, Alfred Rayney, 1867– III. Verity, Arthur Wilson, 1863– IV. Title.

19-6268

Library of Congress Z657.M66 1918

[3]

MAR 25 1921

[illegible] 9 F. 1922 – a 1914 88. Gift of Wm. Farnsworth

Ew – 1 f – 24 Mr 1921 – a 18047 – G. F. Parkman fund = A

A standard Library of Congress catalogue card for a 1918 edition of Milton's "Areopagitica," with annotations by Harvard librarians.

But it was the massive database itself that became O.C.L.C.'s real triumph. For a fee, a library became an O.C.L.C. member and got one or more dedicated Beehive terminals (advanced for their time, able to handle the diacritics that cataloguers needed, when other computer interfaces generally offered only capital letters), each linked to Ohio. For two dollars per title, a member cataloguer could look through O.C.L.C.'s records to see whether the book before her had already been catalogued by somebody else—either by the Library of Congress (whose MARC records O.C.L.C. bought and loaded into its database) or by another member library (each of which was identified by a three-letter tag). If she found a record, and the record looked good, she would request that O.C.L.C. print up a set of cards for it and send them to her. In this way, a library could eventually relegate a good deal of the cataloguing work that had once been performed by degreed professionals to lower-paid clerks and student assistants.

And the brilliance of Kilgour's enterprise was that if the cataloguer did not find a record, she could undertake to describe the book herself, and contribute her work to the system as a "master record" for that book, for the good of all members. She wrote a sort of poem, following a set of rules more rigorous than a villanelle's; she sent it off to people in Ohio who published it for her; and then she got paid a few dollars—in the form of a cataloguing credit against future O.C.L.C. charges. The more fresh "copy" a cataloguing department offered O.C.L.C., the cheaper its use of O.C.L.C. was, and thus there was plenty of incentive for all libraries, engaged in the creation of a kind of virtual community long before there were such things as the Internet, to pump up the burgeoning database. What began mainly as a handy, unilateral way of delivering the Library of Congress MARC files to member libraries turned into a highly democratic, omnidirectional collaboration among hundreds of thousands of once isolated documentalists: currently, there are close to thirty million records in the database, only a quarter of which originally came from the Library of Congress, the majority being the work of nearly seven thousand member libraries.

But amid this public-spirited hubbub there were some signs of trouble. "Distributed computing," in the recent words of Paul Lindner, one of the architects of Gopherspace, on the Internet, "is like driving a wagon pulled by a thousand chickens"—and distributed cataloguing, although its principal database is anchored in central Ohio, exhibits a similar noisy, gabbling, drifting quality. Quality was, indeed, a serious problem from the start: predictably, some libraries were much more careful and skillful at describing books than others. Wright State University, out of misguided zeal or a lust for cataloguing credits, reportedly pushed thousands of unwholesome records into the O.C.L.C. database—at least, Wright State is often dumped on now, perhaps undeservedly, by the folklorists of O.C.L.C. history. Libraries began to "blacklist" institutions whose three-letter tags were sure signs of bibliographic corruption. "The scuttlebutt got around fast as to who did sloppy cataloguing," one librarian told me. In truth, though, everyone made mistakes. The interactive, coöperative group authorship of a resource of this complexity was something utterly new, and, since O.C.L.C. exercised no editorial control over the contributions pouring in from its members, the cumulative perils of Fred Kilgour's forward-thinking system took perhaps longer than they should have to emerge.

One source of entropy was O.C.L.C.'s laissez-faire concept of the "master record." The very first attempt to catalogue a book on the database, no matter how unmasterly, how inadequate it might be to the needs of other libraries, became by default the "master record" for that book. For years—until, in 1984, O.C.L.C. granted a small group of libraries enhanced-member status, allowing them to improve upon

GRIEF

I recognize those two full bottles, shared from hand
to hand, relieved of Campari or Martini Rosso
and tipping out a frothy wickedness I had forgot,
the summer light stretched to breaking point
across the park. At their age, it's work to drink like that.

Loiterers beneath a Victorian clock stuck at noon,
the eldest craves a more demanding role—
Oh, j'ai mal à la tête. Je me sens malade—
one of elegant degradation; if he only knew how.

Odd, how blond they are, as if from the same gene pool:
the final drop of darkness emptied out from all eight
of those naughty children, cool sentinels, the impostors.

—EVA SALZMAN

faulty or skimpy records they encountered on their own—any sort of change to the master record was a laborious manual process. Even when a cataloguer noticed the typo herself a week after she had conclusively pressed the SEND key at her terminal, she could not (if another library had tagged the record with its initials by then) correct her mistake onscreen; she had to fill out an error report and mail it (not electronically but with a stamp) to O.C.L.C. I have heard librarians and professors of library science mention errors enshrined in the O.C.L.C. database that they haven't bothered to take the time to try to fix—in some cases, serious errors affecting the retrievability of books to which they themselves have contributed.

The other serious weakness of the O.C.L.C. database was its lack of "authority control"—librarianship's grand term for the act of naming entities (people, churches, government departments, periodicals, subject headings, and so on) consistently. Assume, to take a simple example using a university database, that you are assigned the task of cataloguing an eminently hummable document by a person (an "authority") named Pjotr Iljics Csajkovszkij. Who is he? Is he perhaps the same individual as P. I. Cajkovskij? And does P. I. Cajkovskij bear some intimate relation to P. Caikovskis? Could it be that Peter Iljitch Tschaikowsky, Peter Iljitch Tchaikowsky, Pjotr Iljc Ciaikovsky, P. I. Cajkovskij, Peter Iljitsj Tsjaikovsky, Piotr Czajkowski, P. I. Chaikovsky, Pjotr Iljics Csajkovszkij, Pjotr Iljietsj Tsjaikovskiej, Pjotr Ilitj Tjajkovskij, P. Caikovskis, Petr Il'ich Chaikovskii, 1840-1893, Peter Illich Tchaikovsky, 1840-1893, Peter Ilych Tchaikovsky, 1840-1893, and Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, 1840-1893, are actually all the same man? If so (and this degree of variation is by no means unusual for voluminous authors, most of them less well-known than Tchaikovsky), the computer has to be informed of that fact outright; otherwise, symphonies and string serenades will be sprinkled haphazardly over the alphabet and a searcher won't have any idea what he is missing.

Authority control has always bedevilled the makers of catalogues, and the bigger the catalogue, the more eras of publishing history it covers, the hairier things become. For Sirine and Sirin and Nabokoff-Sirin, *see* Nabokov. For *House & Garden*, see *HG*. For Alexander Drawcansir, Petrus Gualterus, Conny Keyber, Scriblerus Secundus, John Trottplaid, and Hercules Vinegar, *see* Fielding, Henry (1707-1754). For Ogdred Weary and St. John Gorey, *see* Gorey, Edward (1925-   ). In the late seventies, the second version of the *Anglo-American* cataloguing rules caused a convulsion of despair in libraries when it demanded that Samuel Clemens be officially called Mark Twain, just because more of his books appeared under his primary pseudonym than under his real name. The whine of power erasers was heard through the land. (In librarianship, "eraser lung" was the seventies equivalent of carpal-tunnel syndrome.) It is safe to say, however, that the apostles of St. MARC completely failed to foresee how abysmally poor the computer would be at grasping the concept of human identity. A person—even a fairly inattentive person—paid to file cards in a card catalogue all day can tell that "Alexander the Great, 356-323. B. c." is the same man as "Alexander, the Great, 356-323 b.c." and "Alexandria the Great, 356-323 B.C"; we would also expect him to sense the unitary presence behind cards for "Montagu, Lady Mary (Pierrepont) Wortley, 1689-1762" and "Montagu, Mary (Pierrepont) Wortley, Lady" and "Montagu, Mary Pierrepont Wortley, Lady, 1689-1762"—to use examples from one on-line catalogue. "The card catalogue," as Tom Delsey, of the National Library of Canada, wrote in 1989, "exhibited a relatively high tolerance for deviation from literal and logical norms. . . . Typographical errors or inconsistencies in headings could be silently corrected in the process of filing the card; added entries that did not match exactly the corresponding main entry on the card to which they were related could nevertheless be placed in their proper sequence in the file."

The O.C.L.C. database, on the other hand, was, until quite recently, intolerant of deviation. Authors get married, they receive honorific titles, they die and have a year put to the right of the hyphen. Or suddenly the *Times* starts spelling Mao Tse-tung "Mao Zedong." In the face of all this bewildering variability, the object of a catalogue, as Charles Cutter himself suggested in his "Rules for a Printed Dictionary Catalogue," is to group together, or collocate, all the works by a given writer, and all the editions of a given work by a given writer, and all the works about a given writer's work, and all the biographies of a given writer, in the proper groups and subgroups, rationally.

For instance, we would prefer (this example is from a search of Harvard's HOLLIS, which I did in October), when attempting to view the books written by Alfred Tennyson, that they weren't arbitrarily distributed under three separately alphabetized, unpunctuated headings: TENNYSON ALFRED TENNYSON BARON 1809 1892 and TENNYSON ALFRED TENNYSON 1ST BARON 1809 1892 and TENNYSON ALFRED TEN-

NYSON 1809 1892. Moreover, it would be nice if the first work listed as by TENNYSON ALFRED TENNYSON BARON 1809 1892 (in response to the command "Find Au Tennyson") were in fact a work *by* Alfred Tennyson, and not a work by Tuningius, Gerardus (1566-1610), called "Apophthegmata graeca, latina, italica, gallica, hispanica" ("Imperfect: title-page slightly mutilated"), that happens to be autographed on the front endpaper by Tennyson. And we would prefer that the *second* work listed as by Alfred Tennyson were not "The Kraken: for solo trombone," by Deborah Barnekow, 7 pp. (1978). (Ms. Barnekow is right, though: if Tennyson's sea monster played an instrument, it probably would be the trombone.) It would be nice, too, if "Neuronal Information Transfer," co-edited by Virginia Tennyson, didn't intrude between several books published by the Tennyson Society and a tempting entry for a work called "Tennysoniana"—an entry that, when I accepted it, plucked me from the Tennyson list and dropped me into a list of twenty-three books by SHEPHERD RICHARD HERNE 1842 1895, none of which was "Tennysoniana." (Many of these oddities mysteriously disappeared shortly before this article went to press, but there are thousands more. A quick check of HOLLIS on March 21st revealed that Bolingbroke, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Edward Bulwer-Lytton, and Bernard Berenson all have works wrongly segregated under at least three different forms of their names. Charles George Lamb's "Alternating Currents" and Charles W. Lamb, Jr.,'s "The Market for Guayule Rubber" come between editions of Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia." And four hundred and sixty-two records for works by Thomas Macaulay are separately alphabetized under *eight* versions of his name.) I have no doubt that Dale Flecker believed what he was saying when he told me that "the machine catalogue is in almost no cases worse and in most cases better than the card catalogue was." But in my experience, five minutes with any on-line catalogue is sufficient time to uncover states of disorder which simply would not have arisen in what library administrators call a "paper environment."

WHEN I visited O.C.L.C., some of the staff freely admitted to me that card catalogues currently do a better job of collocation than on-line catalogues do. "We're only partway there," Barbara Strauss, then a Senior Product Support Specialist at O.C.L.C., told me. (Ms. Strauss "knows cataloguing like your tongue knows the inside of your mouth," one of her colleagues said.) Her boss, Martin Dillon, the director of O.C.L.C.'s Library Resources Management Division, recently told an interviewer that browsing the O.C.L.C. database using "keyword indexes, author indexes, and subject-term indexes shed a harsh light on misspellings and errors of all types." A random sample in one 1989 O.C.L.C. study found a hundred and ten separate records for Tobias Smollett's "The Expedition of Humphry Clinker" in the database, nearly half of which were potential duplicates, kept separate by minuscule variations and typos. You have to feel sorry for the sophomore accounting major who is hired as a part-time "copy-cataloguer" by his university's library, given a few days' training, and handed an old edition of "Clinker" left to his university's library by an alumnus; you have to forgive him when, having drifted for a time through some of the seemingly endless, code-disfigured series of records, looking for a hit, he swears, gives up, and decides that it's faster just to make up another record on the fly, further cluttering the system with the hundred-and-eleventh "edition" of "The Expedition of Humphry Clinker."

In the past few years, fortunately,

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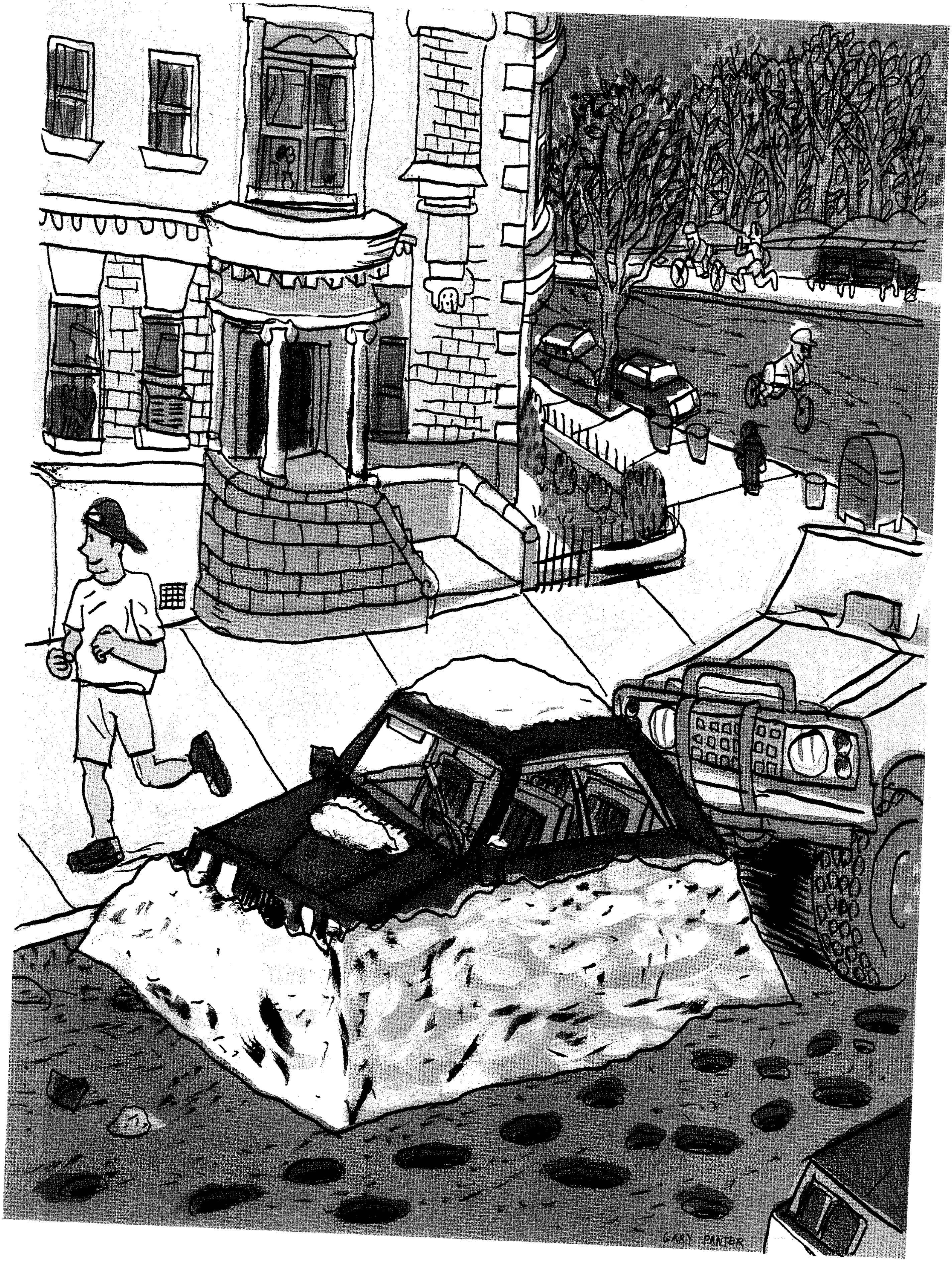
O.C.L.C. has done a lot of automated cleanup. (The cleanup has to be automated, for, laments Martin Dillon, "when databases get as large as ours the contribution of individual humans is severely limited. The task is so large that no practical number of humans could handle it.") O.C.L.C.'s "DDR" software—"Duplicate Detection and Resolution"—which was first installed in 1991, compares two records at as many as fourteen points and decides whether they stand for the same book, and thus should be fused, or not: if they differ only by an ellipsis (. . .) at the end of a truncated subtitle, say, or if one calls the publisher "Wiley" and the other calls it "John Wiley & Sons," the two become one. Common but hard-to-see typos like "Great Britian" and "Untied States" no longer force fictional duplicates. Over six hundred thousand redundant records are gone as a result of this work. And O.C.L.C. is now refining authority-control software that becomes more experienced—crisscrossed by more specific links among separate forms of the same person's name, for example—the more it works through new data. Millions of orphaned records have been united since 1990. (There have been a few embarrassments along the way, naturally: "Madonna" was globally altered by O.C.L.C. to "Mary, Blessed Virgin, Saint" as part of an authority-control routine—a change that, before it was corrected, caused problems for libraries interested in cataloguing the recent work of Ms. Ciccone.)

But no matter how clever and successful O.C.L.C.'s new quality-control efforts are, they mainly benefit those libraries that have not yet converted their catalogues. Countless old errors and inconsistencies are out there still, like indolent computer viruses, doing mischief to scholarship in the local on-line catalogues of the libraries that "reconned" early on. Having paid millions in fees to O.C.L.C. for the use of its database, university libraries must now scrape up the cash to pay for authority-control software just so that their on-line catalogue will perform the minimal tasks that Charles Cutter expected of the card catalogue as a matter of course. The University of Chicago, even as it pays O.C.L.C.'s RETROCON department to convert cards relating to the classics, philosophy, and American literature (at a cost of around two dollars a card), is contemplating paying Blackwell North America, Inc., a database processor, at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a onetime authority-control grooming. The CARL Corporation, in Denver, Colorado, charges in the six figures to license its authority-control application to a major university library. This can all suddenly seem very unfuturistic and sad—sad because the cost of technology now consumes nearly thirty per cent of the typical American library's budget, according to one estimate, forcing it to cut book purchases, reference staff, and skilled cataloguers, and sad because the technology that libraries are actually buying turns out to be remedial software meant to correct the hash that earlier technologies have made of information once safely stored on paper.

What we have already begun seeing, in fact, especially at state universities with dwindling budgets, is a kind of self-inflicted on-line hell, in which the libraries are forced to continue to pay paraprofessionals to convert their huge card catalogues, since they've already pillaged the paper database to the point where its integrity is unrestorable, and yet they aren't able to afford the continuous hardware and software upgrades necessary to make the growing mass of on-line records function together adequately. They can't go back, and they don't have the money to go forward. I'm thinking, for instance, of U.C. Berkeley. Berkeley has one of the best research collections in the world, and the quality of its cataloguing over the past hundred and twenty-five years has been unusually high. Thus, its card catalogue and its shelf list were filled with richly detailed, accurate, intelligent cards, many of which were sent to Maureen Finn's RETROCON staff for conversion, sent back, and recycled. But higher education is in serious trouble in California, and, as a result, Berkeley has chosen not to pay Maureen Finn for a premium RETROCON job. For about two dollars a card, Berkeley is getting a middling RETROCON—better than Harvard's but still very plain. Typically, an O.C.L.C. operator takes a Berkeley card, finds a match in the database as fast as he or she can, and accepts what the database offers, without being able to spend additional time entering the supplemental (or superior) information—the notes, the subject tracings, the holdings records—that the original card may contain. "The standards of conversion were; of necessity, because of lack of funds and lack of staff, not exquisitely high," one Berkeley employee told me. Because it can't afford better, Berkeley (like Harvard, like hundreds of other libraries) is paying O.C.L.C. not to improve but often to denature and mediocritize its records of old and out-of-print material. "No matter how good it is," the employee said, "you throw away that card and, in some cases, accept something that's inferior."

Berkeley's subject catalogue is already gone. Though it was more or less frozen in the nineteen-eighties, it was nonetheless very efficient for some kinds of searches: if the primary sources in your field were published in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, you don't want your retrievals spread among the thousands of irrelevant records that a mechanical database subject haul brings up. Any drawer of an out-of-date paper catalogue represents the equivalent of a filtered computer search, a Boolean date-limited search, of a very sophisticated sort—in fact, one drawer represents the outcome of a kind of search that most on-line catalogues can't and won't ever be able to perform, since it offers clues to what books were in the library during different eras. If in seventy years a historian of science (say) wants to know whether some Nobel-laureate physics professor could possibly have seen and been influenced by a certain out-of-the-way Dutch mathematical monograph from the thirties which bears important similarities to his work—whether, that is, it was part of the library's collection during the period when the professor was developing his ideas or was acquired only after the professor's papers were published (perhaps acquired by the library as a gift from the professor's estate, in fact, because the professor was sent the monograph by the Dutchman himself, anxious to establish primacy)—the historian of science will have little chance of finding an answer to his question now,

THE LAST HOLDOUT


GARY PANTER

because the computer record will bear the (to him) meaningless date of the retrospective conversion of the card, i.e., sometime in the late eighties or early nineties, which has no relation to the time that the card was originally produced (and the book placed on the shelf), whereas the original card, even if it bore no direct date of creation, would have exhibited distinct features (typewriter style, format, cataloguing conventions) that might have enabled a catalogue-card paleographer to place it within a five-year period.

Why, then, did library administrators order the Berkeley subject catalogue destroyed? Was it really just to have the space for eight study tables? Admittedly, eight study tables, incised with the inevitable obscene drawings, declarations of love, and reciprocal ethnic slurs, and populated with thirty or forty pre-midterm Psych 101 students making soft sighing noises with their pungent highlighters and burping like moss-gorged moose from time to time for comic effect, is a noble sight to have in a library. But is it a reasonable trade-off? Library administrators always use the magical phrase "out of space" when they want to get rid of something, but this in no way constitutes an argument. Libraries have been running out of space since the Sumerians first impassioned clay, because tablets and scrolls and manuscripts and books and microforms and computer disks tend to take *up* space, and their numbers inevitably grow. There are countless duplicates of old textbooks from the sixties and seventies on the shelves of most university libraries; scholarly and scientific journals probably pump more non-unique paper into Berkeley's library system every few months than was contained in its unique subject catalogue. A library continues to buy books, and it selects what it throws out on the basis of what it judges is of value to present and future users of the library: the need for space is merely a constant, S_{need}, in every decision to acquire or discard.

Administrators are singling out card catalogues, I think, not as a last resort but as a first resort, because *they hate them.* They feel cleaner, lighter, healthier, more polyunsaturated, when all that thick, butter-colored paper is gone. (One Berkeley administrator was heard saying, "Oh, we're just going to get rid of those junky old cards. Nobody uses the subject catalogue anyway.") "Resist the impulse to burn those old cards," gaily cautions one article on retrospective conversion, since "the staff will experience withdrawal symptoms." The impulse to burn is there, it seems to me, because library administrators (more often male than female) want so keenly to distance themselves from the quasi-clerical associations that surround traditional librarianship—the filing, the typing, the shelving, the pasting, the labelling. Librarianship, they think (rightly), hasn't received the respect it deserves. The card catalogue is to them a monument not to intergenerational intellect but to the idea of the lowly, meek-and-mild public librarian as she exists in the popular mind. The archetype, though they know it to be cheap and false, shames them; they believe that if they are disburdened of all that soiled cardboard, they will be able to define themselves as Brokers of Information and Off-Site Hypertextual Retrievalists instead of as shy, bookish people with due-date stamps and wooden drawers to hold the nickel-and-dime overdue fines, with Read-to-Your-Child posters over their heads and February-Is-Black-History-Month bookmarks at their fingertips. The proponents of computerization are such upbeat boosters of the library's potential role in the paperless society (Fred Kilgour once wrote that "not having to go to a library is a very important improvement in providing library service," and when asked in an end-of-career interview whether he felt there was any possible downside to library automation, he thought for a moment and replied, "I can't think of any negative effect") that library managers are encouraged to forget—are eventually frightened even to admit—that their principal job is to keep millions of used books dry and lend them out to people. When we redefine libraries as means rather than as physical places—as conduits of knowledge rather than as physical buildings filled with physical books—we may think that the new, more "visionary," more megatrendy definition embraces the old, but in fact it doesn't: the removal of the concrete word "books" from the library's statement of purpose is exactly the act that allows misguided administrators to work out their hostility toward printed history while the rest of us sleep.

Victoria Roberts

"You'll just have to go elsewhere for a sense of wonder."

AGAIN, lest we become confused and forgetful, the function of a great library is to store obscure books. This is above all the task we want libraries to perform: to hold on to books that we don't want enough to own, books of very limited appeal, unshielded by racks of Cliffs Notes or ubiquitous citations or simple notoriety. A book whose presence you crave at your bedside or whose referential or snob value you think you will need throughout life, you buy. Libraries are repositories for the out of print and the less desired, and we value them inestimably for that. The fact that most library books seldom circulate is part of the mystery and power of libraries. The books are there, waiting from age to age until their moment comes. And in the case of any given book, its moment may never come—but we have no way of predicting that, since we are unable to know now what a future time will find of interest.

So the incremental value of any one library book, even a rare and costly book, is tiny. The value of a huge collection isn't immeasurably increased by the acquisition of some out-of-date 1943 monograph on, say, granary design. And, conversely, the loss of any one book does no obvious harm to the whole. If an operator reverses two numbers in transferring the call number for a book from a card, causing you to look for the book on a shelf where it isn't, how terrible is that? The numerical typos and coding errors in on-line catalogues that (particularly in our era of closed stacks) result in the complete disappearance of a title for the seeker—in its effective, though not physical, loss, its total unfindability, its sinking from view—can't compel outrage, or make headlines in academia, because most titles are in the minds of no more than five or ten people at a time. Sometimes the only person who has devoted fifteen minutes of mental receptivity and appreciation to a book, aside from its author and (with luck) its publisher, is the cataloguer at the library who described it for the O.C.L.C. database. If a hundred thousand volumes disappeared at random from the shelves of a major university library in a single night, it might take weeks or months before graduate students compared their puzzling shelf experiences and slowly realized that something big, something on the order of "Fahrenheit 451," had taken place. And yet, despite the insignificance of any individual wheat stalk of a book in relation to the total Nebraska of print, we demand that libraries exercise extraordinary care to preserve the ephemera they have on their shelves; we want them to get right to work microfilming or digitizing whatever starts crumbling; we want to trust that when we pass through a university library's entrance turnstile we aren't going to be missing too much of the inspiringly miscellaneous assembly of all that has been done and thought.

"This here is a little number I wrote when I recovered a repressed memory."

We certainly don't think that because a book may wait a decade or three between checkouts the library should necessarily cull it. And even if we do consent to the culling, and forgive the library for laying it out on the twenty-five-cent table, we are unlikely to agree that *all* copies of that book, in all libraries, private and public, ought to be rooted out and destroyed. We want the book to continue to exist somewhere, not to go extinct, because in some later ecosystem of knowledge it may be put to some surprising use—a cautionary use, a comic use, a cultural-historical use. And unforeseen secondary uses await the book that every library is certain to have self-published, as well. By studying Haverford's card catalogue, Michael Stuart Freeman, Librarian of Haverford College, was able to determine when his predecessors deployed their first typewriter (it was during the summer of 1916)—a tiny fact, perhaps, but one of sufficient interest to Freeman that he published a brief paper which discussed the history of typewriters in libraries. Freeman kept several handwritten cards as samples ("I save a few, because I'm a sentimentalist," he confided to me); but once his own passing curiosity was satisfied, he dumped the rest of his catalogue.

PUT in mind of mass extinctions and systems analysis, I got in touch with Jim Bradley, a programmer-analyst at the Computer Services department of Berkeley's College of Natural Resources and the author of an unfinished entomological dissertation entitled "Computer Tools for Pest Management: A Case Study of the Codling Moth." I asked him about retrospective conversion. "At universities, people get financial support if they're doing something sexy, and an awful lot of people that are running the over-all library operation today are not so much reference librarians as promoters of sexy modern technique," he promptly said. "The people who pay the bills want to get out of the stuff business. They don't want libraries to have anything *in* them." I fulminated ineffectually about the new typo layer in on-line catalogues, and he replied by making a point that seems to me undeniable: "I guess what we're really doing is we're having a short Dark Ages of scribalism as we transcribe from the original records into the electronic form. There's going to be that same blot on the historical record in our age as there was in the Middle Ages."

We should know better than to do this to ourselves. Or, if we do do this to ourselves—make a gigantic software upgrade of sorts from a paper database to an electronic one, because it's inevitable—we should, good systems managers that we are, have the sense to keep the old software around as a backup, in case Rev. 2.0 has strange bugs and doesn't perform as claimed. Charles Hildreth, a big name in library automation, said in a 1985 interview that "comparing the . . . card catalog to the on-line catalog is like comparing a bicycle to a space vehicle; they're both modes of transportation but that's where the similarities end." And the question is: Which mode do you really want to ride every day? Which is going to have the defective O-rings? Which is costlier? Which is likelier to drift aimlessly off into outer darkness? Which would you prefer to have your fourth grader ride? In a study of some fourth, sixth, and eighth graders carried out at the Downers Grove Public Library, in Illinois, Leslie Edmonds found that sixty-five per cent of the kids' card-catalogue searches were successful, versus only eighteen per cent of their on-line searches. No fourth graders used the on-line catalogue successfully. (They were asked to look up things like "Fire Stations," "Insects—Poetry," "Octopus Pie," and "The Curse of the Blue Figurine.")

1970

In the dressing room
of Venus Swim School,
a mossy, gothic darkness
canopied the slatted walls,

and chlorine-saturated
swim trunks filled the shed
with a note of panic—
time running out—

the drawstring forever
lost in the gauze space
where jock pouch joined the suit.
In this cove I waited

for my father to strip,
but he retreated into a booth's
obscurity, and changed,
aloof from my greedy surveillance.

Moral in the cabaña,
self-protective, shy,
he refused to become
one of my erotic collectibles.

Maybe he saw my gleaming
voyeur eye, and resisted.
Maybe he didn't want
to pander to a pervert son.

Or maybe I saw
more than I remember seeing:
maybe the withheld
glossiness revealed itself,

and I—afraid to offend
the gods who govern sequence,
telescopes, and night—
retained the picture

by forgetting it.
That summer I had no
erotic thoughts, none
that I can now recall:

only nectar, and privet, and shadow.

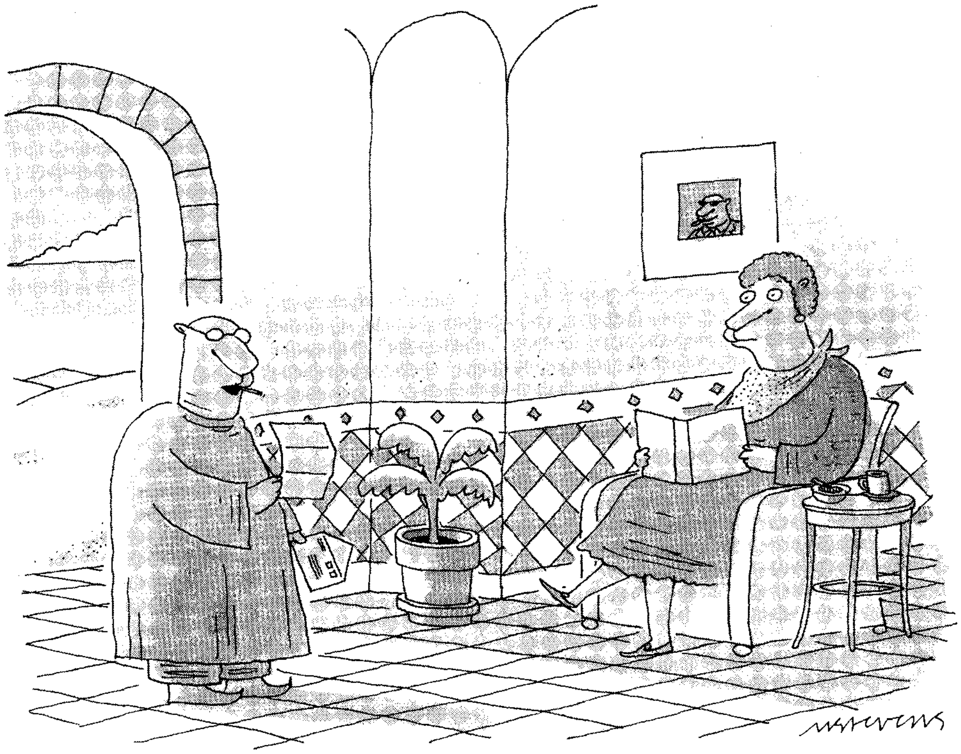
—Wayne Koestenbaum

And grownups have problems, too. There are many more ways to go astray if you must type your way to the call number for a book than if you can flip mutely through cards to one. In 1984, Jean Dickson, in "An Analysis of User Errors in Searching on Online Catalog," found that users of Northwestern's LUIS failed 39.5 per cent of the time to type in a title at a terminal in a way that would bring up the record for something that actually existed in the database. As one class of keyboard entries, she mentions "expressions of frustration" such as "Bleahh!" and "I hate this computer!" and various obscenities.

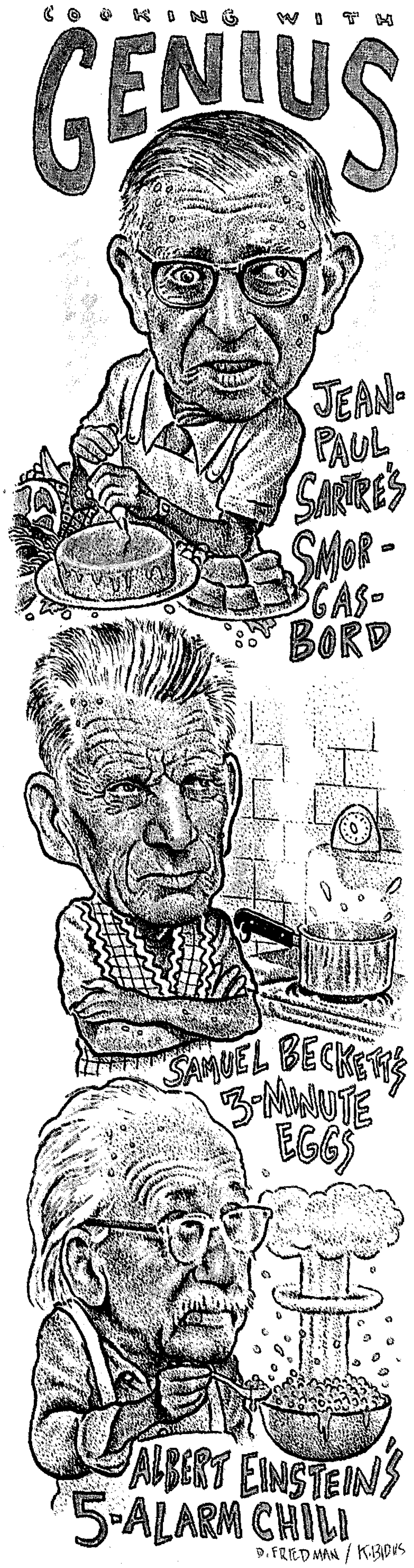
Under the "Bleahh!" subject heading may be adduced the Problem of Accelerating Typos. First, you type in a name and get no record. You think, Is it me, or is it that the library doesn't have anything by this person? You look at what you've typed. No obvious mistakes. You try again, several ways. Could this library possibly not have anything by this person? You have to decide whether it's a question of your having given a bad command, or a matter of a harder-to-spot typo, or a variant form of the writer's name. Some on-line catalogues require "A" as the author-search command, some "A=," some "FI PA" (for "Personal Author"), some "FI PN" (for "Personal Name"), some "FI AU," some "AUT" or a number from a menu. Some screens respond as soon as you've typed the magical letter, some want you to press Return to deliver the command. It's as if you walked up to a card catalogue you hadn't used in a while and weren't sure whether, in order to open a drawer, you were supposed to pull on the drawer handle, push on the drawer handle, twirl the brass end of the holding rod, or fart twice and sing "God Bless America" in a hoarse falsetto. Anger builds. You've forgotten whether you've already tried some variant, because your previous tries have disappeared off the screen. With anger comes poor typing. You can't know it, but you have finally found the proper command and the right form of the name—it's just that now you're so steamed that you're making basic typos every time. Finally everything gels, and you get 123 RECORDS RETRIEVED BY YOUR SEARCH, and then you learn, to your further dismay, how extremely long it takes to page through that seemingly small number of records ("at the simple touch of a button"), hitting Enter, Enter, Enter, or M, M, M, or F, F, F.

And if you persist in wanting to perform an on-line *subject* search, prepare for real uncertainties and dashed hopes and deep screen-scrolling tedium. The big technical push in the early development of on-line catalogues was for "known item" searching, in part because some card-catalogue studies seemed to show that library visitors don't do all that much in the way of subject queries. Most of us come to the library, it was thought, with a specific writer or title in mind. In a monumental year-long survey published in 1970, Ben-Ami Lipetz and his research assistants approached two thousand one hundred and thirty-four pedestrians in the area of the card catalogue at the Sterling Memorial Library at Yale, clipboard in hand, and politely said, "Please tell me precisely what you were about to do at the catalogue the moment I interrupted you." Eighty-four per cent had a title or an author or a specific bibliographic goal in mind, and only sixteen per cent were interested in browsing a set of subject cards. At least, that is what the respondents *said*. Subject searches are somewhat embarrassing, especially if you're a graduate student, and a graduate student at Yale (Yale graduate students used the catalogue more than undergraduates, according to the survey, and faculty used it least): it sounds better to say that you want to take a second look at some curious laudanum stains on the endpapers of the Surtees Society's "Catalogi veteres librorum Ecclesiae Cathedralis Dunelm" than to say that you've got to quick get some call numbers for a whole bunch of books under the heading of "Feudalism." Subject searches are obvious confessions of ignorance; author-title searches aren't, or aren't so straightforwardly.

After on-line catalogues began appearing, though, it was possible to analyze searches without interviews, by studying the computer's transaction logs. And scholars like Pauline Atherton Cochrane, of Syracuse University, found that people were *very* interested in subject searches—more interested now, possibly, because they (erroneously) thought that the computer would be better at them than cross-referenced card catalogues were. Sadly, on-line catalogues are terrible at subject searches; their noise level, in the informational sense, is incredible. Card catalogues have the sense not to shuffle together alphabetically the myriad subheadings for "labor" in the medical sense and "labor" in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. sense; the on-line catalogues I've seen don't. Card catalogues don't lump subheadings for traffic control in Alexandria, Virginia, together with ones for the lost library at Alexandria, Egypt, either. The "See also" card at the beginning of a set of subject entries in a card catalogue didn't yank you to another part of the catalogue, and abandon you there; it just suggested that you might want to expand your search in various directions if you didn't find enough where you stood. There is no real equivalent for this yet in on-line catalogues, nor is there an equivalent for guide cards—those that stick up above the rest, with typed headings—which constitute a sort of loose outline of knowledge built into the trays, and help you to keep your bearings. Card catalogues are "precoördinated," whereas on-line catalogues are still almost entirely "postcoördinated," which means that the burden of figuring out



"It's from young Joe. He's in hot water with someone named Joycelyn Elders."


COOKING WITH
GENIUS
JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S SMORGASBORD
SAMUEL BECKETT'S 3-MINUTE EGGS
ALBERT EINSTEIN'S 5-ALARM CHILI
D. FRIEDMAN / K. BIDUS

how the universe of subjects ought to be organized has been shifted away from the cards and onto you, the user, who must now master Boolean "AND NOT" operators and keyword trickery and crabwise movement by adjacent call numbers merely in order to block avalanches of irrelevancies.

I HAVE no doubt that it will all get better. That's the wonderful thing about software: it gets better. Soon it will be possible to browse big subjects like the Bible or Film or the Mafia or Pollution in a productive way, as we formerly could, instead of despairing when we get a message saying "YOUR SEARCH RETRIEVED 1,028 RECORDS." A thousand records, remember, is only a little more than one card drawer. My fingers could arpeggiate Lisztlessly through them, the lead hand's fingers feeding card clumps to the trailing hand, scanning, rejecting, repositioning, in a minute or two. But on-line, a thousand records is instant death right now. "Studies of online catalog use and users have uncovered a pair of problems that seem to be endemic in today's online catalog systems," Ray Larson, a professor at Berkeley's library school (or, as it is now called, the School of Information Management and Systems), wrote conclusively in 1991:

> These are: (1) a large percentage of subject searches fail to retrieve any bibliographic records; and (2) when subject searches succeed in retrieving records, they often retrieve too much material for the user to evaluate effectively.

Larson cites an earlier study of his own in which he found that the average number of on-line records retrieved in his sample was 77.5, whereas the average number that users actually took a look at was 9.1. The "futility point" in on-line searches—the point at which you give up and go with what you have—is, because of screen fatigue and the lethargy of system response, much lower than in card-catalogue searches. The life of the mind suffers as a result.

Not so for experienced on-liners, you may contend—those who have developed a feel for Library of Congress subject headings, and may even have the now indispensable four-volume "Library of Congress Subject Headings" open beside their keyboard—but if this is the case it is because, as Professor Larson neatly points out, "part of the experience acquired by 'experienced users' is frequent search failure and information overload when subject searching." Larson goes as far as to say that on-line catalogues "are, in effect, conducting a program of 'aversive operant conditioning' against subject searching by their users." You could, in fact, go Larson one better by hypothesizing that on-line catalogues are acting to reinforce the tendency toward mindless academic hyperspecialization, since any attempt to venture into areas in which one is a novice, using the library's basic search tool, is met with the sharp electric shock of a LONG SEARCH warning. Certainly it is truer now than ever that if you want your scholarship to be read, you had better find a way to maneuver it into the early letters of the alphabet, because on-line, nobody's getting much past the "G"s and "H"s.

Software engineers are clever and adaptable people. They have, more than most of us, profited speedily from their mistakes. We have leaped ahead from, say, the late-seventies computer catalogue at the University of Toronto Library, which reportedly included a program to rotate any "Sir" beginning a name entry to the end of the name: the program not only moved all the standalone "Sir"s but bestowed involuntary knighthood on writers like Ernest Sirluck (who was a professor at the University of Toronto at the time and an editor of, among other things, Milton's "Areopagitica"), turning him into "Luck, Ernest Sir." Any day now, information retrieval will be a new and amazing experience: "For the first time the catalog user will be freed from the tyranny of the linear sequences of A-Z and 0-9," Michael Gorman headily writes, in an anthology called "Closing the Catalog." We will cast off our letter fetters, he seems to promise, and soar. Envisioning what Gorman calls the "New Jerusalem" of the on-line catalogue, I can fantasize about one that would include an aging-and-fading component, so that the older a given database record is, the yellower (or pinker, or ocean-bluer) the screen would be at its corners, thereby offering us some of the instantaneous secondary information that cardboard offers us now. (Word-processing packages would also benefit from what might be called "AGE" or "OLD" utilities—for "Advanced Geriatric Engine" and "Optional

Latent Dogearing,” respectively.) And the more times a bibliographic record is called up by the users of the database, the darker will be the accumulation of random “grime pixels” in the top margin—though never so dark that they would interfere with legibility, of course, and every tenth retrieval might remove one grime dot rather than add one, since handling wears away previous deposits, too. We will be able to tour mind rooms full of three-dimensional representations of catalogue cabinets by gesticulating with our data gloves like armchair Shivas, so that we will have some intuitive sense of the size of the collection we are interrogating, just as we do now when we walk into the lobby of a library we haven’t visited before and size up its rows of cabinets; we will have ways to maintain a sense of where we are in the database, as we do now through drawer and cabinet labels, through guide cards, and through our subconscious feel for where the rest rooms and the circulation desk are; we will have screens whose resolution will be the equal of Library of Congress printed cards, or even of handwritten cards; we will be able to look at five or six records at a time, and to move forward and backward through eight-hundred-and-twenty-six-unit clusters of retrieved records with the rifflingly variable speeds we now attain over semi-pliant paper. All this and more will be ours in the years to come. But it isn’t ours yet, and Michael Gorman and his colleagues in “Closing the Catalog” were foretelling the ways that on-line techniques would free information retrieval from various alphanumeric tyrannies almost fifteen years ago. Today, if I take a stool in front of a University of California MELVYL screen and type, for instance, “BROWSE SU CENSORSHIP” (meaning “Please show me the subject headings relating to Censorship”), this is what I get back:

> LONG SEARCH: Your search consists of one or more very common words, which will retrieve over 800 headings and take a long time to complete. Long searches slow the system down for everyone on the catalog and often do not produce useful results. Please type HELP or see a reference librarian for suggestions.

If I type in “BRO SU ROME—HISTORY,” I get the same thing. So, too, if I’m curious about “AIR POLLUTION” or “BIRTH CONTROL” or “PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY” or “HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY,” or “BIBLE—HISTORY,” or even “INFORMATION STORAGE AND RETRIEVAL.” If I need some books on “LINGUISTICS” or “FOLKLORE” and ask MELVYL what it has, and I do so during normal working hours, I get a slightly different message:

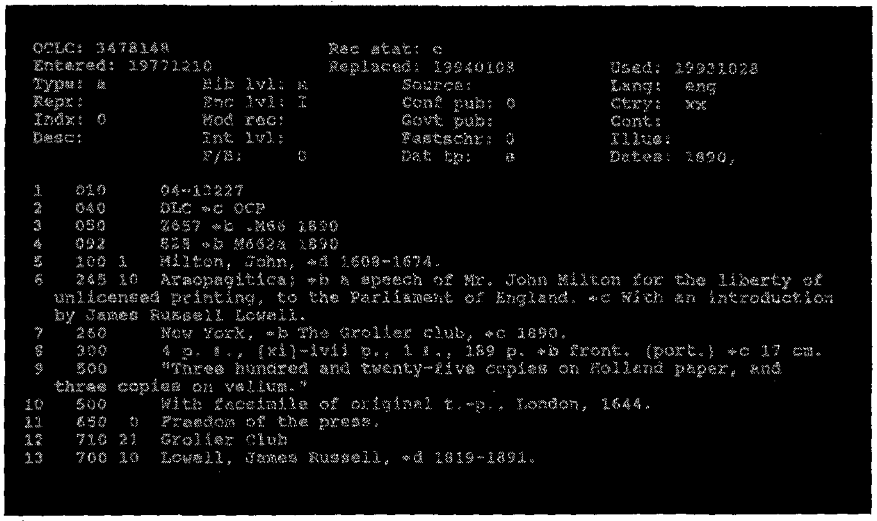
> PEAK LOAD RESTRICTION: Your search consists of a common word which would retrieve over 6,400 headings and would slow down the system. During peak load periods, your search cannot be completed. You may reissue your search to make it more specific, or try again during the evening or early morning.

None of those headings deserve a system rebuff. All of them are reasonable ways to begin a search—a search that we who have research papers, or dissertations, or mere essayistic tirades due might like to begin in the next few days, not two or five years from now, when the on-line catalogue has been improved to the point where it can comfortably accommodate this sort of inquiry. If there is already a big wooden machine in the library that is able to point us in a few directions without calling us users of “common” words and thereby hurting our feelings, maybe we should keep it. The fact that the card catalogue is no longer the necessary first stop in a visit to the library shouldn’t doom it. If nobody uses it for months at a time, stuff it away in the rare-books wing, or sequester it on a seldom visited sub-basement floor, crowded humbly among the Z shelves (Z is the call letter for bibliography and library science), like Mike Mulligan’s obsolete steam shovel. Or it could be pushed off to the far end of the reference room (one row of cabinets bolted on top of another to halve its footprint, the entire structure festooned with warnings that its information is not current), where it will gather exactly the same amount of dust as other big and usefully out-of-date library catalogues: Cutter’s, or the British Museum’s “General Catalogue of Printed Books,” or the magnificent pea-green-and-gold wall of the seven-hundred-and-fifty-six-volume “National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints.”

THERE are still some librarians who do what they can to save the card catalogues under their care. The librarian of the small, separate library-school library at Berkeley, Patricia Vanderberg, stores her two card cabinets in the stacks, out of range of the administrative eye, but she *has* kept them. They were edited by a now retired librarian named Virginia Pratt. Ms. Pratt “did some special things to that catalogue,” Patricia Vanderberg told me. The university, however, which is in a self-mutilating mood these days, plans to merge the library-school library with the main library, and before the merger there will be a severe culling; the card catalogue will almost certainly be thrown out. But for the time being, if some afternoon, depressed by thoughts of cardnage now in progress, you were to travel to the stacks of the library-school library, you could restore your good spirits by contemplating an unharmed, unshrunk, fully operational (though frozen) subject catalogue.

Fifty drawers compose it. They are made of blond wood. Pull out one of the C drawers, the one labelled “Catalogs.” Here are several guide cards: one for “Catalogs,” one for “Censorship,” one for “Children’s Literature.” Before you have read or touched a single card, you have learned something important about the library-school library, and even possibly about librarianship in general: the edges of the cards following the guide cards for “Censorship” and “Children’s Literature” are dark with handling, whereas the ones following “Catalogs” are not. Thus “Censorship” and “Children’s Literature” have over the years been of more interest to library-school students than “Catalogs” has. This is a surprise—at least, it was a surprise to me. Maybe it’s one reason we’re in this pickle.

And abruptly you realize, looking at these expressive dirt bands, that even the libraries, like Harvard and the New York Public Library and Cornell, who microfilmed or digitized some of their cards prior to destroying them have—by failing to capture any information at all about the relative reflectivity of the *edge* of each card—lost something of real interest, something eminently studiable. Who knows what a diligent researcher who photographed (from above, on a tripod) each close-packed drawer of Harvard's Widener catalogue with a high-contrast camera might find out, were he to correlate his spectrographic dirt-band records with the authors that, as distinct clumps, exhibited some darkening? Of course the "Kinsey" cards would be thoroughly dirt-banded—but which others? This is, or was, a cumulative set of scholarly Nielsen ratings for topics at twentieth-century Harvard which is perhaps more representative than any other means of surveying we have. Instead of tossing its catalogue out, Harvard ought to have persuaded a rich alumnus to endow a chair for dirt-band studies.



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OCLC: 3478148                    Rec stat: c
Entered: 19771210                Replaced: 19940103          Used: 19931028
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Repr:               Enc lvl: I          Conf pub: 0             Ctry:  xx
Indx: 0             Mod rec:            Govt pub:               Cont:
Desc:               Int lvl:            Festschr: 0             Illus:
                    F/B:      0         Dat tp:   s             Dates: 1890,

 1   010       04-12227
 2   040       DLC ✦c OCP
 3   050       Z657 ✦b .M66 1890
 4   092       825 ✦b M662a 1890
 5   100 1    Milton, John, ✦d 1608-1674.
 6   245 10   Areopagitica; ✦b a speech of Mr. John Milton for the liberty of
   unlicensed printing, to the Parliament of England. ✦c With an introduction
   by James Russell Lowell.
 7   260       New York, ✦b The Grolier club, ✦c 1890.
 8   300       4 p. ℓ., [xi]-lvii p., 1 ℓ., 189 p. ✦b front. (port.) ✦c 17 cm.
 9   500       "Three hundred and twenty-five copies on Holland paper, and
   three copies on vellum."
10   500       With facsimile of original t.-p., London, 1644.
11   650  0   Freedom of the press.
12   710 21   Grolier Club
13   700 10   Lowell, James Russell, ✦d 1819-1891.
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An edition of Milton's "Areopagitica" as it appears in the O.C.L.C. database.

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If, though (back at Berkeley's library-school library), you now take a glance at those two other major subjects in the still extant subject catalogue, the ones more popular than "Catalogs," and begin by flipping the "Censorship" guide card toward you, you will note that Virginia Pratt has prepared some helpful "See also" material, typed with a red typewriter ribbon on several different models of typewriter:

Censorship
SEE ALSO
Libraries—Censorship
Liberty of the press
Expurgated books
Prohibited books
Condemned books
Books and reading for youth—Censorship
Government information
Children—Books and Reading—Censorship
Book burning
Pornography

A second card goes on, still in red:

Censorship (continued)
SEE ALSO
Freedom of information
Audio-visual materials—Censorship
Libraries—[Place name]—Censorship
Young adults—Books and reading—Censorship
Textbooks—Censorship
School libraries—Censorship

And then in black there follows:

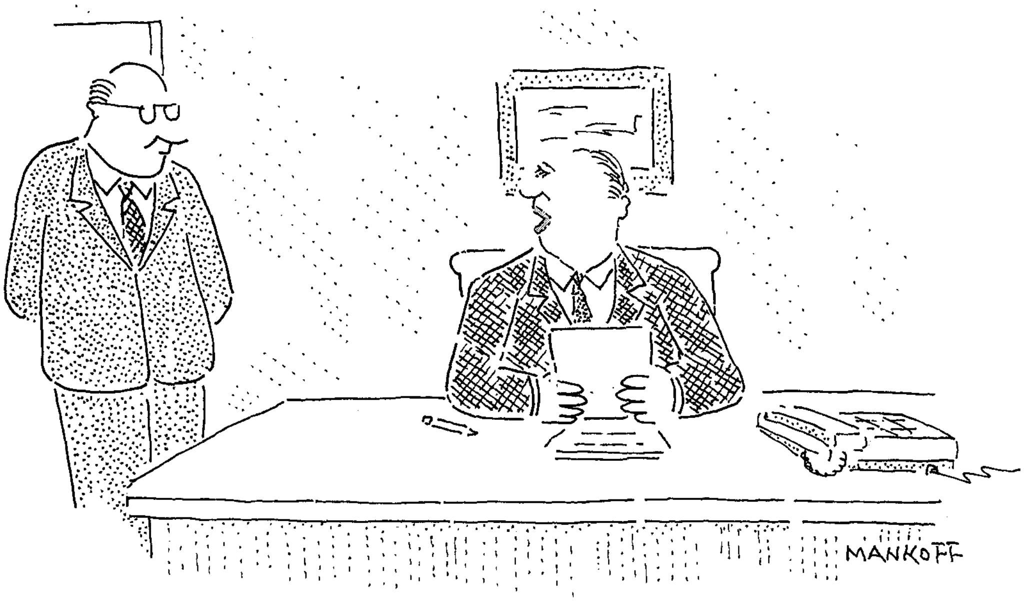
For additional material on this subject see:
Vertical file: Intellectual freedom

MELVYL will retrieve all the subject headings in this helpful list that have the word "censorship" in them, because that is what it mechanically does, but it will not give you any of the others, since their access relies on the perceived relationship between two categorical concepts rather than on rote text strings. As a result, once this subject catalogue is thrown out, Milton's "Areopagitica," a work of brilliance and occasional syntactic impenetrability protesting the 1643 act of Parliament that required the seizure of "scandalous, unlicensed, and unwarrantable" books and pamphlets—a work, surely, of some small importance to the history of political censorship—will, because it is listed in the on-line catalogue under the headings "Liberty of the Press" and "Freedom of the Press" instead of under "Censorship," not come to the attention of a library-school student, or any student, interested in writing a paper on the topic.

Similarly, the "See also" card that Virginia Pratt wrote for "Children's Literature" lists sixteen sensible cross-references, including pointers to "Fairy Tales," "Storytelling," "Bibliotherapy," and "Juvenile Literature"; MELVYL, on the other hand, offers an unmanageable and indiscriminate list of seven hundred and forty-five subject headings, *none* of which is "Fairy Tales" or "Storytelling"—though MELVYL will obligingly refresh your screen with another disorderly list of three hundred and six subject headings for "Fairy Tales" if you think to ask it to. Ms. Pratt's card catalogue is good, it is smart, it knows what we need to know—it wants to help us be better librarians. Before we junk it, forcing students to depend instead on subject headings bought in bulk from pooled databases that have been edited not by minds but by iterative software routines, perhaps we should read a little of "Areopagitica," since the cards were kind enough to refer us there:

> We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of publick men, how we spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Books; since we see a kinde of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdome, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kinde of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elementall life, but strikes at that ethereall and fift essence, the breath of reason it selfe, slaies an immortality rather than a life.

It is not just crankish and extreme to say that a "kinde of massacre" is going on in libraries right now. There is the exuberant recycling of the card catalogues themselves; and then there is the additional random loss of thousands of books as a result of clerical errors committed in disassembling each card catalogue, sorting and boxing and labelling its cards, and converting them en masse to machine-readable form—a kind of incidental book burning that is without flames or crowds and, strangest of all, without motive. If a great research library, in the process of converting two million cards, loses track of one-tenth of one per cent of them, say, severing our access to two thousand books that offend nobody, we can only shake our heads in astonished perplexity. "A few things"—i.e., cards—"that weren't converted got dumped, but, you know, that's the nature of life," Judith Brugger, of Cornell, said to me; and every cataloguer and technical-services person I asked admitted that there are now books in their library that, owing to inevitable slip-ups of one sort or another, aren't in the on-line catalogue that is supposed to help you find them. Or there *is* an on-line record, but the book isn't on the shelf where the computer says it is. Barbara Strauss, formerly of O.C.L.C., told me that the flaws in on-line catalogues have created a whole new class of in-house dislocation specialists: people who, like the editors of corrupt manuscripts or of early editions of Shakespeare, are able to divine from the existing computer record what sort of text-entry mistake might have been made, and hence where they should begin to look in the stacks for those ghost books that they know they own but just can't find.



"Getting in touch with my feminine side, chief—it's changed my life."

THE current situation is not without a few hopeful signs. Cornell's Judith Brugger was nearly ready, I felt when I talked to her, to recognize why her own university's card catalogue—whose brutal pollarding proceeds apace—deserves to be spared. Ms. Brugger has degrees in Russian and English as well as in library science, is capable of a passing reference to Derrida, and is full of ideas about how to modify the Anglo-American cataloguing rules so that librarians can venture forth and catalogue the Internet, which badly needs it. Twice, she startled me by using the words "art form" in reference to card catalogues, something that nobody else had done. And she mentioned, as an example, the Library of Congress catalogue, so "brown and beautiful and round" that it could "bring tears to your eyes." She spoke reverently of the tiny catalogue at the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in Rome, which is "quaint and perfectly specific and completely comprehensive." She has even kept some handwritten cards as souvenirs of an earlier job. And yet, amazingly, of her own library's cards she said simply, "They have to be burned." Cornell possesses what is, in her estimation, "the Velveteen Rabbit of card catalogues." It has *mismatched cabinets*. It has *broken drawers*. It is *incorrect*.

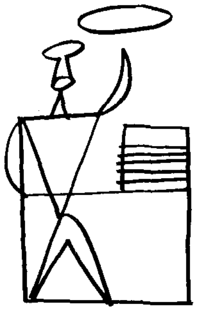
Mightn't it, I asked, develop a hint of saving quaintness over the next fifty years? Mightn't there be ways that future historians could extract unexpected insights about life and thought and prevailing mental taxonomies by analyzing how Cornell once classified books, and how it revised its classifications over time? "We don't see any research value in archaic card practice," Ms. Brugger told me. "User studies are the thing now, not particularly strategies for recording data." (A few days later, she called to be sure I understood that she was speaking on her own behalf, and not on behalf of Cornell, which, it seems, has no official policy vis-à-vis its card catalogue—although it's hard to see how a dumpster can be construed as a value-neutral storage site.)

But when Ms. Brugger said that user studies were the thing now, I thought I heard her waver: Woopsie, she seemed to be thinking, maybe user studies won't *always* be the thing? Maybe paper database strategies will be very hot in twenty-five years? What I took to be a truly hopeful sign, though, was Ms. Brugger's unexpected metaphor: Cornell's card catalogue equals Velveteen Rabbit. That beat-up, brown-and-white spotted, sawdust-stuffed hero of Margery Williams's book for children is a *sympathetic* figure, who becomes more precious and indispensable to the Boy who owns him the more his fur wears away and his tail comes unsewn and his boot-button eyes lose their lustre. The only way for a possession, a toy, to become "Real," the Skin Horse explains to the Velveteen Rabbit, is for it to be loved:

> "Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

When the Boy falls ill with scarlet fever, and the doctor orders the gardener to burn the threadbare, germy Velveteen Rabbit, the Velveteen Rabbit grows sad and sheds a tear on the ground. Out of the tear, a flower grows, and out of the blossom of the flower there appears a magic fairy, who saves the Velveteen Rabbit from being burned by changing him into a real rabbit. This may or may not be a sappy story, but as an allegory of card catalogues it works fairly well. It goes something like this. The User loves his Velveteen Catalogue so much that it begins to show signs of wear and tear: broken drawers, mismatched cabinets, out-of-date subject headings, worn cards. The User sickens financially, and he is unable to keep a watchful eye on the Velveteen Catalogue. A Doctor of Technical Services orders the Velveteen Catalogue burned for the User's own good, and replaced with a new, more antiseptic reference toy. Awaiting its fate, the Velveteen Catalogue lets fall a single drawer, out of which blossoms a savioress, who helps the Velveteen Catalogue escape into the stacks by transforming it from a Real catalogue into an even Realer art form. A moment's reflection suggests that Judith Brugger secretly sees herself—unbeknownst even to her—not as the cold-hearted torcher of Cornell's cards but as their salvation.

And it's a good thing, too, since even non-Cornellians may remember one especially eminent, especially studied user of the Cornell catalogue during its glory days: Vladimir Nabokov. He and his fictive friend Timofey Pnin would regularly withdraw the heavy Slavic Literature card trays from the "comprehensive bosom of a card cabinet" back in the forties and fifties, and, on the wings of a hundred typewritten, time-and-space-spanning cross-references, would overleap the irrelevant ocean and return for an hour or two to green, mythic, pre-Revolutionary Russia, inhabited by lost leading lights like "Kostromskoy" and "Zhukovski," and Aleksandr Pushkin. The very cards that Nabokov turned and pondered while he worked on his translation of "Eugene Onegin" are, as far as I have been able to determine, still in place in Cornell's shabby-genteel catalogue. The library would be well advised to keep them in situ.



But the real reason to keep card catalogues is simply that they hold the irreplaceable intelligence of the librarians who worked on them. Kathryn Luther Henderson, a professor at the library school of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, told me, "I've made catalogues I've been very proud of, or had a hand in making them." Her work, and Virginia Pratt's work, and the work of all those other people who spent every weekday thinking about the interconnectedness of the books around them, deserves praise and admiration, not clear-cutting. "It's going to be another generation before we realize that we've done this, and what we've done," Professor Henderson said. When I talked to her, she told me that she had some cards which were produced, she thought, in the eighteen-fifties for the Harvard catalogue. "If somebody came into my office and I weren't here, they'd probably throw them out," she said.

There are other, higher-volume card hoarders, too. One of Maureen Finn's operators at O.C.L.C. worked on the retrospective conversion of chunks of a catalogue from the University of Washington. The university didn't want the cards returned—they wanted O.C.L.C. to toss them out on the spot. But this operator (too reticent to consent to an interview with me) didn't like the idea. Apparently, he had looked carefully at the words on those cards; he had reached an understanding with them. He is, according to Maureen Finn, currently storing portions of the University of Washington's card catalogue in his apartment.

But the biggest and most heroic hoarder of them all is Tom Johnston. Mr. Johnston is the painter and conceptual artist who, simply because he asked for them, is receiving hundreds of thousands of cards from Harvard's Widener Library. The real treasures, in a sense, of the now incoherent Widener catalogue are or will be his, for he is currently being sent the cards representing, in part, seldom borrowed books that the library is moving to off-site storage. I reached Mr. Johnston in October, at a number in France, and asked what he plans to do with them all. He was spending several months at a huge, empty château in the Sauternes region; the pieces of the Widener catalogue, however, were arriving steadily (much to the dismay of his secretary) at the Department of Art at Western Washington University, where Mr. Johnston teaches. Of course he could, he said, have them forwarded to France, and paper the rooms of the Château Suduiraut with them, or dig a trench a mile long and bury them there, but so much of contemporary art destroys things—he has decided that he isn't interested, this time, in destruction for artistic ends. Still, he does want to "get them in front of the public," somehow. There is a beautiful museum in Bordeaux; he was considering writing a proposal to create a "really nice" conceptual installation with the cards there.

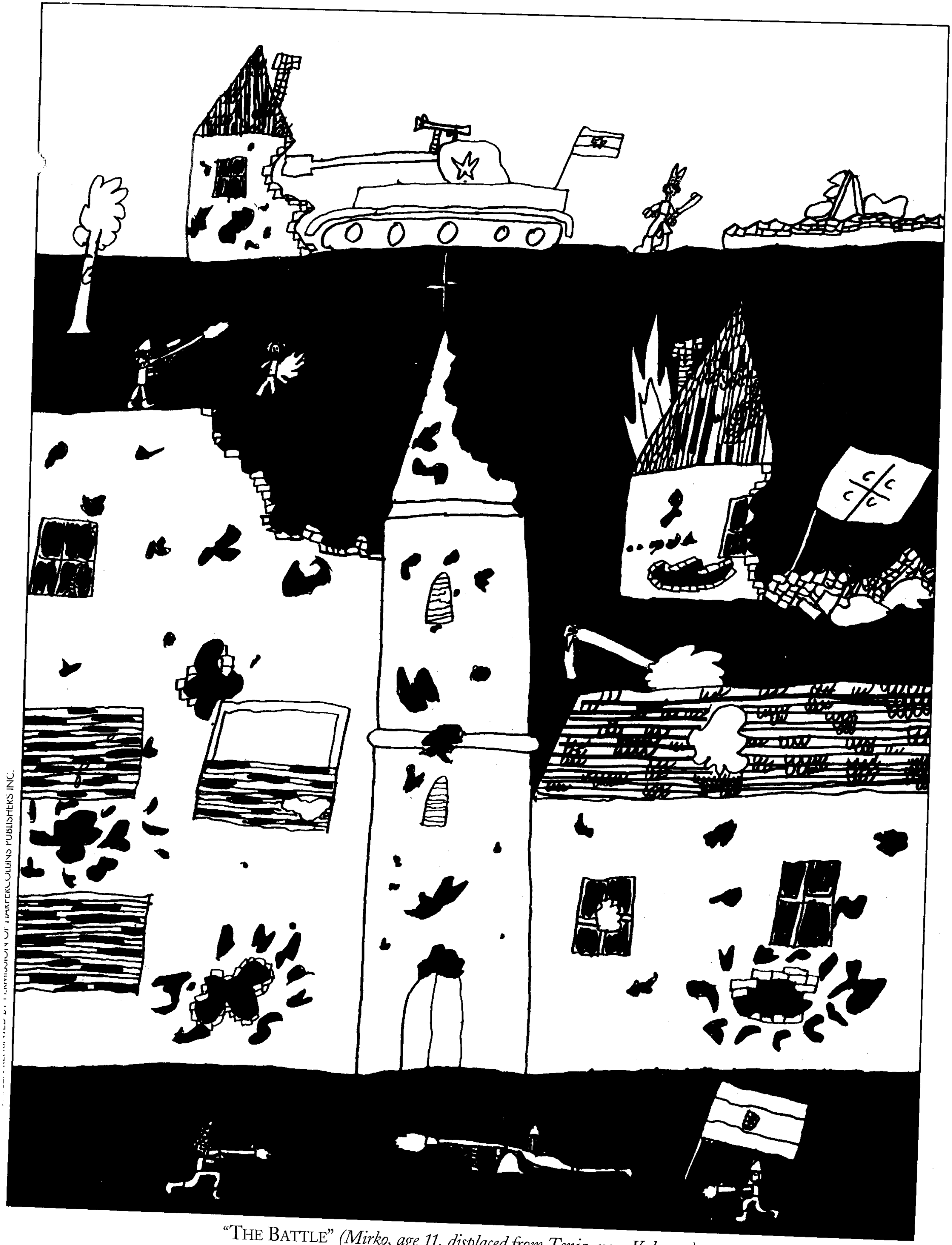
Exactly what sort of installation he hasn't figured out yet. (He has the cards, but Harvard, with its finely tuned sense of relative worth, kept the cabinets.) Mr. Johnston's previous work has often played with bibliographic themes: he made, for example, a series of large, geometric paintings that were hung in pairs. "If you look at them a certain way, you might see a book," he told me. More recently, he solicited pieces of hair—strands, braids, and dreadlocks—from strangers and acquaintances and taped them onto selected pages of a Gallimard edition of Camus's "L'Étranger." (The book still closes, but not completely.) When one of the "C" boxes arrived from Harvard, just before Johnston left for France, he looked up the cards for Camus. "There's no rod holding them in. You just pull it out, read it, turn it over, sometimes there's notes on the back. . . ." He doesn't think, however, that he will be taping hair to the Camus cards, because of his personal vow to do no harm. He is a graduate of the University of California at Santa Barbara. (U.C.S.B., incidentally, finished throwing out its main catalogue late last summer.) The Harvard cards come packed in old memos from O.C.L.C.'s RETROCON folks announcing softball games, potluck dinners, and paper-airplane contests, and Johnston is saving these crumpled communiqués, too, true antiquarian that he is.

He is weighing the possibility of inviting international artists and "thinkers" to send him their ideas about what should happen to his sizable collection. Though he is pleased to have it—"Think of all the people who have touched those cards!"—he is concerned about how much of his studio it will eventually occupy, about the hundreds of boxes getting out of order, about whether he'll go crazy having taken on this responsibility, and about the substantial cost of postage, which he, rather than Harvard, is voluntarily bearing. "I think I owe them money," he said. He wonders what the reaction will be when the world learns what he now legally owns. Maybe Harvard will suddenly decide that it misses this large, conveniently packaged core sample of its history and will ask for it back. "That would be fine, too," Mr. Johnston said.

Maybe, in fact, the riskiest, most thought-provoking piece of conceptual art that anyone could create out of these found materials is the original card catalogue, enclosed in its own cabinets, sitting undisturbed somewhere within the library it once described. ♦

PORTFOLIO

THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES: THE YUGOSLAV WAR



"THE BATTLE" *(Mirko, age 11, displaced from Tenja, near Vukovar).*

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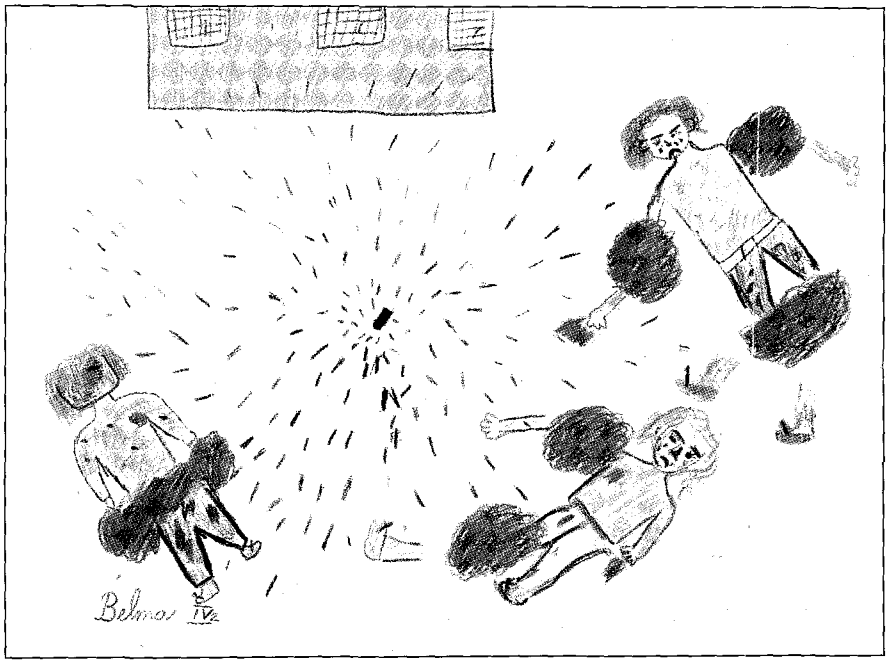


"We Were Only Waiting for Candies" *(Belma, age 10, Sarajevo).*

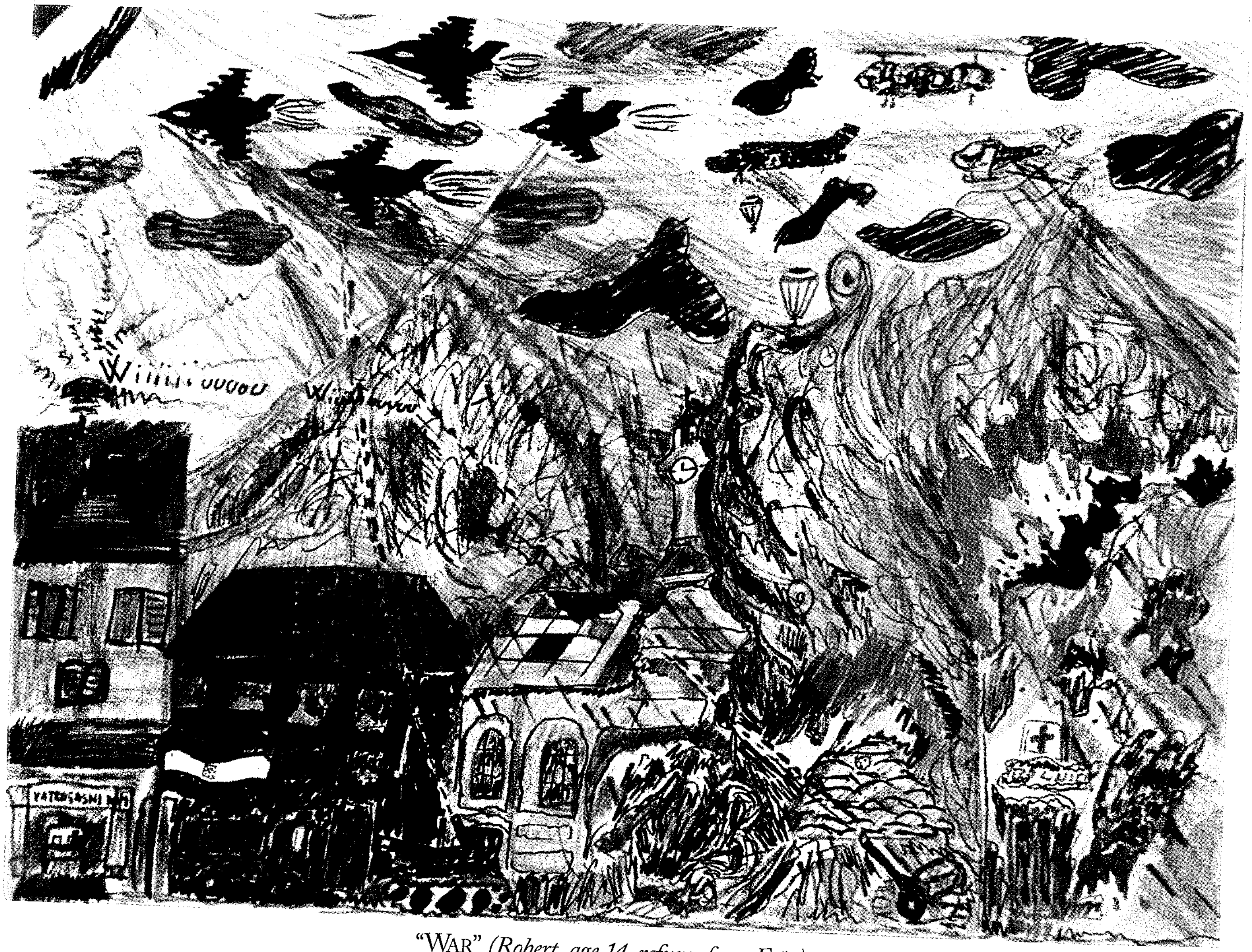
For besiegers of cities, a child is an especially lucrative target. If the aim is to sow terror among those holding out behind the walls, how better to do it than by murdering children? Which is why, on a sunny afternoon in Sarajevo this past January, a Serb gunner fired a high-explosive shell into a group of children sledding.

This was but one incident in the epic of sieges and atrocities that has been the Yugoslav war. Belma, from Sarajevo, describes another in "We Were Only Waiting for Candies." Though the style matches the artist's age, the knowledge far exceeds it: Belma, ten years old, knows how a shell severs limbs, how the blood gushes and pools, how the wounded can be told from the dead.

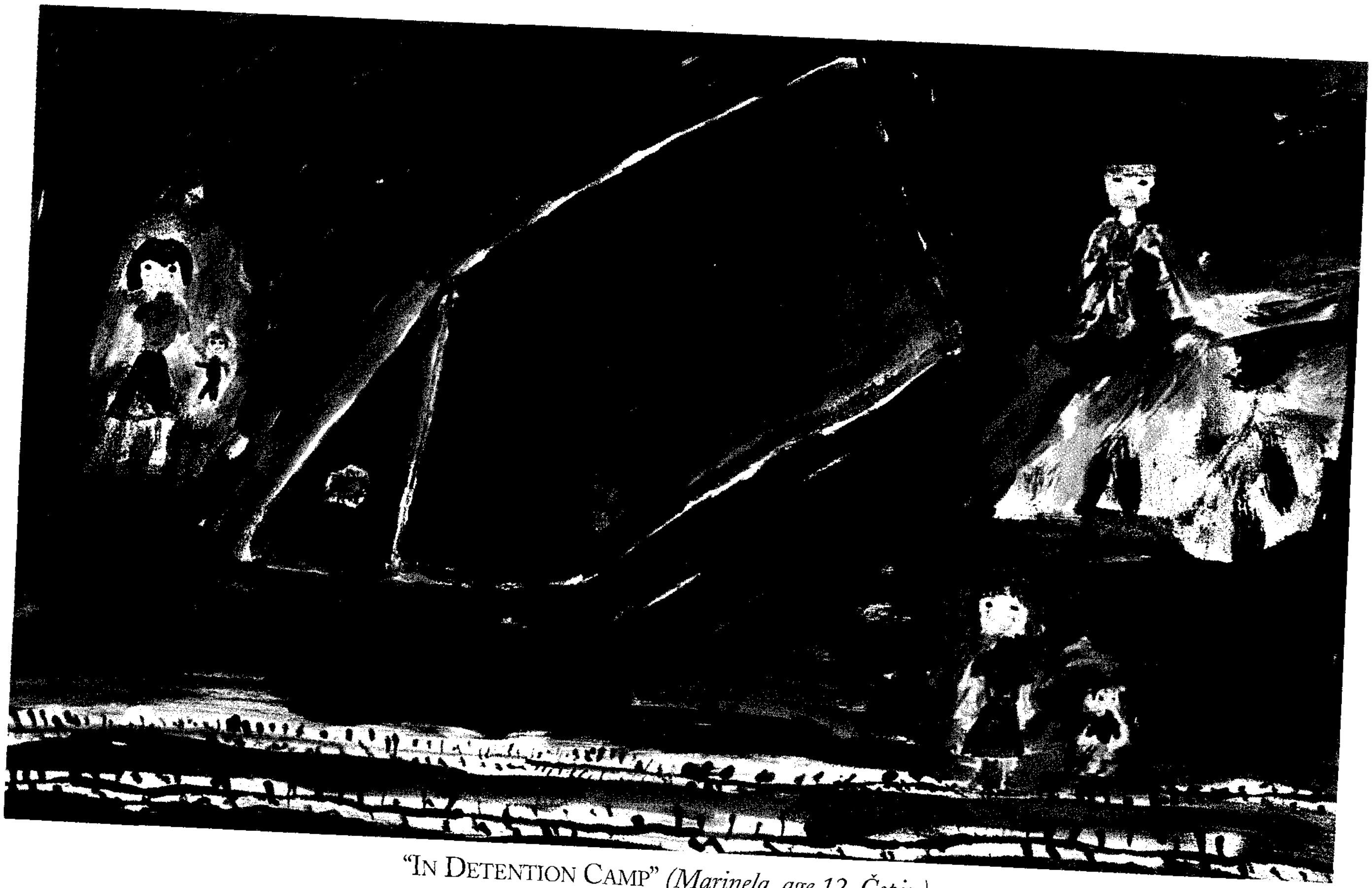
We want innocence from our children, but what we find here (and in other works in UNICEF's "I Dream of Peace," to be published by HarperCollins on May 10th) is knowledge. Mirko, eleven years old, knows intimately the siege of his home town, and depicts with precision how the tanks move methodically from house to house, church to church, firing their shells point-blank into every wall of the ancient city until virtually every expanse of brick and stone has been perforated, every structure made by man reduced to ruin. Robert, a fourteen-year-old from Foča, knows what it is like to live in a city under attack: his city is bursting, not only with closely observed detail—we see the sandbags, the anti-aircraft fire, the Red Cross—but with sound: fires rage, warplanes screech overhead, and, at the end of the street, a fire alarm blares, unheeded.

We demand innocence from our children; we receive a clear-eyed rendering of what is seen. But look too long at the whirl of shrapnel amid the bloodied children, and you feel yourself drawn in, pulled toward a place neither the artist, nor the viewer, can understand.—Mark Danner

"Horror and Scream" *(Dinko, age 12, Požega).*


Wiiiiiuuuuu
VATROGASNI

"WAR" *(Robert, age 14, refugee from Foča).*



"IN DETENTION CAMP" *(Marinela, age 12, Čepin).*

FICTION

CRUISE

BY JOHN UPDIKE

ISLANDS kept appearing outside their windows. Crete, Cythera, Capri, Ponza. Calypso, who had become Neuman's cruisemate, his wife at sea, liked to make love sitting astride him while gazing out the porthole, feeling between her legs the surging and the bucking of the boat. Her eyes, the color of a blue hydrangea, tipped toward the violet end of the spectrum in these moments. Her skin was as smooth as a new statue's. He called her Calypso because the entire cruise, consisting of sixty-five passengers and forty crewpersons, was marketed as a duplicate of the tortuous homeward voyage of Ulysses, though everyone, including their lecturers, kept forgetting which port of call represented what in the Odyssey. Were the cliffs of Bonifacio, a chic and slanty tourist trap on the southern tip of Corsica, *really* the cliffs from which the giant, indiscriminately carnivorous Laestrygones had pelted the fleet with rocks, sinking all but the wily captain's dark-prowed hull? Was Djerba, a sleepy hot island off of the Tunisian coast, distinguished by a functioning synagogue and a disused thirteenth-century Aragonese fort, *really* the land of the Lotus Eaters?

"Well, what is 'really'?" their male lecturer asked them in turn, returning a question for a question in Socratic style. "Τί έστι η αλήϑεια?" Or, as the French might put it, "*Le soi-disant 'Ding an sich,' c'existe ou non?*"

Their onboard lecturers were two: a small man and a large woman. The man preached a wry verbal deconstructionism and the woman a ringing cosmic feminism. Clytemnestra was her idea of a Greek hero. Medea and Hecuba she admired also. She wore gold sickles around her neck and her hair was done up in snakes of braid. Our lovers—cruel and flippant vis-à-vis the rest of humanity in their ecstasy of love newly entered upon—called her Killer. The male lecturer they called Homer. Homer sat up late in the ship's lounge each night, smoking cigarettes and planning what he was going to say the next day. He looked exhausted by all his knowledge, all his languages, and sallow from too much indoors. Even while trudging up and down the slippery, scree-ridden slopes of archeological digs, he wore a button-down shirt and laced black shoes. The lovers felt superior to him, in the exalted state brought on by repeated orgasms in the little cabin's swaying, clicking, cunningly outfitted space. "*Aiiiieeee!*" they cried. "*Aiae, aiae!* We are as gods!"

There were rough seas between Malta and Djerba. Neuman threw up, to his own surprise and disgust. He had thought, on the basis of several Atlantic crossings in the era before jet planes, that he was seaworthy. Calypso, who in her terrestrial life had been raised on a Nebraska wheat farm and had not seen the ocean until she was twenty-one and unhappily married, had no *mal-de-mer* problem; when he bolted from their table in the seesawing dining room she stayed put, finished her poached sea trout, helped herself to his squid stew, ate all of the delicious little Maltese biscuits in the breadbasket, and ordered caramelized *pomme Charlotte* for dessert, with Turkish coffee. In the tranquillity of her stomach she was indeed as a goddess—Calypso, the daughter of Tethys by Oceanus. Fleeing the dining room, Neuman held acid vomit back against his teeth for the length of his run down the second-deck corridor; when he got into his own bathroom, he erupted like a fountain, disgustingly, epically. What is man but a bit of slime in the cistern of the void?

"You poor baby," she said, descending to him at last. Her kiss smelled of caramel and brought on a minor attack of gagging. "I think I'll spend the night back in my own cabin," she told him. "After a spot of anisette."

"Don't go up to the lounge," Neuman begged, feeble and green-faced yet nevertheless sexually jealous. "There's a hard-drinking crowd up there every night. Hardened cruisers. Good-time Charlies. Tonight they're having a sing-along, followed by a showing of 'Casablanca.' Whenever they show 'Casablanca' on one of these boats, all hell breaks loose."

"I'll be fine," she told him, her complicated blue eyes drifting evasively to the porthole, which was black but for the dim glow of the starboard lights and a diagonal slap of spray at the nadir of an especially sickening flop into watery nothingness. "Just because we have good sex," she told him firmly, "you don't own me, Buster. I paid for this cruise with my own money and I intend to have a good time."

She was one of the new women and he, despite his name, one of the old men. Female equality struck him as a brutish idea. Just the idea of her having a good time—of trying to milk some selfish happiness out of this inchoate hyperactive muddle of a universe—doubled and redoubled his nausea. "Go, go, you bitch," he said. His stomach, like a filmy jellyfish floating within him, was organizing itself for a new convulsion, and he was planning his dash to the toilet once she had removed the obstacle of her trim, compact body, in its chiton of starched blue linen, belted with a rope of gold. Good sturdy legs, like a cheerleader's without the white socks. Hips squared off like small bales of cotton. Narrow feet in gilded sandals. "Easy come," he told her queasily, with false jauntiness, "easy go."

THEY had sized each other up at the start, in the ruins of Troy. She was standing in khaki safari slacks and a lime-green tennis visor on Level VIIa, thought to be Priam's Troy if anything on this site "really" was, and he was down in Level II, not far from where Schliemann and his racy Greek wife, Sophia, had discovered and surreptitiously hidden a hoard of golden treasures from the middle of the third millennium before Christ. Now it was all a muddle of mounds and pebbles and blowing grasses and bobbing poppies and liquid-eyed guides and elderly Americans and tightly made limestone walls probably too small to have been the walls of fabled Troy. "Can this be all there was?" Homer was murmuring to their group. "*Est-ce que c'est tout*? A little rubbly village by the marshes? Schliemann decided, '*Es ist genug*. This was Troy.' " The poppies bobbed amid the nodding grasses. The rubble underfoot had been trod by Cassandra and Aeneas, venerable Priam and ravishing Helen.

The destined lovers' glances met, and remet; they measured each other for size and age and signs of socioeconomic compatibility, and he carefully climbed through the levels to edge into her group. Their group's guide, a local Turk, was telling about the Judgment of Paris as if it had happened just yesterday, in the next village: "So poor Zeus, what to do? One woman his wife, another his daughter, straight from head—*boom!*" He hit his fist against his broad brown brow. "Each lady say she the absolute best, *she* deserve golden apple. So Zeus, he looking around in bad way and see far off in Mount Ida, over there, you can almost see"—he gestured, and the tourists looked, but all they saw was the plains of Troy, vast if not as windy as in the epic—"he see this poor shepherd boy, son of King Priam, minding own business, tending the sheeps. His name, Paris. Zeus tell him, 'You choose.' 'Who, me?' 'Yes, you.' " The American tourists, broiling in the sun, obligingly laughed; the guide smiled, showing a gold fang. " 'Oh, boy,' Paris think to self. 'Problem.' One offered him much riches, Hera. Another say, 'No, have some much glory in battle and wars, thanks to me.' That was Athena, daughter straight out of Zeus' head. Third say, Aphrodite say, 'No, forget all that. I give you most beautiful woman in world to be your wife.' And Paris say, 'O.K., you win. Good deal.' "

By now Neuman had drawn level with his tennis-visored prey. He murmured in her ear, "The 'O.K.' that launched a thousand ships." A gravelly American witticism, here in this remote, archaic place. He liked her ear very much, the marble whiteness and the squarish folds of it. It was feminine yet no-nonsense, like her level gaze.

She had sensed his proximity. The soul has hairs, which prickle. In profile Calypso barely smiled at the pleasantry, then turned to appraise him, calculating his suitability and the length of the cruise ahead of them. Návplion, Valletta, Bonifacio, Sperlonga. O.K. As if by destiny, without planning it, they arrived at the lounge for predinner drinks at the same moment. With utmost diffidence they chose the same banquette and, their increasingly excited recountings of their separate pasts far from finished, asked to be seated at the same dining table, as the sleek white cruise ship slipped off the tight-fitting Dardanelles and slipped on the sequinned blue gown of the Aegean.

MALTA, a fairy-tale island. Everything was sand-colored—a series of giant sand castles unfolded as the ship wormed into the harbor. Groggy from one of their seaborne nights of love, Neuman and Calypso, strolling slightly apart from the sixty-three other cruisers, moved hand in hand through the bustling streets of Valletta, where every swivel-hipped pedestrian wore a scowl. The prehistoric Maltese blood had been suffused with centuries of Italian immigration. The palace of the grand masters of the famous persecuted Knights was gloomy with tapestries, and the ruins of the temples of Tarxien were so ancient and their purpose was so conjectural that one went dizzy, right there in the roofless maze of it all, under the blazing overhead sun.

In the harbor of Marsaxlokk, the little fishing boats had painted eyes on the prows. Neuman wondered, though, if they were sincerely magical or just painted on to keep the tourists happy. So many things were like that now—the hex signs on Pennsylvania barns, the Beefeater costumes at the Tower of London. The world had become a rather tatty theme park, its attractions trumped-up and suspect. A little rusty playground existed here in Marsaxlokk, and Calypso got on one of the swings. Neuman gave her a push, both of them fighting the sadness welling from underneath—a black sludge leaking up through the grid of the "x"s in Maltese place-names, a dark liquid sliding beneath the progress of the tightly scheduled days, the certainty that the cruise would one day be over. They were both between divorces, which was worse than being between marriages. Their spouses had point-blank declined to come on this educational cruise, and their refusals hung in the air like the humming in the eardrums after a twenty-one-gun salute. In the heat of Malta, on the hike from the bus up to the standing stones of Hagar Qim, her hand in his felt as sticky as a child's.

Marvels began to beset them. Mrs. Druthers, a grossly overweight widow from Paterson, New Jersey, who maneuvered herself about on metal arm-crutches—very gallantly, everybody agreed, especially when she, several days before, had made it all the way to the top of the hilltop fortress of Mycenae, through the stupendous Lion Gate, and along the lip of the great shaft tomb—wearily sat down on one of the stones of Hagar Qim in her sand-colored raincoat and simply vanished. Vanished! A concerted search led by the ship's captain and the Maltese secret service failed to uncover her whereabouts, though a rubber crutch-tip turned up in a crevice and a local archeologist said there seemed to be one more stone than usual, somehow.

Then, at sea, the captain's Bolivian fiancée, with her striped poncho and bowler hat, began to dress diaphanously and to drape herself at the U-shaped bar with the ship's purser for hours at a time, while the stern-visaged captain steadfastly steered the ship. The purser was a grave, mustached young man given to exceedingly slow calculations as he turned dollars into drachmas and dinars; lachrymosely reading a French translation of John Grisham by the ship's bathtub-size pool while his surprisingly muscular body acquired a glowering, narcissistic tan, he had been thought by the passengers to be a still-closeted gay. Now he was revealed as a Lothario, a Prometheus flying in the face of authority, and all the female passengers began to need to have their money changed and their accounts audited; they found on the office door a sign saying "HOURS/HEURES/HORAS/STUNDEN" but not giving any hours, the blank space left blank. One night, long after midnight, the passengers turned and moaned in their dreams as the ship made an unscheduled stop in mid-Mediterranean; the captain put his rival ashore on a barren rock, crinkled like papier-mâché, east of Ustica. Then in a rage he reduced his fiancée to the form of a bright-green parrot and wore her on his epauletted shoulder when he descended, fiery-eyed, from the bridge. He was an erect, middle-aged Macedonian, very proud, his uniform very clean. The parrot kept twisting its glistening small head and affirming, with a croak and a lisp, "*Sí. Sí.*"

But most marvellous was what happened to old Mr. Breadloaf. He was the oldest passenger, well into his eighties. His mouth lacked some of its teeth, but he smiled nevertheless, at a benign slant; his white countenance was rendered eerie by the redness of the sagging lids below his eyes, like two bright breves on an otherwise unaccented page. From Djerba, a group including the elderly gentleman passed over to the Tunisian mainland on a ferry noisome with Mercedes-Benz diesel trucks. A bus met the cruise passengers and carried them through miles of olive groves to the ruin of a Roman city in Gigthis. Here, close to the sea, pale stones—pavements, steps, shattered columns, inverted Corinthian capitals—still conveyed the sense of a grid; milling about in their running shoes and blue cruise badges, the Americans could feel the presence of an ancient hope, an order projected from afar. "*AVRELIO VERO CAESARI GIGTHENSIS PVBLICE*," an upstanding reddish stone stated. Killer stood on a truncated pillar and, with a jaunty diction designed to capture the attention of her inner-city students, translated it for them: "I, Emperor Aurelian, am sending you this nice little Roman town, with its forum and wine shops and public baths and spiffy grid street plan, as a sample of what the power of Rome can do for *you*. Yo, guys, get with the program!"

Dinnertime was nearing; the bus drivers, slim men with two-day beards, smoking over in the dunes, were letting their Arabic conversation become louder, as a sign of growing impatience. The blue sky above them was turning dull; the shadows were lengthening in the orderly ruins. But as the tourists began to gather and to straggle toward the bus through the collapsed arcades of limestone, Mr. Breadloaf, standing alone in a paved space like a slightly tilting column, was transfigured. He grew taller. His cane dangled down like a candy cane, and his knobby old hand released it with a clatter. His irradiated white face spread out along a smiling diagonal bias. His wife of fifty-six years, hard of sight and hearing both, stared upward in habitual admiration. Her husband's radiance was by now quite diffuse, and his disturbing eyelids were smeared into two thin red cloudlets near the horizon, above the storied wine-dark sea. Mr. Breadloaf had become a sunset—the haunting end to a day satisfyingly full of sights.

AH, as the ancients knew, nothing lasts. The lovers' bliss was disturbed on the eleventh night by Calypso's repeated sniffing. "There's a funny smell in this cabin," she said. "Worse than funny. It's terrible."

Neuman felt insulted. "Do you think it's me?"

She bent down and sniffed his chest, his armpits. "No. You're normal masculine. Nice." She dismounted him gingerly and walked, nude, around his cabin, opening doors, bending down, sniffing. Glimmers from the starboard lights, bounced back by the waves, spotlit now her squarish buttocks, now the crescent of her shoulders and the swaying fall of her hair, unbound from its pins of spiralled gold wire. Her voice pounced: "It's in here, down low." She was at his closet, in the narrow corridor to his bathroom. "Oh, it's foul."

They turned on the light. There was nothing there but his shoes, including a pair of sandals he had bought in a row of shops near Houmt Souk. "One dollar, one dollar," the Tunisian outside had been chanting, but when Neuman went inside, and was trapped in a back room between walls of worked leather and horsehair fly whisks and souvenir mugs with a picture of the Aragonese fort on them, men kept tapping him and thrusting sandals in his face and saying, "Thirty-five dollars, only thirty-five." He had panicked, but as he crouched to barrel his way through the scrum and back into the open a voice had said, "Ten," and he—as keen as Odysseus to avoid unnecessary violence—had said, "It's a deal." The sandals were beige and cut rather flatteringly, he thought, across his instep. He had worn them once or twice to the ship's pool, which had been deserted since the purser had been marooned for hubris.

Calypso held the sandals up close to her pretty Doric nose, with its sunburned nostril wings. "Ugh," she said. "Fish. Rotten fish. They used fish glue to hold the soles on. Throw them *out*, honey."

Her tone reminded Neuman unpleasantly of his land wife, his legal wife, thousands of air miles away. "Listen," he told her. "I paid good money for those sandals. I risked my life for them. Suppose one of those guys in the back room had pulled a knife."

"They were poor Tunisians," she sniffed, "trying to make a sale to a disgusting rich Westerner. You like to dramatize every little encounter. But you're wrong if you think I'm going to keep making love to a man whose cabin smells of dead fish."

"I didn't even notice the smell," he argued.

"You're not immensely sensitive, I can only conclude."

"If you were really as carried away by me as you pretend, you wouldn't have noticed."

"I *am* carried away, but I'm not rendered absolutely insensible. Drop those sandals overboard, Neuman, or do the rest of this cruise by yourself."

"Let's compromise. I'll wrap them in a plastic shirt bag and tuck them under my dirty laundry."

She accepted his compromise, but the relationship had taken a wound. The islands seen through the porthole kept coming faster and faster: Stromboli, Panarea, Lipari, Sicily. In the Strait of Messina, they held their breaths, between the Scylla of having loved and lost and the Charybdis of never having loved at all.

On Corfu, supposedly the land of the obliging Phaeacians, who turned Ulysses from a scruffy castaway into a well-fed, well-clad guest worthy of being returned to the island where he was king, Calypso took a dislike to the Achilleion palace, built in 1890 to humor the Empress Elizabeth of Austria's extraordinary fondness for Achilles. "It's so *pseu*do," she said. "It's so *Ger*man."

Her dislike of his sandals' fishy smell still rankled with Neuman. "To me," he said, "this grand villa in the neoclassical style has a lovely late-Victorian charm. Statues without broken noses and arms, for once, and infused with a literalist sensibility. Who says the nineteenth century couldn't sculpt? See how with what charming anatomical accuracy the boy and the dolphin, here in the fountain, are intertwined! And look, darling, in Ernst Herter's 'Dying Achilles,' how the flesh of the tendon puckers around the arrow, almost erotically! Scrap the 'almost.' It *is* erotic. It's us."

But she was harder to beguile, to amuse, each day. In anticipation of the injury that her susceptible and divine nature would soon suffer, she was trying to make their inevitable parting her own deed. No longer riding the boat's rise and fall, she huddled deep under the blankets beside him as the wistful scattered lights of coastal Greece and benighted Albania slid away to port. Just the sun-kissed pink tip of her Doric nose showed, and when he touched it, it, too, withdrew into the carapace of blankets.

In the little fan-shaped lecture hall, with its feeble slide projector and slippery green blackboard that resisted the imprint of chalk, Homer tried to prepare them for Ithaca. His sallow triangular face was especially melancholy, lit from beneath by the dim lectern bulb. The end of the journey meant for him the return to his university—its rosy-cheeked students invincible in their ignorance, its demonic faculty politics, its clamorous demands for ever higher degrees of political correctness and cultural diversity. "ΚΡΙΝΩ," he wrote on the blackboard, pronouncing, "*krino*—to discern, to be able to distinguish the real from the unreal. To do this, we need *noös*, mind, consciousness." He wrote, then, "ΝΟΟΣ." His face illumined from underneath was as eerie as that of a jack-in-the-box or a prompter hissing lines to stymied thespians. "We need *no-os*," he pronounced, scrabbling with his invisible chalk in a fury of insertion, "to achieve our *nos-tos*, our homecoming." He stood aside to reveal the completed word: "ΝΟΣΤΟΣ." In afterthought he rapidly rubbed out two of the letters, created "ΠΟΝΤΟΣ," and added with a small sly smile, "After our crossing together of the sea, the *pontos*."

AND the marvellous thing about Ithaca was that it *did* feel like a homecoming, to the quintessence of islands, green and brimming with memories and precipitous: *ithaki*, precipitous. The bus taking them up the hairpin road to the monastery at Kathara and to Ulysses' soi-disant citadel repeatedly had to back around, with much labored chuffing of the engine and shrieking of the brakes. Had the driver's foot slipped, Calypso and Neuman, sitting in the back holding hands, would have been among the first tourists killed, the bus tumbling down, down in Peckinpahish slow motion, over the creamy white crags of Korax to the wooded plateau of Marathia, where loyal Eumaeus had watered his pigs and plotted with the returned monarch his slaughter of the suitors—the suitors whose only fault, really, had been to pick up on the languishing queen's mixed signals. The lovers' hands gripped, as tightly as their loins had gripped, at the thought of the long fall with death—*aiae!*—at the end.

But the driver, a tough local kid called Telemachus, drove this route all the time. In the monastery, bougainvillea was in bloom and a demented old blind monk waggled his hand for money and occasionally shrieked, sitting there on a stone bench intricately shaded by grapevines. "At home, he'd be homeless," Neuman shyly said.

"Somehow," she said, unsmiling, "it offends me, the suggestion that one must be insane to be religious." A dirty white dog slept before a blue door, a blue of such an ineffable rightness that Calypso photographed it with bracketed exposure times. Below them, the cruise ship was as white as a sliver of soap in the blue harbor. At the Nekromanteion of Ephyra, once thought to be the mouth of Hades, they were led, in stark sunlight, through the maze that credulous pilgrims had long ago traced in the dark, in an ordeal that took days and many offerings. The modern pilgrims were shown the subterranean room where the priests shouted prophecies up through the stone floor of the final chamber. The stones smelled of all those past lives, stumbling from birth to death by the flickering light of illusion.

The bus went down a different way, and stopped at the sunny, terraced village of Stavros. Here in a small park a bust of Odysseus awaited them. Neuman posed for Calypso's camera beside it; though he had no bronze beard, there was a resemblance, that of all men to one another. Wanderers, deserters, returners. Now in a mood of terminal holiday, the Harvard graduates posed for the Yale graduates, and vice versa, while those marginal cruise passengers from Columbia and the University of Chicago looked on scornfully.

Calypso and Neuman drifted away from the square with its monuments and taverna, and found a small store down a side street, where they bought souvenir scarves and aprons, baskets and vases for their spouses and children. He said, thinking of the grip of her loins, so feminine yet no-nonsense, "I can't bear it."

"Life is a voyage," Calypso said. "We take our pleasure at a price. The price is loss."

"Don't lecture me," he begged.

She shrugged, suggesting, "Stay with me, then, and I'll make you divine."

Neuman would never forget the electric, static quality she projected, there with her arms full of cloth and her hands full of drachmas, staring at him in the wake of this celestial challenge with irises as multiform as hydrangea blooms. Did her lower lip tremble? This was as vulnerable as the daughter of Oceanus could allow herself to appear; he defended himself as best he could, distinguishing the real from the unreal: "I am a mere man," he said. "Only gods and animals can withstand the monotony of eternity, however paradisaical."

She snapped her profile at him, with a wisecrack: "So now who's lecturing?"

By mutual agreement they slept, on this last night at sea, in separate cabins. But at four in the morning, Aurora Mergenthaler, their melodious chief stewardess, announced to every cabin over the loudspeaking system that the ship was about to pass through the Corinth Canal. The project, cherished by Periander and Caligula, and actually begun by Nero, had been taken up by a French company in 1881 and completed by the Greeks in 1893. The canal is four miles long, twenty-four yards wide, and two hundred sixty feet at the highest point. Dug entirely by hand, it transformed the Peloponnese from a peninsula into an island.

In the dark of the hour, the walls of earth slid by ominously, growing higher and higher. There seemed to be many horizons, marked by receding bluish lights. The ship, formerly so free, plodded forward in the channel like a blinkered ox. The damp upper deck was surprisingly well populated by conscientious cruisers, some wearing ghostly pajamas, others fanciful jogging outfits, and still others fully dressed for disembarkation on the mainland at Piraeus. Personalities that had grown distinct over the days now melted back into dim shapes, shades. Calypso was not among them. Or if she was—and Neuman searched, going from face to face with a thrashing heart—she had been transformed beyond recognition. ♦

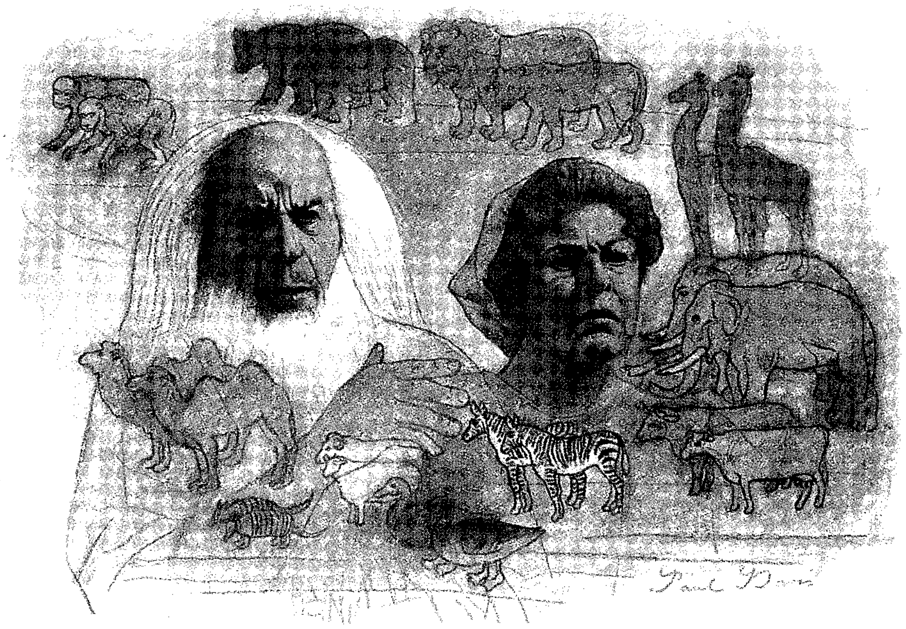
THE CRITICS

THE THEATRE

ARK ANGELS

BY JOHN LAHR

"HALF-IDEALISM is the peritonitis of the soul," says Hank Teagle, a character in Clifford Odets' "The Big Knife" (1949)—a play about Hollywood, where Odets moved from New York in 1936, in search of a big audience and big bucks. He lived with a moral malaise every subsequent day of his professional life. Odets died, of cancer, on August 14, 1963, when he was fifty-seven, and on his writing desk were two copies of *Time.* One was the December 5, 1938, issue, which had Odets on the cover as a wunderkind (between 1935 and 1939 he wrote seven plays, including "Awake and Sing!" "Waiting for Lefty," "Golden Boy," and "Rocket to the Moon") and bannered his famous battle cry "Down with the general fraud!" The other was a 1962 story announcing his appointment as script editor and chief writer on NBC's TV drama series "The Richard Boone Show." In the intervening twenty-four years, Odets had had five more plays performed, and had created one major public sensation: in 1952, he testified as a "friendly witness" before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Odets had been one of the theatrical standard-bearers of the left, and his dialogue, with its pithy swagger, cut a raffish new figure on the American stage. But after that moment of compromise Odets' language, which had captured both the utopian thrill and the radical lament of the times, lost its moral purchase on the American experience. The true combative, lyric note of his literary voice was strangulated. Odets lapsed into a long period of inactivity, and when he emerged, in 1954, as the writer-director of "The Flowering Peach" (revived now by the National Actors Theatre, at the Lyceum), he spoke in a new voice and in a new way. Earlier, he had wanted to purge himself of Jewishness and be accepted as "a regular American playwright," but in "The Flowering Peach," a retelling of the story of Noah and the Ark, he returned to his Jewish roots, and he also tried to rationalize his political volte-face. "There is idealism now in just survival," Rachel, Noah's daughter-in-law, says in the play, doing the author's special pleading. Noah, like Odets, was a true believer, but Odets turned Noah into someone like himself, whose values were confounded by the absurd turn of apocalyptic events. Out of God's awesome petulance ("I shall wipe off the face of the earth this human race which I have created") Odets created a comedy of righteousness in which Noah's ideals are sorely tested. Like Odets, he is forced to acknowledge the hard pragmatic fact of life: every dogma has its day.



After the flood: Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson in the National Actors Theatre production of Clifford Odets' "The Flowering Peach."

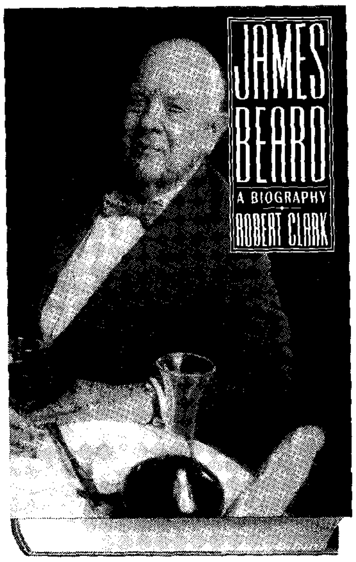
Noah, the Bible tells us, was six hundred years old when the flood came, but the hoary-headed Eli Wallach, who bustles onto the Lyceum stage protesting to the heavens about being commanded to build an ark in the desert, doesn't look a day over a hundred. "I'm awake," he says, of his call to duty, "but I wish I was dead." Noah has been selected by God to repopulate the new and improved universe, but he is also that universe's first standup comic—a hostile sharpshooter loudly proclaiming his innocence. When his wife, Esther (Anne Jackson), kvetches about his drinking, he says, "You should be satisfied that I drink, otherwise I'd leave you." But age and drink—which are two large and endearing comic components of Noah's personality—are generally downplayed in Martin Charnin's sleepy production. It's a testament to the conviction in Odets' argument that "The Flowering Peach" holds the attention of the National Actors Theatre audience. (Jurors voted the play the Pulitzer Prize but were overruled by the advisory board, which gave it to Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.") The debate between Noah, God, and Noah's recalcitrant family almost makes the audience forget some of the production's startling visual anomalies, like the impoverished prostitute Goldie (the curvaceous Molly Scott), who comes on board as Japheth's would-be wife, and, in her gold bangles and colorful pink and green silks, looks like a fugitive from "Kismet." "The Flowering Peach," in a sense, is the forerunner of Mel Brooks' "Two Thousand Year Old Man" ("Joan of Arc? I dated her"), with this difference: Noah is a test of faith, not of fun. To succeed, though, "The Flowering Peach" requires the eccentric conviction of great comic playing. The characters are a collection of ideas, not psychologies, and the play needs stars to bring their large personalities to bear on this sketchily drawn tribe which has been delegated to make the world over after God wipes it clean. But instead of comic cameos Charnin can manage only lacklustre cartoons. Noah's sons are a collection of isms for the new world order: idealism (Japheth), cynicism (Ham), and capitalism (Shem). Of this winded crew, only the enormous Josh Mostel, as Shem, finally gets into the swing of things, but not until the second act, when his stash of "dried manure briquettes" (his investment for the future) is discovered in the listing Ark. "With manure you want to begin a new world?" the outraged Noah says, ordering it dumped overboard, but not before Mostel's face has turned pink, his behemoth body wobbling with choked fury. "Poppa," he says. "*But what am I without my money*?!"

The play's original tryout included Washington and coincided with the Senate's censuring of Joseph McCarthy, and Robert Whitehead, the original producer, remembers that Odets was completely distracted by this political development. "Clifford would not come to terms with the end of the play," Whitehead recalls. "He kept saying to me, 'I'm locked in my room. I can't do anything, because you're forcing me to try [and write]. I've got nothing but ashes in my mouth. You want poetry. I've got ashes.' "

The play still feels unresolved. When Noah's wife dies (Odets' last wife, Bette Grayson, died in 1954), he is weakened by grief and by his rigid adherence to his faith in the face of certain disaster. Japheth (played by David Aaron Baker) refuses to trust to God's will and let the leaking and rudderless Ark founder, and ultimately his faith in reason prevails over Noah's insistence on the will of God. "I have a strange feeling that God changed today," says Japheth, whose assertion of authority finally separates him from his father. When they reach land, Noah sends his offspring out to be fruitful and multiply. The flowering peach tree is an emblem, as plants always were for Odets, of the universal potential for "perfect form." In the midst of this hope of perfection is the spectacle of man's imperfection. Noah blesses the unborn child of his favorite and idealistic son, Japheth, and his new bride, Rachel, but chooses to live with Shem and the status quo. "Why?" Noah says, as Shem exits ahead of him with his wheelbarrow piled high with booty from the trip, and he answers, "It's more comfortable." According to the Bible, Noah, after fulfilling his mission, lived three hundred and fifty years longer. But Odets lived only nine years more, hounded by a sense of incompleteness. "I may well be not only the foremost playwright manqué of our time but of all time," he wrote in his diary in 1961. "I do not believe a dozen playwrights in history had my natural endowment. . . . Perhaps it is not too late."

"THE American gallery remains, as Whitman said, 'uncelebrated and unexpressed,' " Odets wrote in 1937, defining a populist ambition that has had to wait more than half a century for Anna Deavere Smith to fulfill it. "Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992" (at the Public Theatre) continues her monumental undertaking of turning the stage over to the largely disenfranchised. In a series of

"In the beginning there was Beard."
—Julia Child



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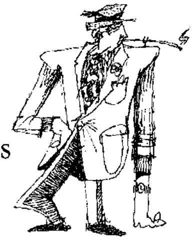

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verbatim accounts the nation stutters into a new kind of racial immediacy. Smith brings us not just drama but news of the hidden life of the republic. A juror from the first Rodney King trial weeps as he admits receiving a letter from the Ku Klux Klan welcoming him into the brotherhood. Angela King, Rodney King's aunt, remembers him as an agile teen-ager catching trout with his hands in a stream: "Boy, you sure you ain't got some African in you? . . . I'm talkin 'bout them wild Africans, not one them well raised ones. Like with a fish hook?" Smith overhears the former Black Panther leader Elaine Brown trying to talk a young firebrand out of armed rebellion: "If you just want to die and become a poster, go ahead and do that." Amid the underclass Smith encounters both fury and glee at barbarity ("It was like the end of the world," brags Keith Watson about the riot. "It was like a whole other time. It was a major disaster. Man made . . . I mean I haven't seen a movie like that"). "If [Reginald] Denny was Latino, Indian, or black, they wouldn't give a damn, they would not give a damn," says Paul Parker, of the Free the L.A. Four Plus Defense Committee.

Here, under George C. Wolfe's direction and the editorial scrutiny of Tony Kushner and Kimberly Flynn, the voices of the powerful and the powerless join to create a vivid sense of the events that led up to and created the L.A. riots. This show was reviewed at length when it opened, at the Mark Taper Forum, in L.A., and I have seen it three times, but I find that the thrill and the importance of "Twilight" never vary, although its shape frequently does. Wolfe's version streamlines the stage pictures, simplifies the back projections, and lets Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer's lighting elegantly punch up the show's prism of moods. This time, the emphasis is more on sociological clarity than on the speakers' idiosyncratic poetry. The stunning final speech of Twilight Bey ("What goes on in the daytime creates at night") has been crudely edited; and the show's opening speech, in Korean, gets the evening off on a symbolically correct but theatrically wrong foot. "Twilight" will soon move to the Cort Theatre, on Broadway, and shedding another fifteen minutes of its running time would only magnify, not minimize, the wallop of Smith's luminous enterprise. ♦

THE THEATRE

THE DEVIL AND JOE BOYD

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

IN recent years, countless eggheads have tried to thrust greatness on the idea of baseball as metaphor, but most of the time greatness squirms free and skips away. The best thing about "Damn Yankees," now at the Marquis in its first Broadway revival, is that it treats baseball as baseball—something we care about *because* it's only a game. When "Damn Yankees" opened, in 1955, the Yankees seemed unstoppable, so what could have been more deliciously timely than a musical in which a middle-aged fan of the perennially cellar-dwelling Washington Senators sells his soul to become a young slugger and help his team rise up and burst the great pin-striped balloon? With a book co-written by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop (based on Wallop's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant"), and with music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, "Damn Yankees" was a mega-hit, and went on to offer frustrated baseball fans a nightly catharsis for nearly three years. Jack O'Brien, who directed the current production and updated the book, with Mr. Abbott (who is now a hundred and six years old), has, luckily, left the sporting parts of the show more or less alone, and Rob Marshall's spirited numbers involving the hapless players as they run and jump and slide and crash into each other and miss the ball—at one point, a player runs away from a grounder as if it were a live hand grenade—are the evening's most purely pleasing moments.

The problem with "Damn Yankees" is the story surrounding the fantasy: every time it's about to give off a spark, it snuffs itself out. Joe Boyd (Dennis Kelly), the man who makes the unholy deal and becomes Joe Hardy, the long-ball hitter of his dreams, wants to go home to his wife almost before he has left his front door. (The show could be called "Mrs. Mitty's Revenge.") Even Lola, the bombshell who handles the seduction side of the Devil's business, ends up learning a lesson about goodness. Mr. O'Brien has tried to modernize this '55 Chevy by loading it up with cynical, anachronistic references, and the engine can't bear the strain. Unfortunately for Victor Garber, who plays Applegate (a.k.a. Satan)—as a preening ham actor, with a touch of bitchiness—most of the burden of this imposed semi-sophistication falls on his shoulders. Striding around his hang-out in the basement of the Senate, which is adorned with a discarded portrait of Joe McCarthy, Applegate gleefully lists the doomed lovers of the past, ticking off Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Isolde, Paolo and Francesca, and—interminable pause—J. Edgar Hoover and Clyde Tolson. As the shoe drops, so sinks the heart.

Some of the performers are allowed to go at their parts straight on, and the dust of fifties blandness that clings to these characters only makes them more appealing. As Meg Boyd, Linda Stephens is full of longing when she sings "Near to You" alone in bed, with the faces of her husband and young Joe lit up behind her; and Jarrod Emick, as the savior of the Senators, somehow lets you see the frightened older man inside his strong, hunky body. Lola, played by Bebe Neuwirth, is all vamp, at home in any decade, and Ms. Neuwirth, wearing a blond wig and hardly any clothes, is a serviceable but sort of generic temptress. Her task has a built-in thanklessness: every time she does her show-stopping striptease number, "Whatever Lola Wants," it fails to work its magic on Joe, and then she has to face the humiliation of having her boss, Applegate, yell at her, "Bizet cut that out of 'Carmen,' honey!" "Damn Yankees" is all about fun, but it tries very hard not to let you have any. ♦

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

THE BIG BREAK

BY ANTHONY LANE

L.A. dreaming: Joe Pesci and Christian Slater in "Jimmy Hollywood."

GEOFFREY PARKER

YOU can guess a lot about "Jimmy Hollywood" from the title. Joe Pesci plays an actor called Jimmy Alto, who came out from New Jersey to make his name in Hollywood. The name itself guarantees that Jimmy will never hit the high notes of life, although he thinks it belongs with all the names that he steps on in the opening sequence: eyes closed, concentrating hard, he paces the roster of stars set in the Walk of Fame as if processing down the aisle of a cathedral, chanting "Humphrey Bogart" and "Betty Grable" at the appropriate moments. Jimmy knows everything about the old Hollywood, and more than he would like to know about the new one. Around him, the streets are jumping with junkies; it's the night of a thousand failures.

The movie was written and directed by Barry Levinson, and it marks, if not a new direction, at least a welcome return to an old one. The experience of producing "Homicide" for NBC seems to have sharpened his appetite for the grainy hustle of a low-cost shoot. (Who would have thought that television, once the retirement home for moviemakers, would become the place where they go to get in shape?) This is the Levinson of "Diner" and "Tin Men," the connoisseur of rough edges and loose tongues. Since those early days, of course, new technology has arrived to make the rough go smoothly, and Levinson makes it pay off; the production unit on "Jimmy Hollywood" was backed up by a mobile editing system, which allowed him to sit in a bus and cut fresh footage as he went along. The result feels busy and breathless without being wanton; it never tries to kid us that we're watching a home movie, but neither does it settle into the composed sheen of Levinson's "Rain Man." That was one of his most depressing films, a personal tale wiped clean of personal style, where everything seemed premeditated, packed up and ready to go before the movie even began. "Jimmy Hollywood" hardly seems meditated at all; sights and speeches whip up at you before you can work out what they mean, and only later do they float back into your mind. When the faces of Jimmy and his friend William (Christian Slater) gaze out from the screen, caught between indecision and awe, you long to know what they're looking at. A movie star? A sunrise? A murder? A bit of all three? Finally, the camera shows you: it's a poster for Jimmy Alto, "Actor Extraordinaire," that they've pasted across a bench at a bus stop.

Levinson's trick here, you might argue, is a fleeting dab of suspense, no more than you'd expect from a natural storyteller; yet the look on those faces lingers on, joining the catalogue of baffled longings that the movie gradually compiles. Soon afterward, the scene shifts to an unknown woman standing in front of an A.T.M. Just another street detail caught on the fly, you think. But then the moment turns into an attempted mugging, which the woman foils by jabbering at the guy until he gets tired and goes away, and before you know it we have another major character on our hands—Jimmy's girlfriend, Lorraine, played by Victoria Abril. You barely notice how suavely the whole thing is done, with no formal introduction to weigh it down; Levinson just slips her into the film and lets her run. It's a great sight: full-lipped, fine-boned, and dressed like a highly fashionable Gypsy, Abril takes hold of her first starring role in an American movie and stuffs it with the kind of willful, left-field behavior that she learned from working with Pedro Almodóvar—picking up the phone with hands covered in shampoo, neighing with laughter when someone is kind enough to praise her tortilla.

Lorraine is too good for Jimmy, of course: twice the common sense and five times the fun. The sparring between these two could keep the movie ticking over forever, but just when you're wondering if Levinson can be bothered with a plot, things take off. Walking out to his car, Jimmy finds a window smashed and the radio gone. He stands there blocking the street, voicing his spleen in a kind of ranting descant (very Joe Pesci), while the camera wheels around as if driven by the force of his mood. You expect him to simmer down and have a drink, but Jimmy has seen his chance to do something—to snap the long sequence of nothing days. He and William sneak out under cover of darkness, catch the radio thief in the act, tie him up, and dump him in front of a police station. The movie has changed gear so swiftly—again, almost without our noticing—that we can't tell where we're headed. The whole scene shivers with disquiet, urged on by the music droning darkly underneath and by the scuzzy, frightening view through William's camcorder. The note that he sends to the authorities, on the other hand, is a complete joke: a big fan of "Gone with the Wind," he signs it "S.O.S.," short for Steven O. Selznick.

Jimmy has the unhappy task of telling him that the name is *David* O. Selznick, but it's too late. The deed is done, and the S.O.S., Hollywood's new squad of anonymous vigilantes, is on the loose—hitting crime, wowing the public, annoying the cops. It's fame, of a kind. The remainder of "Jimmy Hollywood" turns into an extended pun on the verb "to act": to take action but also to perform. Levinson has come up with the perfect fable for a city where life is one long audition; Jimmy sincerely wants to do some good, but beyond sincerity lies a fat contract. Squat, blond, and pushy, Jimmy is a real pain, and Joe Pesci wears the part like a second skin. I'm still not convinced that Pesci is a leading man—he is surely one of nature's supporting gadflies, Peter Lorre on speed—but this is the first movie since "Raging Bull" to get proper mileage out of his irritating shtick, and to smell the fear that fuels it. And Levinson draws something out of Christian Slater that other directors never glimpsed; the uncomplaining William—"Bill" would have been all wrong—moves and drawls with hip humility, a slow-hand foil to Jimmy's electric nerves. His memory is full of holes, he says, but it's a neat way to cut out the bad stuff. You can't help thinking that William should have worked for Ronald Reagan.

When things turn hot, our heroes get ready to skip town. But the town doesn't want to be skipped, and the film can't tear itself away. It comes to a head, suitably enough, in a movie theatre, with Jimmy considering his options: the blaze of glory or the damp squib of surrender. It's a fine conundrum, although Levinson enjoys it so much that he overplays his hand and fluffs the tension, and the outcome he decides on is so rich in irony that some audiences may go away feeling cheated and sick. But I think it's the right ending, the grownup choice. Levinson doesn't try to sell you the dream straight off, as he did in "Bugsy"; he offers you a sample dream and invites you to look it over, check it for wear and tear. As Jimmy and William sprawl beside a pool, the camera stares down at the water, a cheerful Hockney blue, then homes in on the deep end, where the bottom is patchy with scum and grit. "Jimmy Hollywood" tells an old story, but the telling of it feels new-minted, bright with surprises—the images seem to break free of the script and lead the way. "This place used to sparkle," Jimmy mourns on one of his nocturnal drives downtown. But Levinson knows better: he cuts to the roadway humming by, and something in the surface catches the street light. Right there, under Jimmy Alto's wheels, the place is still sparkling. ♦

FROM THE AUTHOR OF
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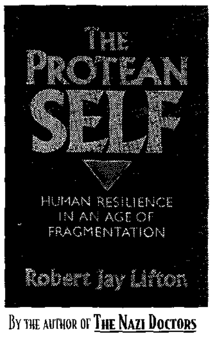

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Collected Travel Writings
by Henry James
(Library of America;
two volumes, $35 each)

“I CAN wish the traveller no better fortune than to stroll forth in the early evening with as large a reserve of ignorance as my own.” Only Henry James could be so excited by ignorance as to wish it on other people; the prospect of replacing it with knowledge was the source of his unceasing zest, and it took him—as it did Isabel Archer, say, or Lambert Strether—far from home. His travel writings, often relegated to the sidelines of his work, are in truth very close to its heart; as he sharpens his intellectual appetite in London, or rehearses the discrimination of his senses in Rome, he is not merely preparing for fiction but doing his everyday, lifelong duty as an inquisitive spirit. The results have now been reissued in two volumes, one covering the Continent, the other Great Britain and America. Much in these pages—“Italian Hours,” for instance, or the rich and troubled contemplations of “The American Scene”—is already well known; other sketches, such as a near-mystical paean to France in the dark days of 1915, will come as a surprise. We are left with the abiding impression that, for all his descriptive prowess, Henry James had nothing to do with the art of the guidebook; he was, rather, embarked on a voyage of self-investigation, “seeing many lands and feeling at home in none.” It was a mistake, incidentally, to reproduce the Joseph Pennell drawings from some of the original editions; they look scratchy and washed out here, a small insult to the purity of design on which the Library of America prides itself.

Josephine: The Hungry Heart
by Jean-Claude Baker
and Chris Chase
(Random House; $27.50)

A RATHER inflated biography of the black American woman who in the mid-twenties, while still in her teens, captured Paris with her erotic dancing and the magic of her personality. The author, who considers Josephine Baker his “second mother,” has done a painstaking job of research here, seeking out her origins in the slums of St. Louis, and getting from veterans of early-twentieth-century black show business in the South an idea of her apprenticeship in companies with names like Bob Russell and His 25 Hottest Coons in Dixie. Mr. Baker is bedazzled, even at this remove, by his mother’s precipitate rise to stardom, by the luxurious accoutrements of her success, and by the roster of her illustrious lovers. A certain ambivalence sets in, however, when he comes to relate his own relationship with her. Conceding her charm, her generosity, and her courage in adversity, he reminds us that over the years a monstrous ego had grown in her, and that she could be thoughtlessly cruel and irresponsible. “She could take your breath away,” he writes. “She stranded companies, audiences, managers, and drifted onto a plane that would take her someplace else without a care for the mess she left behind.”

On Familiar Terms: A Journey Across Cultures
by Donald Keene
(Kodansha; $23)

GIVEN the present boom in Japanese studies, it is amazing to read that there was a time, just before Pearl Harbor, when only one student signed up for a graduate course in Japanese thought at Columbia. That student was Donald Keene, and, through his graceful, resourceful translations and his elegant, exhaustive scholarly books, he is almost single-handedly responsible for the current popularity of Japanese literature in English-speaking countries. This delightful autobiography covers his intellectual life, including accounts of his friendships with many eminent Japanese writers. (The material on Mishima is particularly interesting.) Although Keene seldom mentions his personal life, the book reads in many ways like a love story: he admires Japan from afar; the fortunes of war enable him to meet—and court—the beloved; Japan returns his affection; their union is blessed with books, articles, and translations, which, in turn, beget a new generation of translators, scholars, and enchanted amateurs. And, as in a Japanese novel, the emotional high points are all the more effective for the restraint with which they are described. Summing up, Keene speaks of having had “extraordinary good fortune” in his choice of career, but surely his readers are luckier still.

Spring Street Summer
by Christopher Hudson
(Knopf; $23)

YOU cannot be in paradise and know it, too, Christopher Hudson suggests, because paradise is an act of memory. In his forties, working as an editor and writer in London, Hudson thought he remembered a paradise—the summer he lived in a communal house on Spring Street in Santa Cruz, California, while “researching concepts of Paradise in Western thought.” The house looked down from the hills above Santa Cruz, the garden spilled in profusion, and it was the kind of place where in 1976 a young Englishman and three nude women could find themselves working innocently amid the bougainvillea with a gopher snake for a companion. Thirteen years later, Hudson returned to Spring Street in search of the memories associated with the house, and this book is the story of his search. He found not that evil had entered the garden but that the innocence that had belonged to the garden was a construct of his own imagination. He found that his friends and lovers had grown up and had changed in ways that fitted the curve of their childhoods, ways that would have been predictable even in that distant summer, if anyone had thought to bring the past into paradise. This is a moving, reflective book, all the more moving because an experienced writer has let himself be guided by his naïveté. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

CHARLIE ROSE INTERVIEWS THE ANGEL OF DEATH

BY RICHARD LIEBMANN-SMITH

Charlie Rose: Good evening, and welcome to our broadcast. Books about death have become one of the fastest-growing categories in publishing, and everywhere people are dying or being killed in unprecedented numbers. All of which makes it a very special pleasure to bring you tonight's guest, the Angel of Death. Welcome. Really, welcome.

The Angel of Death: Thank you.

C.R.: First let me just say how fascinated I am to meet you.

The A. of D.: My pleasure.

C.R.: Now, in his best-selling book "How We Die," Dr. Sherwin Nuland says about you—among some other not very flattering things—"In the course of ordinary living, the pain is mitigated by periods of peace and times of joy. In dying, however, there is only the affliction." What's that all about?

The A. of D.: Sherwin Nuland is a doctor.

C.R.: And by that you mean, what, that he's paid to say these things? Because I read somewhere that you've said doctors are responsible for the high cost of health care in this country.

The A. of D.: Yes, they are. Indeed, if I had my way—

C.R.: You would, what, lower our health-care costs, reduce our spending in this critical area? Is that it?

The A. of D.: That's it.

C.R.: And by that I assume you mean, what, no heroic measures? No costly technologies? If you're sick—wham, you're dead? Is that it?

The A. of D.: That's it. But you have to understand—

C.R.: You know, this is extraordinarily interesting to me, what you're saying. Because, say you've got a sick person, right? And here you come—here comes the Angel of Death—and you say to yourself, what, I'm going to finish this person off? This person's time has come?

The A. of D.: Exactly. But—

C.R.: And isn't it interesting—and here's the point I think a lot of us are having trouble understanding—isn't it interesting that a person wouldn't even have to be sick, am I right? I mean, it could be someone in the prime of life, a highly successful person. Am I right?

The A. of D.: Certainly success, as you might define it—

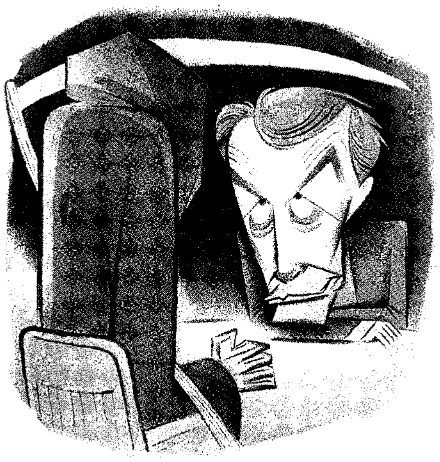
C.R.: Has absolutely nothing to do with it. Because you could come along and, what, have a bus flatten them? Catch them in the crossfire of a drug deal gone sour? I really want to understand this.

The A. of D.: It isn't very—

C.R.: Because if I understand the message here correctly—and please tell me if I'm wrong—each person has a designated time, if you will, and when that moment comes you just swoop in and, what, kill that person?

The A. of D.: Take, not kill.

C.R.: Yes, of course, I'm very sorry—you *take* that person. This is so very important, really, because, help me here: Guns kill people, disease kills people, earthquakes kill people. But Death does not kill, is that it?



The A. of D.: You people are always doing this.

C.R.: The media?

The A. of D.: The living.

C.R.: How much do you make?

The A. of D.: Excuse me?

C.R.: How much does the Angel of Death earn in a good year? You're obviously highly successful. You're killing—pardon me, *taking*—millions of people worldwide, you're in books, movies, TV shows. You can't tell me this hasn't made you a very wealthy angel, or am I missing the point?

The A. of D.: Yes, you are.

C.R.: O.K., then, help me here. What I was getting at was that, in other words, you must know the exact time and circumstances of everyone's death, *is that it?*

The A. of D.: Of course.

C.R.: So, for example, you know when the time would be for, say, Larry King?

The A. of D.: Yes, I do.

C.R.: The very moment when he'll no longer be Larry King live (*laughs*). What about Ted Koppel?

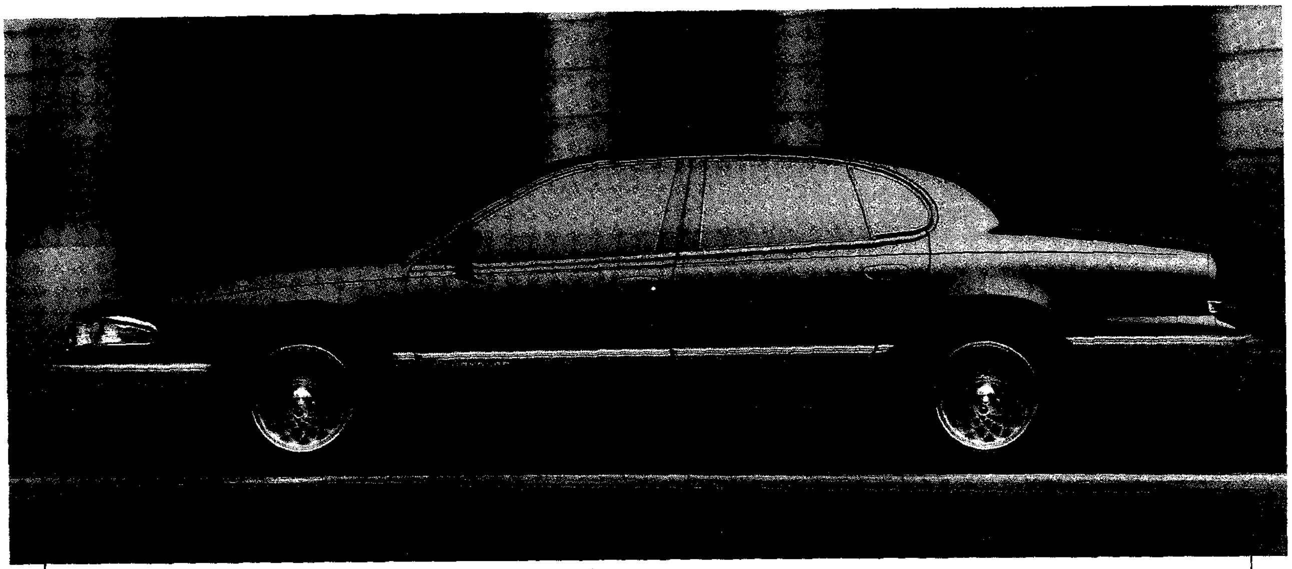
The A. of D.: Absolutely.

C.R.: Dan Rather, Robin MacNeil, Lehrer—all those people? And, of course, Diane Sawyer, Connie Chung—the women?

The A. of D.: Of course.

C.R.: This is absolutely fascinating. There's really so much more I'd like to ask you, but I'm afraid we're out of time. Great to meet you. The Angel of Death. A pleasure. Really. I hope you'll come back.

The A. of D.: I will. ♦



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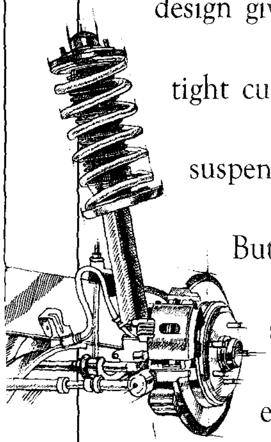

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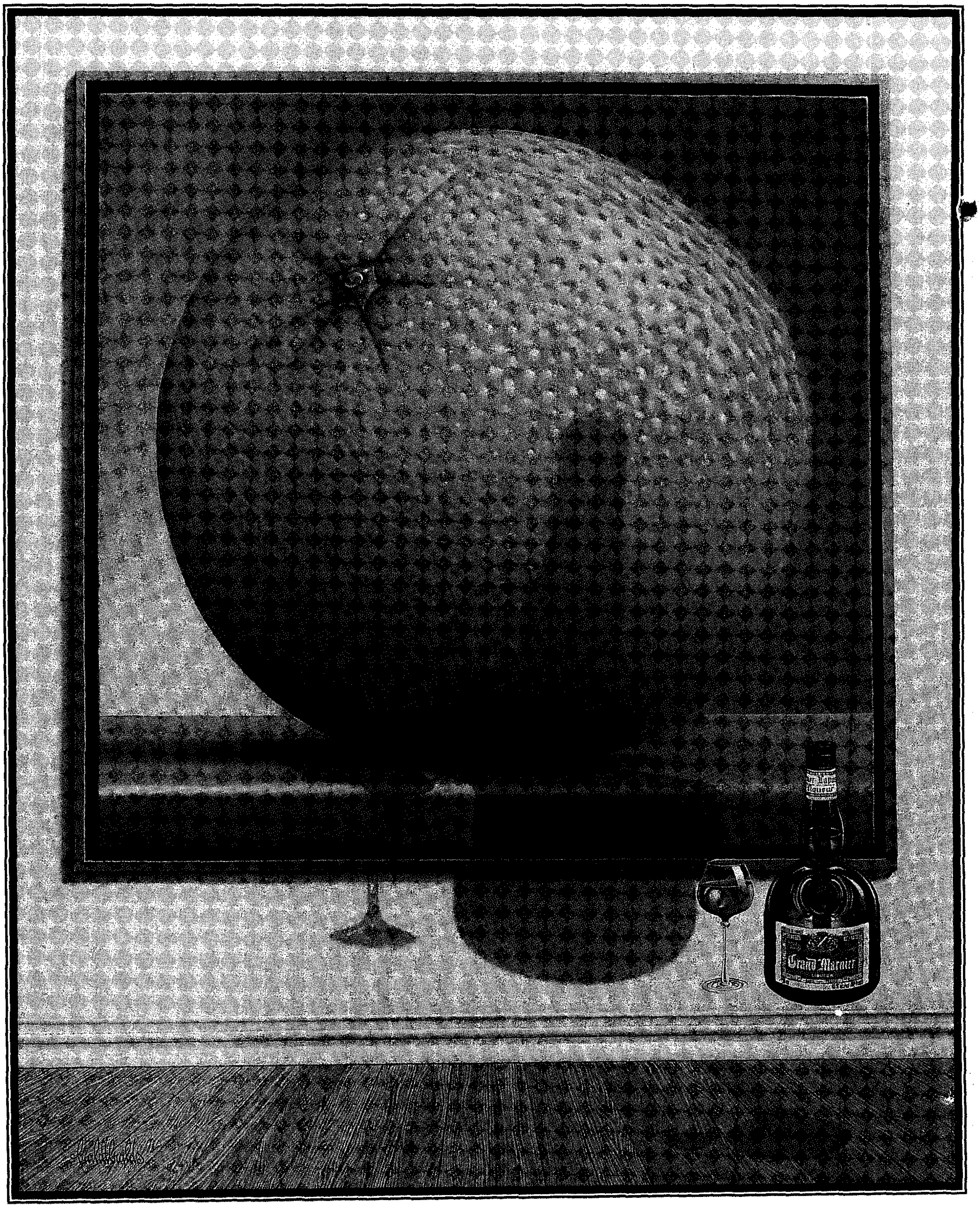

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